North Hastings Review.

"PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."

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FILLMAN'S PENSION.

(Written by Mr. J. B. Plumb, M. P., and read at the York Volunteer Funeral by Rev. Mr. Stone.)

Respectfully presented to the Government, and especially to the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Customs, who was Acting Minister of Militia on the 8th April, 1869.

An old man lives in Niagara town, who was christened Hiram Ultimo,
The a lad when he fought the United States, he then did the work of a full man;
And so long as Canada breeds such boys, we may laugh at the Fenian raider
For they scout as soon, and will rank as men, should an enemy invade her.

At Beaver Dams and Lundy's Lane, at Stoney Creek without funk, he
Drove up the rear with the cartridges, and took part as a powder monkey.
As full of fight as the bravest there, who followed or held command in it,
And he did as dangerous duty, too, as any who there took hand in it.

Where bullets were flying as thick as hail, and he knew if they hit him they'd twist him;
They were never responsive of persons, he knew, and "was only closer luck if they missed him.
There many fine fellows were wounded and killed, for King and for Canada fighting,
And only a tottering handful survive at the date of the present writing;
For "in sixty-four years since open war twixt British and Yankee ended,
And many an angry subsequent breach has somehow or other been mended,
Heroes all who fought in's are full four score, and Hiram Ultimo well to boot,
"Though some be so strong that they reach that goal, their strength becomes latent and weak,
So it passeth away," and thus our veteran
Just distinguished
And it will scarcely be another decade ere it utterly fails and finishes.
"Tis a pitiful sight, and it is that behalf we
Asset not be too close-fisted
Towards any claimants who fought our fight, no matter how they enlisted
For this Dominion, I venture to say, has taken its duty upon her
Of creating them well in the highest roster of loyal service and honor.
A dole of twenty dollars a year for brave old Hiram is not much to
A compensation for hurts in the field, and for a bullet-riddled carcass
With paralyzed side and trembling hand, whence the life-white hairs are falling
I think his case should plead itself, and should not beat my receiving
So shall his money, back pay an'all, and do not be tardy about it,
Or the tories who wanted a reverse will surely be called to the last review without it.

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you."—*Old Song.*

"Faithfully."

"It is not, perhaps, quite so simple a request as it appears." I want you, in fact, to write me a love-letter.

Sir Penthony laughs, and covers the white and heavily-jewelled little hand that glitters before him on the table once more with his own.

"For how much?" he asks.

"Not much—only fifty pounds. I want to buy something particular for this ball; and—confidential—I have to make the purchase without a protector, I dread going too heavily into debt."

"Good child," says Sir Penthony. "You shall have your money to-morrow. Why don't towards him as it lies before him on the davenport, he fills up a check and hands it to her.

"Now, what will you give me for it?" asks he, holding the edge near him as her fingers close upon the other end.

"What have I to give? Have I not just acknowledged myself insolvent? I am as poor as a church mouse."

"You disparage yourself. I think you as rich as Croesus. Will you give me a kiss?" whispered he hoarsely, and in a little indignation in her glance—a very little, but quite perceptible, Stafford sees it.

"I beg your pardon," he says, hastily, an expression of intense weariness passing over his face. "I was wrong, of course. I will not buy your kisses. Here, take this bit of paper, and—forgive me."

He does so somewhat reluctant fingers over the check. She is still blushing, and has her eyes fixed on the ground, but her faint anger has disappeared. Then some thought—evidently a memory—comes to her; the corners of her mouth widen, and finally she breaks into a musical laugh.

"Thank you—very much," she says. "You are very good. It is something to have a husband, after all. And—if you would really care for it—I don't mind letting you have one——. Oh there is somebody coming."

"There always is somebody coming when least wanted," exclaims Sir Penthony, wrathfully, pushing back his chair with much suppressed ire, as the door opens to admit Mr. Potts.

"I hope I don't intrude," says Potts, putting his comfortable face and rosy head round the door; "but I've got an idea, and I must divulge it or burst. You wouldn't like me to burst, would you?" This to Lady Stafford, pathetically.

"I would not—here," replies she, with decision.

"For fear you might, I shall take my departure," says Sir Penthony, who has not yet quite recovered either his disappointment or his temper, walking through the conservatory into the grounds beyond.

"I really wish, Plantagenet," says Lady Stafford, turning upon the bewildered Potts with most unaccountable severity, "you could manage to employ your time in some useful way. This dreadful morning—when you have spend your days, wandering round the house without aim or reason, causes me absolute regret. Do give yourself the habit of reading—or anything else calculated to improve your mind, whenever you have a spare moment."

So saying, she sweeps past him out of the room, without even making an inquiry about that problem idea, Plantagenet, of all things, to the ground, striving wildly, but vainly to convict himself of some unpardonable offence.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Love, thou art better."—Beaum.

Mr. Amherst, having in a weak moment given his consent to the ball, repays himself by being as unamiable afterwards as he can well manage.

"You can have your music and the supper from London, if you wish it," he says to Marcia, one day, when he has inveigled against the whole proceeding in language that bordered on the abusive; "but I tell you that I am going to have an army of decorators down here, turning the house into a fancy bazaar, and making one feel a stranger in one's own house, just when I was perfectly happy."

"I think you are right, dear," Marcia answers, with her customary meekness; "people of that kind are always more trouble than anything else. And no doubt we shall be able to do all that is necessary quite as well ourselves."

"As we think you are, of course, please yourself. Though why you cannot dance without filling the rooms with carvings and dying flowers I can't conceive."

Mr. Amherst's word bring like the law of the Medes and Persians, that shereth not, no one dispute it. They couple a few opprobrious epithets with his name just at first, but finally, pushing on the ball, and air of resigned determined and ready to outside any decorators in the kingdom.

"We shall wake up in the morning after the ball to find ourselves famous," says poor Stafford. "The country will ring with our praises. But we must have help; we cannot depend upon broken reeds." With a reproachful glance at Sir Penthony, he finishes the picture of laziness. "Talbot Lowry, of course, will assist us; he goes without saying."

"I hope he will come without saying," puts in Sir Penthony; "it would be much more to the purpose. Any smart young tradesman saying your fellow, Mamma."

"Unless Grainger. You know, Grainger, Lady Stafford?"

"Indeed I do. What I be be stationed with you now? He must have rejoined very lately."

"Only the other day. Would he be of any use to you?"

"The very greatest."

"What! Spooney?" says Tadpole, laughing. "I don't believe he could climb a ladder to save his life. Think of his pretty hands and his sweet little feet."

"And his lisp—and his new eye-glass," says Stafford.

"Never mind; I will have him here," decides Cecil, gaily, "to spite of all you say. I positively adore that Grainger boy."

"You seem to have a passion for fools," says Sir Penthony, a little bitterly, feeling the sneer towards her.

"And you seem to have a talent for incivility," retorts she, rather nettled. This ends the conversation.

Nevertheless, Mr. Grainger is asked to come and give what assistance he can towards adorning Herst, which, when they take into consideration the ladylike weakness of his hands and the general imbecility of his constitution, is not set at a very high value.

He is a tall, lanky youth, with more than the usual allowance of hands and feet, and less of intellect; he is, however, full of fashion and smiles, and is amiability itself all around. He is also desperately addicted to Lady Stafford, and has a little habit of blushing that endeared much encouragement from his friend and first finger, and he has a captivating way of saying "How charming!" or, "Very sweet," to anything that pleases him. And, as most things seem to meet his approbation, he makes these two brilliant remarks with startling frequency.

To Cecil he is a joy. In him she evidently finds a fund of amusement, as, during the three days it takes them to convert, the ball-room, tea-room, etc., into perfumed bowers, she devotes herself exclusively to his society.

Perhaps the undisguised charms of Sir Penthony and Talbot Lowry as they witness her civility to Grainger goes far to add a zest to her enjoyment of the young man's exceedingly small talk.

After dinner on the third day all is nearly completed. A few more leaves, a few more flowers, a wreath or two to be distributed here and there, is all that remains to be done.

"I hate decorating in October," Cecil says. "There is such a dearth of flowers, and the gardener seems so greedy about the hothouse plants. Every blossom looks as if it had been made the most of."

"Well, I don't know," replies Mr. Grainger, squeezing his place into his eye with much difficulty, it being a new importation and hard to manage. When he has altered all his face into an appalling grin, and completely blocked the sight of one eye, he turns on affably: "I think all this—er—very charming."

"No? Do you? I'm so glad. Do you know I believe you have wonderful taste? The way in which you tied that last bunch of trailing ivy had something about it absolutely artistic."

"If it hadn't fallen to pieces directly afterwards, which rather spoiled the effect," says Sir Penthony, with an unkind smile.

"Did it? How sad. But then the idea remains, and that is everything. Now, Mr. Grainger, please stand here—will you move a little bit, Sir Penthony? Thanks—just here—while I go up the ladder and satisfy myself about these flowers. By the bye"—pausing on one of the rungs to look back—"say you I were to fall? Do you think you could catch me?"

"I only wish you would give me the opportunity of trying," replies he, warmly.

"Basely! pappy!" murmurs Sir Penthony, under his breath.

"Perhaps I shall, if you are good. Now look. Are they straight? Do they look well?" asks Cecil.

"Very sweet," replied Mr. Grainger.

"Potts, hand me up some nails," exclaims Lowry, impatiently, who is on another ladder near by, and has been an attentive and delegated listener; addressing Potts, who stands lost in contemplation of Grainger. "Look sharp, can't you? And tell me what you think of this." Pointing to a wreath on the wall.

"Is it all your fancy painted it? Is it lovely and divine? Answer."

"Very sweet, I think," returns Mr. Potts, hitting off Grainger's voice to a nicety, while maintaining a countenance sufficiently innocent to border on the imbecile.

Both Sir Penthony and Lowry laugh immoderately, while Cecil turns away to hide the smile that may betray her. Grainger himself is the only one wholly unconscious of any ridicule. He joins in the laugh, gaily, because they smile, and happily refrains from inquiry of any sort.

Meantime in the tea-room—that opens off the supper-room, where the others are engaged—Molly and Philip are busy arranging bouquets chosen from among a basket full of flowers that has just been brought in by one of the under-gardeners.

Philip is on his knees—almost at Molly's feet while she bends over him searching for the choicest buds.

"What a lovely ring!" says Philip, presently, staying in his task to take her hand and examine the diamond that glitters on it. "Was it a present?"

"Of course. Who else could such a beggar-maid as I am get money enough to buy such a ring?"

"Will you think me rude if I ask you the every-day name of your Christian name?"

"I have no King Cophetua."

"Then tell me where you got it?"

"What a question!" Tightly. "Perhaps from my own true love. Perhaps it is the little fetter that sealed my engagement to him. Perhaps it isn't."

"Yet you said just now——"

"About that eccentric king? Well, I spoke truly. Royalty has not yet thrown itself at my feet. Still"—coquettishly—"that is no reason why I should look coldly upon all commoners."

"Be serious, Molly, for one moment," he entreats, the look of passionate earnestness that has frightened her evening over his face, darkening behind of brightness. "I love you, times I am half mad with doubt. Tell me the truth—now—here. Are you engaged? Is there anything between you and—Lutteil?"

"The spirit of mischief has laid hold of Molly. She owns nothing at all for Shadwell, Lutteil, or any other man, but feeling pleased attracts her least. She scarcely understands the wild love with which she has inspired him; she cannot sympathize with his emotion.

"Well, if you compel me to confess it," she says, lowering her eyes, "there is."

"It is true, then!" cries he, rising to his feet and turning deadly pale. "My fears did not deceive me."

"Quite true. There is a whole long room between me and Mr. Lutteil and"—dropping her voice—"he is so greedy about the hothouse plants. Every blossom looks as if it had been made the most of."

"Jest with your heart, but not with me. Tell me the name of the man who has met at Lady Stafford's ball, and who has been so attentive to you."

"Why, Tadeastle, you were not there; you were on your way home from India at the time."

"Was I? By Jove! so I was. Never mind, I take your word for it and stick to my opinion," replies Lutteil, unabashed.

"I really think we ought to christen our work," Mr. Potts put in, dreamily, being in a thirsty mood; and christened it is, in champagne.

Potts himself, having drunk his own and every one else's health many times, grows gradually gayer and gayer. To wind up this promenade concert without making it remarkable in any way strikes him as being a tame proceeding. "To do or die" suddenly occurs to him, and he instantly acts upon it.

Seeing his two former allies standing rather apart from the others, he makes for them, and thus addresses them:

"Tell you what, boys," he says, with much geniality, "it feels like Christmas, and crackers, and small games, don't it? I feel up to anything. And I have a capital idea in my head. Wouldn't it be rather a joke to frighten the others?"

"It would," says Cecil, decidedly.

"Would it?" says Molly, diffidently.

"I have a first rate plan: I can make you both look so like ghosts that you would frighten the unsuspecting into fits."

"First, Plantagenet, before we go any further into your ghastly schemes, answer me this: is there any gunpowder about it?"

"None," Laughing. "You just dress yourself in white sheets, or that, and hold a plate in your hands filled with whiskey and salt, and—there you are. You have no idea of the tremendous effect. You will be more like a corpse than anything you can imagine."

"How delightful!" murmurs Cecil. "You make me long for the sheets and that."

"Do the whiskey and the salt ever blow up?" asks Molly, cautiously. "Because if so——"

"No, they don't; of course not. Say nothing about it to the others, and we shall astonish them by-and-by. It is an awfully humorous thing, too," says Potts, with a view to encouragement; "you will look like marble statues."

"We are trusting you again," says Cecil, regarding him fixedly. "Plantagenet, if you should again be our undoing——"

"Not the slightest fear of a fiasco this time," says Potts, comfortably.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?"
—Shakespeare.

As eleven o'clock strikes, any one going up the stairs at Herst would have stopped with a mingled feeling of terror and admiration at one particular spot, where, in a niche, upon a pedestal, a very goddess stands.

It is Molly, with her head thrown head to heel, with a lace scarf twisted round her head and shoulders, and with one bare arm unlifted, while with the other she holds an urn-shaped vase upon her head, her face, from which a pale blue flame arises.

Her eyes, larger, deeper, bluer than usual, are fixed with sad and solemn meaning upon space. She scarcely breathes, perhaps; no quiver disturbs her frame, so intensely does she listen for a coming footstep. In her heart she hopes it may be Luttrell's.

The minutes go by, her arm is growing tired, her eyes begin to blink against her will; she is on the point of throwing up the game, discouraged, but is too perfected, and regaining her own room, when a footfall reveals her to herself and puts her on her mettle.

Nearer it comes—still nearer, until it stops altogether. Molly does not dare turn to see who it is. A moment later a wild cry, a smothered groan, falls upon her ear, and, turning her head, terrified, she sees her grandfather rush past her, tottering, trembling, until he reaches his own room, where he disappears.

Almost at the same instant the others who have been in the drawing-room, drawn to the spot by the delicate machinations of Mr. Potts, come on the scene; while Marcia, who has heard that scared cry, emerges quickly from among them and comes up the stairs into her grandfather's room.

There follows an awkward silence. Cecil, who has been adorning a corner farther on, comes creeping towards them, pale and nervous, having also been a witness to Mr. Amherst's hurried flight; and she and Molly, in their nervousness and remorse, feel, to say the least of it, rather small.

They cast a withering glance at Potts, who has grown a lively purple; but he only shakes his head, with a mute expostulation to offer, and knowing himself for once in his life to be unequal to the occasion.

Mrs. Darley is the first to break silence.

"What is it? What has happened? Why are you both here in your nightdresses?" she asks, unguardedly, losing her head in the excitement of the moment.

"What do you mean, pray?" says Cecil, angrily. "Nightdresses! If you don't know dressing-gowns when you see them, I am sorry for you. Plantagenet, what has happened?"

"It was grandpapa," says Molly, in a frightened tone. "He came by, and I think was upset by my—appearance. Oh, I hope I have not done any harm! Mr. Potts, why did you make me do it?"

"How could I tell?" replies Potts, who is as white as their costumes. "What an awful shriek! I never thought such a stern old card as he is would have had more pluck."

"I was positive he was in bed," says Cecil, "or I should never have ventured."

"He is between where he ought to be," mutters Potts, gloomily.

Here conversation fails them. For one they are honestly dismayed, and keep their eyes fixed on the unknown on the bedchamber of their host. Will Marcia never come?

At length the door opens and she appears, looking pale and decidedly grave. Her eyes light angrily as they fall on Molly.

"Grandpapa is very much upset. He is ill. It was heart-disease—a cruel trick," she says, rather incoherently. "He wishes to see you, Eleanor, instantly. You had better go to him."

"Must I?" asks Molly, who is quite sober now, and much inclined to cry.

"Unless you wish to add disobedience to your other unfeeling conduct," replies Marcia, coldly.

"No, no; of course not. "I will go," says Molly nervously.

With faltering footsteps she approaches the fatal door, whilst the others disperse and return once more to the drawing-room—all, that is, except Lady Stafford, who seeks her own chambers and Mr. Potts, who in an agony of doubt and fear lingers about the corridor awaiting Molly's return.

As she enters her grandfather's room she finds him lying on a couch, half upright, an angry, disappointed expression on his face, distrust in his searching eyes.

"Come here," he says, harshly, motioning her with one finger to the side of his bed; "tell me why you of all others should have chosen to play this trick upon me. Was it revenge?"

"Upon you, grandpapa! Oh, not upon you," says Molly, shocked. "It was all a mistake—a mere foolish piece of fun; but I never thought you would have been the one to see me."

"Are you lying? Let me look at you. If so, you do it cleverly. Your face is honest. Yet I hear it was for me alone this travesty was enacted."

"Whoever told you so spoke falsely," Molly says, pale but firm, a great indignation towards Marcia rising in her breast. She has her hand on the back of a chair, and is gazing anxiously but openly at the old man. "Why should I seek to offend you, who have been so kind to me—whose bread I have eaten? You do not understand; you wrong me."

"I thought it was your mother," whispers he, with a quiet shiver, "from her grave returned to reproach me—to remind me of all the miserable past. It was a senseless thought. But the likeness was awful—appalling. She was my favorite daughter, yet she of all creatures was the one to thwart me most; and I did not forgive. I left her to pine for the luxuries to which she was accustomed from her birth, and could not then procure. She was delicate, I let her wear her coat out waiting for a worthless pardon. And what a heart it was! Then I would not forgive; now—now it is too forgiveness. Oh that the dead could speak!"

He covers his face with his withered hands, that shake and tremble like October leaves, and a troubled sigh escapes him. For the moment the stern old man has disappeared; only the penitent remains.

"Dear grandpapa, be comforted," says Molly, much affected, sinking on her knees beside him. Never before, by either brother or grandfather, has her dead mother been so openly alluded to. "She did forgive. So sweet as she was, how could she retain a bitter feeling? Listen to me. Am I not her only child? Who so meet to offer you her pardon? Let me comfort you."

Mr. Amherst makes no reply but he gently presses the fingers that have found their way around his neck.

"I now would ask pardon," Molly goes on, in her sweet, low, *trainante* voice, that has a sob in it here and there. "How shall I gain it after all I have done—to distress you so, although unintentionally? And you think hardly of me, grandpapa? You think I did it to annoy you?"

"No, no, not now."

"I have made you ill," continues Molly, still crying; "I have caused you pain. Oh, grandpapa! do say you are not angry with me."

"I am not. You are a good child, and Marcia wronged you. Go now, and forget all I may have said. I am weak at times, and——. Go, child; I am better alone."

In the corridor outside stands Mr. Potts, with pale cheeks and very pale eyes. Even his hair seems to have lost a shade and looks subdued.

"Well, what did he say to you?" he asks, in what he fondly imagines to be a whisper, but which would be distinctly audible in the hall beneath. "Was he awfully mad? Did he cut up very rough? I wouldn't have been in your shoes for a million. Did he—did he say anything about—me?"

"What do you mean? I remembered your existence," says Molly, with a laugh, although her eyelids are still of a shade too decided to be becoming. "He knew nothing of your share in the transaction."

Whereupon Mr. Potts declares himself thankful for so much mercy in a devout manner, and betakes himself to the smoking-room.

Here he is received with much applause and more congratulations.

"Another of Mr. Potts's charming entertainments," says Sir Penthony, with a wave of the hand. "Extraordinary and enthusiastic reception! Such success has seldom before been witnessed! Last time he blew up two young men and made a lady faint in an inoffensive old gentleman! Really, Potts, you must allow me to shake hands with you."

"Was there ever anything more unfortunate?" says Potts, in a lachrymose tone. He has not been inattentive to the requirements of the inner man since his entrance, and already, slowly, but surely, the brandy is doing its work. "It was all so well arranged, and I made sure the old boy was gone to bed."

"He is quiet," murmurs Sir Penthony, with twinkling eyes—"and no wonder. Such tremendous exertion requires the aid of stimulants to keep it up. My dear Potts, do have a little more brandy-and-soda. You are in a state of exhaustion."

"Not a drop—not a drop," says Mr. Potts, drawing the decanter towards him. "It don't agree with me. Oh, Stafford! you should have seen Miss Mancorene in her Greek costume. I think she is the loveliest creature I ever saw. She is," goes on Mr. Potts, with unwise candor, "by far the loveliest, and the same I would say of her sister."

"I wouldn't if I were you," says Philip, who is indignant. "There is no knowing what tricks you may play with you."

"She was just like Venus, or some of those other goddesses," says Mr. Potts, vaguely.

"I am well believe it," returns Stafford; "but don't let emotion master you. There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms as rum and true religion. Try a little of the latter."

"There is nothing in life I wouldn't do for that girl—nothing, I declare to you, Stafford," goes on Potts, who is quite in tears by this time; "but she wouldn't look at me."

Luttrell and Philip are enraged, Stafford and the others are in roars.

"Wouldn't she, Potts?" says Stafford, with a fine show of sympathy. "Why, man, cheer up. Old boy, and remember women never know their own minds at first. She may yet become your wife, if you be very persuasive, and know her heart to be all your own. Think of that. And why should she not?" says Sir Penthony, with free encouragement. "Where could she find a better fellow? Fair heart, you know, Potts. Take my advice and pluck up spirit, and go in for her boldly. Throw yourself at her feet."

"I will," says Mr. Potts, ardently.

"To-morrow," advises Sir Penthony, with growing excitement.

"Now," declares Potts, with wild enthusiasm, making a rush for the door.

"Not to-night; wait till to-morrow," Sir Penthony says, who has not anticipated so ready an acceptance of his advice, getting between him and the door. "In my's opinion she has retired to her room by this; and it really would be rather sketchy, you know—shy?"

"What do you say, Luttrell?" asks Potts, uncertainly. "What would you advise?"

"Bed," returns Luttrell, curtly, turning on his heel.

And finally the gallant Potts is conveyed to his room, without being allowed to lay his hand and fortune at Miss Mancorene's feet.

About four o'clock the next day—being that of the ball—Sir Penthony, strolling along the western corridor, comes to a stand before Cecil's door, which happens to be wide open.

Cecil herself is inside, and is standing so as to be seen, in the commencement white dressing-gown of the evening before, making a careful choice between two bracelets she holds in her hands.

"Is that the garment in which you so much distinguished yourself last night?" Sir Penthony cannot help asking; and, with a little start and blush, she raises her eyes.

"Is it you?" she says, smiling. "Yes, this is the identical robe. Won't you come in, Sir Penthony? You are quite welcome. If you have nothing better to do you can stay with and talk to me for a little."

"I have plenty to do"—coming in and closing the door—"but nothing I would not gladly throw over to accept an invitation from you."

"Dear me! What a charming speech! What a courtier you would have made! Consider yourself doubly welcome; I adore pretty speeches, when addressed to myself. Now, sit there while I decide on what jewelry I shall wear to-night."

"So this is her sanctum," thinks her husband, glancing round. What a dainty nest it is, with its innumerable feminine fineries, its piano, its easels, its pretty pink-and-blue *cretonne*, its wealth of flowers, although the season is of the coldest and bleakest.

A cozy fire burns brightly. In the wall opposite is an open door, through which one catches a glimpse of the bedroom beyond, decked out in all its pink-and-white glory. There is a very sociable little clock, a table strewn with wools and colored silks, and mirrors everywhere.

As for Cecil herself, with honest admiration her husband carefully regards her. What a pretty woman she is! full of all the tender graces, the lovable caprices, that wake the heart to fondness.

How charming a person to come to in grief or trouble, or even in one's gladness! How full of gayety yet immeasureable tenderness is her speaking face! Verily there is a depth of sympathy to be found in a pretty woman that a plain one surely lacks.

Her white gown becomes her to a *merveille*, and fits her to perfection. She cannot be called fat, but as certainly she cannot be called thin. When people speak of her with praise they never fail to mention the pretty roundness of her figure.

Her hair has partly come undone, and hangs in a fair loose coil, rather lower than usual, upon her neck. This suits her, making still softer her soft though piquant face.

Her white and jewelled fingers are busy in the case before her as, with puckered brows, she sighs over the difficulty of making a wise and becoming choice in precious stones for the evening's triumphs.

At last—a set of sapphires having gained the day—she lays the casket aside and turns to her husband, while wondering with demure amusement on the subject of his thoughts during these past few minutes.

He has been thinking of her, no doubt. Her snowy wrapper, with all its dainty frills and bows, is eminently becoming. Yes, beyond question he has been indulging in sentimental regrets.

Sir Penthony's first remark rather dispels the illusion.

"The old boy puts you up very comfortably down here, don't he?" he says, in a terrible prosaic tone.

"Is this all? Has he been admiring the furniture during all these eloquent moments of silence, instead of her and her innumerable charms? Insufferable!

"He do," responds she, drily, with a careful adaptation of his English.

Sir Penthony raises his eyebrows in affected astonishment, and then they both laugh.

"I do hope you are not going to say rude things to me about last night," she says, still smiling.

"No. You may remember once before on a very similar occasion I told you I should be tempted a great deal worse. Simple reason that I consider it language thrown away. I was right, as the sequel proved. Besides, the extreme boorishness of your toilette altogether quite disarms me. By the bye, when do you return to town?"

"Next week. And you?"

"I shall go—when you go. May I call on you there?"

"Indeed you may. I like you quite well enough," says her ladyship, with unsentimental and therefore most objectionable frankness, "to wish you for my friend."

"Why should we not be more than friends, Cecil?" says Stafford, going up to her and taking both her hands in a warm, affectionate clasp. "Just consider how we two are situated; you are married to a husband who in death shall kindly step in to relieve you of me, and I am bound to you as closely. Why, then, should we not accept our position, and make our lives one?"

"You should have thought of all this before."

"How could I? Think what a deception you practised on me when sending that miserable picture. I confess I admir ugliness. And then, your own conditions—what could I do but abide by them?"

"There are certain times when a woman does not altogether care about being taken so completely at her word."

"But that was not one of them." Hastily.

"I do not believe you would have wished to live with a man you neither knew nor cared for."

"Perhaps not." Laughing. "Sometimes I hardly know myself what it is I do want. But are we not very well as we are? I dare say, had we been thrown together for the past three years, we should now dislike each other as cordially as—as do Mand Darley and her husband."

"Impossible. Maud Darley is one person, you are quite another; while I—well"—with a smile—"I honestly confess I fancy myself rather more than poor Monry Darley."

"Hardly complimentary to me." Pettishly, "and—he snores—two great points against him. Yes, on consideration, you are a vast improvement on Henry Darley." Then, with a sudden change of tone, she says, "does all this mean that you love me?"

"Yes. I confess it, Cecil," answers he, gravely, earnestly. "I love you as I never believed is possible I should love any woman. I am twenty-nine, and—think me cold if you will—but up to this I never yet saw the woman I wanted for my wife except you."

"Then you ought to consider yourself the happiest man alive, because you have the thing you crave. As you reminded me just now, I am your married husband, in part."

"Not all I crave, not the best part of you, your heart," replies he, tenderly. "No man loving as I do could be contented with a part."

"Oh, it is too absurd," says Cecil, with a little aggravating shake of the head. "In love with your own wife, in this prosaic nineteenth century! It sounds like a romance. Such mistaken feeling has been tabooed long ago. Conquer it; conquer it."

"Too late. Besides, I have no desire to conquer it. On the contrary, I encourage it, in hope of some return. No, do not dishearten me. I know what you are going to say; but at least pity me for my folly."

"Well, yes; but what of that? I like so many people."

"Then go a little farther, and say you love me."

"That would be going a great deal farther, because I love so few."

"Never mind. Say, 'Penthony, I love you.'"

He has placed his hands upon her shoulders, and is regarding her with anxious fondness.

"Would you have me tell you an untruth."

"I would have you say you love me."

"But supposing I cannot in honesty."

"Try."

"Of course I can try. Words without meaning are easy things to say. But then—a lie; that is a serious matter."

"It may seem to be a lie, once uttered."

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"No."

"Not accuse me afterwards of deceit?"

"Of course not."

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"After all, you are right. There is nothing in this world so rare or so admirable as honesty. I am glad you told me no untruth, even in jest."

Just at this instant the door opens, and Molly enters. She looks surprised at such an unusual tête-à-tête between Cecil's husband sitting in his wife's boudoir, *tete-a-tete* with her.

"Don't be shy, dear," says Cecil, mischievously, with a little wicked laugh; "you may come in; it is only my husband."

The easy nonchalance of this speech, the only half suppressed amusement in her tone, angers Sir Penthony, who knows all that lies gone before. With a cloudy word or two to Molly, he suddenly remembers a pressing engagement, and, with a slight bow to his wife, takes his departure.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Take, oh! take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes—the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain."
—Shakespeare.

The longed-for night has arrived at last; so has Molly's dress, a very marvel of art, fresh and pure as newly-fallen snow. It is white silk with tulle, on which white water-lilies lie here and there, as though carelessly thrown, all their broad and trailing leaves gleaming from among the shining folds.

Miss Mancorene is in her own room, dressing, her faithful Sarah on her knees beside her. She has almost finished her toilette, and is looking more than usually lovely in her London ball-dress.

"Our visit is nearly at an end, Sarah; how have you enjoyed it?" she asks, in an interval, during which Sarah is at her feet, sewing on more securely one of her white lilies.

"Very much, indeed, miss. They've all been excessive polite, though they do ask a lot of questions. Only this evening they wanted to know if you were married, and I said yes, Miss Molly, because, after all, you know, miss, it is a property, however small; and I wasn't going to let myself down. And then that young man at Copsedale Grange's set me if we was country people, which I thought uncommon impert. Not but what he's a nice young man, miss, and very affable."

"Still constant, Sarah?" says Molly, who is deep in the waves of doubt, not being able to decide some important final point about her dress.

"Oh, law! yes, miss, he is, indeed. It was last night he was saying as my accent was very sweet. Now, there isn't one of them country bumpkins, miss, as would know whether you had an accent or not. It's odd how traveling do improve the mind."

"Sarah, you should pay no attention to those London young men—put them to my side)—because they never mean anything."

"Law, Miss Molly, do you say so?" says her handmaid, suddenly depressed. "Well, of course, miss, you—who are so much with London gentlemen—ought to know. And don't they mean what they say to you, Miss Molly?"

"Eh?" says Molly, rather taken aback; and then she bursts out laughing. "Sarah, only I know you to be trustworthy, I should certainly think you sarcastic."

"What's that, miss?"

"Never mind—something thoroughly odious. You shall see, Sarah. By all means believe what each one tells you. It may be as honestly said to you as to me. And now, how do I look, Sarah? Speak," says Molly, sailing away from her up the room like a "white, white swan," and then turning to confront her and give her a fair opportunity of judging of her charms.

"Lovely, truly," says Sarah, with the most flattering sincerity of tone. "There is no doubt, Miss Molly, but you look quite the lady."

"Do I really? Thank you, Sarah," says Molly, humbly.

"I agree with Sarah," says Cecil, who has entered unnoticed. She affects blue as a rule, and is now attired in palest azure, with a faint-pink blossom in her hair, and another at her breast. "Sarah is a person of much discrimination; you do look quite the lady. You should be grateful to me, Molly, when you remember I ordered your dress; it is almost the prettiest I have ever seen, and with you it is due effect is maddening."

"Let me get down-stairs at all events, without having my head turned," says Molly, laughing. "Oh, Cecil, I feel so happy! To have a really irreproachable ball-dress, and to be a real live lady, who has been for years the dream of my life."

"I wonder, when the evening is over, how you will look on your dream?" Cecil cannot help saying. "Come, Sarah, finish your work as it is. But first turn round and let me see the train. So; that woman's a perfect artist where dresses are concerned. You look charming."

"And her neck and arms, my lady!" puts in Sarah, who is almost tearful in her admiration. "Surely Miss Mancorene's cannot be equalled. They are that white, Miss Molly, that no one could be found fault with for comparing them to the dribbling snow."

"A truly delightful simile," exclaims Molly, merrily, and forthwith follows Cecil to conquest.

They find the drawing-rooms still rather empty, Marcia is before them, and Philip and Mr. Potts; also Sir Penthony. Two or three determined ball-goers have arrived, and are debated about, looking over albums, asking each other how they do and thinking how utterly low it is of the rest of the county to be so late. "Such beastly affectation, you know, just once; a putting on of side, and general straining after exclusiveness."

"I hope, Miss Amherst, you have acted a lot of pretty girls," says Plantagenet, "and only young ones. Old maids make awful havoc of my temper."

"I don't think there are lots of pretty girls anywhere; but I have asked as many as I know. A few days hence, you may see about a dozen acknowledged belles."

"You don't say so!" exclaims Sir Penthony. "Miss Amherst, if you wish to make me energetic for the remainder of my days, send me to me. There is nothing so distressing as not to know. And once I was introduced to a beauty, and didn't discover my luck until it was too late. I shall never forgive myself the happiest man alive, because you have the thing you crave. As you reminded me just now, I am your married husband, in part."

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About four o'clock the next day—being that of the ball—Sir Penthony, strolling along the western corridor, comes to a stand before Cecil's door, which happens to be wide open.

Cecil herself is inside, and is standing so as to be seen, in the commencement white dressing-gown of the evening before, making a careful choice between two bracelets she holds in her hands.

"Is that the garment in which you so much distinguished yourself last night?" Sir Penthony cannot help asking; and, with a little start and blush, she raises her eyes.

"Is it you?" she says, smiling. "Yes, this is the identical robe. Won't you come in, Sir Penthony? You are quite welcome. If you have nothing better to do you can stay with and talk to me for a little."

"I have plenty to do"—coming in and closing the door—"but nothing I would not gladly throw over to accept an invitation from you."

"Dear me! What a charming speech! What a courtier you would have made! Consider yourself doubly welcome; I adore pretty speeches, when addressed to myself. Now, sit there while I decide on what jewelry I shall wear to-night."

"So this is her sanctum," thinks her husband, glancing round. What a dainty nest it is, with its innumerable feminine fineries, its piano, its easels, its pretty pink-and-blue *cretonne*, its wealth of flowers, although the season is of the coldest and bleakest.

A cozy fire burns brightly. In the wall opposite is an open door, through which one catches a glimpse of the bedroom beyond, decked out in all its pink-and-white glory. There is a very sociable little clock, a table strewn with wools and colored silks, and mirrors everywhere.

As for Cecil herself, with honest admiration her husband carefully regards her. What a pretty woman she is! full of all the tender graces, the lovable caprices, that wake the he

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Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

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SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

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THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to GODFREY GEBAL,

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J. HARPER.

Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1878. 65

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THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

The courts have decided that if a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the post-office or not. Also, action for fraud can be instituted against any person, whether he is responsible in a financial view or not, who refuses to pay for a publication. Some forget this, and think by merely refusing to take the paper from the post-office settles the matter.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUG. 6, 1879.

THE MOIRA LAKE QUESTION.

There is a letter in to-day's issue from Mr. Wood, the Chairman of the Committee appointed to take action on the matter of the damming up the waters of Lake Moira (Hog Lake). This has become a matter of serious importance. The increasing sickness, the dangerous type it has assumed, and the fatal cases have begun to cause a good deal of alarm. To a very great extent, no doubt, the harm has been done for this season, but it must certainly impress itself upon every thinking mind, the grave necessity of considering the future. Surely there is a remedy as to this question of the Lake, if it is—and the doctors say it is, and we believe it—the baneful cause of the large amount of sickness in this vicinity. There is, no doubt, a great deal of force in what the Committee say that the parties who own the lands which are injured should step to the front, but is not health more than property, and life more than the gain of a few acres. We would say let all parties take hold. We hope this matter will not be allowed to die out but be persevered in until the so much to be desired end is obtained.

TORONTO AND OTTAWA R. R.

The public meeting of the ratepayers of the City of Ottawa, to consider the question of granting a bonus to the Toronto and Ottawa Railway, took place on Tuesday evening last. The attendance was large, and comprised many of the leading men of the city. Mr. W. H. Scott addressed the meeting at considerable length, and entered into a very elaborate and detailed description of the principal features of the scheme. He stated that in 1877 there had been three-quarters of a million of dollars of municipal aid voted, and in order to complete it they had to obtain bonuses from the cities of Toronto and Ottawa and the County of Carleton, as also from a group of townships in the County of Hastings. From the tone of his remarks it is evident that something will have to be done now or the scheme will fall to the ground. The Company proposed, in view of this by-law being passed, to occupy this fall in securing the balance of municipal aid, to ask for Government aid at the next session, and to commence work next spring, as otherwise many of the by-laws would expire. After a number of other gentlemen had expressed their views, the following resolution was submitted to the meeting and almost unanimously carried:

Moved by W. G. Perley, seconded by Dr. Sweetland, "That this meeting endorses the proposed scheme of building the Toronto & Ottawa Railway, and recommends that measures should be adopted for the submission of a carefully considered by-law granting a bonus of $200,000 to the project, and this meeting would further recommend that one-third of the total amount be reserved, and only become payable after the city of Toronto grants the amount of bonus asked by the promoters in order to complete a direct and through route connecting the capital of Ontario with the capital of the Dominion."

THE Belleville *Free Press* says:—"On Thursday the Consolidated Bank suspended payment. This was not an altogether unlooked-for event, as the Bank has been involved in complications for months past, and about six weeks ago reduced its liabilities by closing nine agencies. The suspension caused a little excitement in town, but nothing approaching to a panic. There is nothing whatever for depositors and note-holders to fear, as the assets of the Bank and the liabilities of the shareholders secure them from all danger. The assets alone will be almost sufficient to cover the liabilities, amounting as they do to $1,200,000, though it will undoubtedly take the Bank some time to realize them."

A despatch from Montreal, on 4th inst., says: "A gentleman who holds over 300 shares of Consolidated Bank stock, has instructed his attorney to prepare an action against the President of the late Board of Directors to recover from them the amount of his shares on the ground that they issued false and misleading statements of the Bank's position, notably in November and December last, and at other times."

A MUSCULAR CLERGYMAN.

The New York *World*, in its report of the Lake George Regatta, says:—

The closing feature of the day was a mile paddling race for canoes. There were ten entries. Of the newest and most approved styles were the canoes, and gorgeous in gold lace and brass buttons were the occupants. Almost every canoe furnished something new and costly in the matter of steering gear or patent paddles. At the extreme end of the line, as the boats got into position for the start, the Argus eyes of the referee discovered a strange looking craft. She had all the graceful lines of a small canal boat and there was something unmistakably homemade about her appearance. "Are you in the race?" sang out Mr. Curtis to the occupant of this ungainly "dug out," in a tone that but half concealed the irony of the remark. "I would like to be," replied a meek voice, at which there was a roar of laughter from the proud captains of the more jaunty craft. "All right," said Mr. Curtis, "I wish you luck," and then fired the pistol. There was a graceful flourish of the paddles and away went the fleet, Mr. Doremieux and Mr. Whitlock taking the lead. In the excitement of the moment nobody thought of looking at the homemade canoe on the left. Presently, however, we all became aware of a great commotion out towards the middle of the lake. Seen from the corners of our eyes it was as if a windmill had got adrift and was going down with the tide. Regarded more attentively we discovered that it was no windmill at all, but the despised canoe of the meek-voiced stranger. Faster than the wings of the albatross flew the blades of a huge paddle, describing great circles and sending the waters of the lake, white with foam, high up into the air. In less than three minutes the rest of the fleet were hopelessly behind. The good steamer could with difficulty keep up. "Who is it?" cried everybody. "I'll see if I know him," replied the captain of the tug, as he turned a pair of glasses on the form-covered canoe. "Well, I swow," bringing the glasses down with a rap on his knee, "if it ain't the parson." And a parson it proved to be—no other than the Rev. Chas. A. Cressy, of New Hampshire, who has long been in the habit of spending his summer vacations at Lake George, and who cruises the lake, a veritable sportsman, in a canoe of his own manufacture. To say that the clergyman was congratulated upon his victory is but feebly to describe the scene that followed the race. The Rev. Mr. Cressy was, however, in nowise disconcerted, and waving the paddle above his head he exclaimed: "You see now, young gentlemen, what Methodism can do."

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

A reward of $50 has been offered for the discovery and conviction of the person or persons who recently set fire to the Grand Junction station building at Stirling.

The population of Prince Edward County, for the year 1879, is 23,387, showing our county, with the exception of Algoma, Parry Sound and Muskoka, to be the smallest in Ontario.—*Gazette.*

The Belleville *Free Press* says things are exasperatingly quiet in town just now—a hard time for local reporters. The *Ontario* has of late been reduced to the extremity of chronicling mosquito-bites on ladies' fingers.

An accident of a fatal nature occurred on Saturday last to an old man named William Owens, on the premises of Mr. J. F. Barr, near Tweed. Mr. Owens had been unloading grain off a wagon, and stood on the shelving of the rack, when his feet slipped from under him, and he fell with his head on the breast beam of the barn, dying shortly after. The old man had been hostler at the Munro House for some ten years.

Whilst the Grand Junction train was standing on the dock on Thursday last before leaving for Madoc, a man entered the car and asked a little boy in the car for his fare, when the little fellow handed him what money he had, namely 75 cents. The man then left the car with the money, and the little fellow first found out his mistake when the conductor asked his fare. It is to be hoped the mean thief will be detected and properly punished.

A gang of men who had been working a few days only on the Grand Junction Railway arrived at the station here yesterday. They had been discharged on the completion of the road to Hastings, and were sadly lamenting that they had to pay their way back to Toronto, from which place they came. Mr. Bickford told them he was not responsible for their being out of work so soon. However, he paid their fares back to Toronto, which is more than a great many employers would have done under the circumstances.—*Intelligencer.*

The P. E. R. Company completed the track laying to Consecon on Wednesday last, and crossed their immense bridge over Consecon Lake on Thursday morning. The bridge is, undoubtedly, a substantial structure. A train of thirteen cars ran over the road to Trenton last evening. It was a novel sight to many in this section of the country, they never before having seen a train of cars. The work of construction is being pushed forward with great rapidity under the able supervision of Mr. Haney.—*Gazette.*

Two or three strangers about here, not wishing to become patrons of the livery stables, entered one of the hotel yards last week and taking therefrom a horse and buggy belonging to Mr. Wm. Ivey, of Seymour township, started off together for a drive. Their procedure had a sudden climax, however. In their eagerness for the accomplishment of speed, the buggy was overturned, wheel smashed, horse scared, occupants thrown out, and everything was topsy-turvy. After the recreants had untied the knots in their legs, got their heads in order, and had gathered themselves up, one of the number found himself in possession of something to nurse,—a broken arm. The drama closed after the first act.—*Herald.*

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Abel R. Gilbert, who was threshing out Mr. Ketchan Graham's grain, had a quarrel with Henry Treganzie, which did not amount to anything. In the evening, Treganzie was walking along quietly with Gilbert on the highway towards his house, when suddenly he attacked Gilbert by striking him over the head with an iron bolt 20 inches in length, and about an inch in thickness. He continued beating him with it, until Dr. Coleman, who heard the cry of "murder," or "help," came to Mr. Gilbert's assistance. Treganzie was secured, and a messenger sent to the city for officers to arrest him. Sergt. McCrudden and Constable Downs went out at 11 o'clock last night, and brought the prisoner in. He was brought up in the Police Court to-day before the Police Magistrate and Dr. Coleman, J. P. Mr. Gilbert, whose head showed the marks of a number of severe cuts, appeared and testified to the above facts, and the prisoner was remanded till Tuesday.—Saturday's *Intelligencer.*

The Campbellford *Herald* of last week says:—"As we stated in prospective a few weeks ago, the Grand Junction Railway will be an accomplished matter by to-morrow, August 1st.; thus there are now over forty miles of road, from Belleville to Hastings, graded, bridged, tied, ironed, ballasted and completed, and subject to the examination of the Government Railway Inspector, who has been making his tour over the line during this week. On Tuesday, the last load of ballast was laid about one mile from Hastings; and one of the engines and all its gang of workmen have taken their departure. Seventy-five men were discharged on Monday, and those remaining will receive their "ticket of leave" in a few days. One engine is still on the line, filling up the little deficiencies of ballast, and by the close of the week nothing will be left undone. Mr. Fowlds, who has the contract of fencing midway between Hastings and Campbellford, has completed about four miles of his job; and Reeve Dinwoodie, who has an equal amount of fencing, has about one half of it done. The station, an airy, nicely built, and inviting little building will be finished to-morrow. It is a credit to the contractor. What there is to be done at the present date, is slight; and everything may now be said to be in readiness for the regular running of trains."

The Orangemen, 'Prentice Boys, Orange Young Britons, and True Blues, of Belleville, united in tendering a public reception on Wednesday evening last to the Irish delegates to the Triennial Council—Mr. Wm Johnston, M. P., of Ballykilbeg, the present head of the Orange Order throughout the world, and Mr. Hunt W. Chambre, of Stewartstown, Ireland, Deputy Grand Master of the Order in Ireland. The event took place in the City Hall. There was a large attendance, every one of the Orders mentioned being represented by members in regalia, but the main portion of the audience consisted of private citizens. The chair was occupied by Wm. Johnson, Esq., of this city. A very flattering address, signed by the officers of the local lodges of the four Orders mentioned, was presented to the two distinguished gentlemen, and was eloquently and feelingly responded to by them. Mr. Johnston especially made a very fine speech, consisting chiefly of earnest exhortations to the Belleville brethren to remain faithful to "those glorious principles for which their forefathers shed their blood at Derry and the Boyne," and prove themselves "worthy sons of noble sires." At the conclusion of the addresses a vote of thanks to Messrs Johnston and Chambre was moved by Mr. Thos. Wills and seconded by Mr. Wm. Anderson, and was carried with enthusiasm. The meeting throughout was a most enthusiastic one.—*Free Press.*

The "Troublers'" base ball club of Belleville, and the "Britannias" of Campbellford, essayed to play a match at the latter place on the day of the G. T. R. employees' picnic. They appear to have had lots of fun over it, if we are to judge by the following accounts of the match, taken from the respective journals. The Campbellford *Herald* thus concludes its report:—"With an extra brush, Campbellford increased their score to 16, when the 'Troublers,' fearing defeat, disputed a point which could not be found in the base-ball regulation book, and the consequence was, a tendency to high words, and an exhibition of ill-behaviour on the part of the 'Troublers.' The game was broken up, and the general impression was that the Belleville club well deserve the unenviable title they carry with them." The Belleville *Free Press* man, on the contrary, takes a different view of the matter, and says:—"It is to be hoped the 'Troublers' will never have to play such a match again. From start to finish it was merely a series of protests, interferences, disputes, exhibitions of bad temper and bad language as well as of bad play, and of ungentlemanliness as well as ignorance of the ordinary rules of the game, on the part of the Campbellford Club. Notwithstanding the hindrances and protests and unheard-of play made use of by the Campbellford Club, the score at the end of the fifth innings stood—'Troublers,' 21; 'Britannias,' 4; and as such a state of things as this is entirely contrary to the rules of the 'Britannias,' they left the field in disgust." So much for impartial journalism.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PETERSON & PETERSON,

BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c.

Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.

Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.

Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.

A.M. PETERSON, B.A. C.W. PETERSON, B.A.

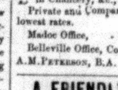
A FRIENDLY WARNING.

IT WILL be remembered that some time ago I gave notice through the REVIEW, that all debts of what kind soever due and to become due to Thomas Cross, Esq., had been placed in my hands for collection, and asked for immediate payment. Through my intercession to wait until the harvest was in, collections were not then forced. No longer stay can now be given, and all debts due and unpaid of the nature above, on the 1st day of Sept. next, will positively be placed in Court. I have no alternative, and this is the last call.

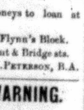
E. D. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, Aug. 1st, 1879. 123-4t

J. D. STEWART, M.D.



OCULIST AND AURIST,



Will visit Madoc, and remain at Moon's Hotel, from

Monday, August 11th, to Thursday, August 21st.

All Diseases of the Eye and Ear successfully treated. 122

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

VOTERS' LIST, 1879.

Municipality of the Township of Madoc,

COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "The Voters' Lists Act" the copies required by said section to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office in the Township of Madoc, on the 2nd day of August, 1879, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated this 2nd day of August, 1879.

JNO. R. KETCHESON,

Clerk of the said Municipality.

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL,

27-2m 167 St. Paul St. Montreal

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next sitting of the Council application will be made for the road allowance crossing Lot No. 10, between the 4th and 5th concessions of Madoc, in lieu of the road now travelled.

J. R. KETCHESON,

Township Clerk.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122-4t

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FIRST-CLASS

FARM FOR SALE.

CONSISTING of 125 acres, part of Lot 1, 7th Concession of Madoc, bounded in part by Madoc Village. It is well watered, and well fenced with cedar; 200 fruit trees; buildings large and commodious, and is situated within one mile of Churches, Model School, Railway Station, Stores, Mills, Cheese Factory, etc., etc. Terms, $2,000 down, or secured outside the farm, the balance may remain on security at 6 per cent. to suit the purchaser. Possession given on the 1st of October. For particulars, apply to A. F. Wood, Esq., Madoc, or to

WAREHAM TULLER,

Owner, on the premises.

Madoc July 2nd, 1879. 118-tf

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

C. G. WILSON,

DURHAM STREET, - MADOC,

DEALER IN

DRUGS,

MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS,

Fancy & Toilet Articles

Sponges, Brushes, Perfumery, &c.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch.

Farmers and physicians from the country will find our stock of medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

LOW PRICES

JUST ARRIVED,

A LARGE STOCK OF

DRIED APPLES,

Which will be sold at $1.25 a bushel.

Clover, Timothy, and Hungarian Seed.

A general assortment of choice

FAMILY GROCERIES,

and a large stock of

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,

Confectionery, &c., &c.

—ALSO,—

AUTHORIZED SCHOOL BOOKS

AND STATIONERY.

N. D. PETERS.

Madoc, April 16th, 1879.

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated or corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

REGULATIONS

Respecting the Disposal of certain Dominion Lands for the purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

Ottawa, July 9th, 1879.

"Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:

"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A;

"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt A, to be called belt B;

"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt B, to be called belt C;

"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, abjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and

"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the Railway, abjoining belt D, to be called belt E.

3. "The Dominion lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.

4. "The lands in belt B shall be disposed of as follows: The even-numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads on the even-numbered sections, to the extent of eighty acres each, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty-acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the easterly halves of westerly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper, being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held at five dollars per acre.

5. "The even numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each in manner as above described; the price of pre-emptions similarly to be $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be $3.50 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.

6. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emptions shall be at the rate of $2 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in belts B and C, of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of $2 (two dollars) per acre.

7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands respectively, to be as above, and the prices of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of $1 (one dollar) per acre.

8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D and E shall be as follows, viz.: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows, viz.: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments, either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

10. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz.:

a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.

b. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

11. "The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next, up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.

12. "Claims to Dominion lands arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.

13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.

14. "The above regulations it will, of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.

"Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

By order of the Minister of the Interior,

J. S. DENNIS,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

LINDSAY RUSSELL,

Surveyor General.

122-4t

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM of 100 acres, composed of the north half of Lot 7, 13th concession of Huntingdon, nicely situated on Moira Lake, and near the Village of Madoc. Well cleared. Present tenant will cease to occupy next October. Apply to

CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,

Or to Gream & Henderson,

Solicitors, Madoc. 167

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,

49-tf. Madoc

THIS SPACE

RESERVED FOR

JOHN ROBERTSON.

Just Received,

AND OPEN FOR INSPECTION:

Black Turquoise Silk,

Light Blue do. do.

Seal Brown Glace do.

Olive Glace do.

Steel Glace do.

Drab Glace do.

Bronze Glace do.

Slate do do.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

NEW GOODS!

We are now receiving a full stock of Spring and Summer Goods, being our second purchase for this season, to which we would invite attention.

SYDMER ROSS & Co.

ANOTHER LARGE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS!

Boots and Shoes, &c., has arrived at the

NEW STORE!

WRIGHT'S BLOCK, MADOC.

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—

REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent

Loan and Savings Co'y

TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.

Apply to

S. D. ROSS, MADOC.

AGENT FOR THE

Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.

All Losses Promptly Settled.

Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 167

JORDAN HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to say he keeps a first-class country Hotel in the Village of Millbridge. The mail stage stops at noon at this house. Careful hostlers always in attendance and satisfaction guaranteed. Give the boys a call and satisfy yourselves.

ISAAC B. POTTER,

Proprietor.

Millbridge, July 2, 1879. 119

BONES WANTED.

GOOD wages can be made by collecting and shipping bones and horns to me.

Bags loaned. Prompt remittance. For further particulars address

PETER R. LAMB & CO.,

Manufacturers,

TORONTO.

115-4t

CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

Gray & McGregor

OFFER FOR SALE A FULL SUPPLY OF

CHOICE GROCERIES

For the Holiday Season, including

NEW VALENCIA RAISINS,
" TABLE RAISINS,
" SEEDLESS RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
PRUNES,
DRIED PEACHES,
DRIED APPLES,
SYRUPS,
PEELS, FIGS, AND ALMONDS,
S. W. SALMON,
LABRADOR HERRING,
WHITE FISH,
BOLOGNA AND PORK SAUSAGE,
THE CELEBRATED
DIAMOND BRAND OYSTERS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.
Dec. 5th, 1878.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to
GEORGE DUNCAN.
Thurlow, March 19th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)
Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavestrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK
—OF—
DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY,
CONFECTIONERY
LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT
—OF—
Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
—AND—
Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 26

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The great Eng. TRADE MARK. lish remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence. Before Taking. After Taking.

of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

☞ Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place *please address all future communications.*

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF
FARMS FOR SALE!
IN THE
WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NGONYTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425, Held on the first Saturday in each month. FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN MCCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133. Meets first Friday in each month. R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1387, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. District No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,
No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, August 7th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.
A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Aug. 18th,
At 8 o'clock.
N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,
On Tuesday Evg., Sept. 30th,
at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,
S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves Madoc at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.
Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at Madoc at 5.15.

Township Council.

The next regular meeting of the Township Council will be held in the Town Hall on the second Monday in September.

Horse Killed.

Another horse was struck by an engine on the B. & N. H. Railway and killed, one evening last week, between this station and the lake. The horse was owned by Mr. Patrick Wattersas, and is said to have been a very good one. This is the third since the road commenced operation.

"The Last Call."

We would direct the attention of every reader of the REVIEW, both regular subscribers and those who only borrow it, to the advertisement in another column headed "A Friendly Warning." It will certainly interest some one of you, dear readers, as Mr. O'Flynn is evidently in earnest. Read it.

Voters' Lists.

The Voters' Lists for the village and township have been issued and posted up, and those for the other municipalities in the North Riding will be all posted up for inspection during the next week or two. Parties interested would do well to see that all voters' names and qualifications have been properly put on the list.

Madoc Free Fair.

The next fair, for the sale or exchange of horses, cattle, sheep, etc., to be held in the village of Madoc, will take place on Tuesday, September 9th, prox. Farmers and others having stock or implements to dispose of will find this a good opportunity, as arrangements will be made to have a large number of buyers present.

Not Discouraged Yet.

A last summer's chicken belonging to Mr. James English, made a very praiseworthy attempt a few days ago to lay the "largest egg of the season." Although not quite successful, the effort was a good one, the egg measuring 6¼ by 7¼ inches. It shows at least that the hens in this neighborhood are not entirely discouraged yet.

Madoc Model School.

We are informed from good authority that the Model School staff is now complete, and will stand for the coming session as follows: Mr. Geo. Kirk, Principal; Miss Jessie Riddell, Intermediate; Miss Christy McKay, Primary; Miss Crepar, assistant do. The School building is being thoroughly cleaned and renovated, and on Monday, the 18th, we expect it will again be in full operation.

New Law Office.

Messrs Peterson & Peterson, Barristers &c., of Belleville, whose card appears in another column, have decided to open an office in the village, and have engaged rooms in the "O'Flynn Block." We would gladly get along without lawyers at all if it were possible,—but it isn't, and we consequently welcome the new firm as an evidence of the growing importance of our village.

Fire.

About four o'clock on Sunday afternoon the startling fire alarm rudely disturbed the usual quietness of the Sabbath in this village. The fire was found to be in the dwelling of Mr. Horace Seymour, but before many citizens could arrive on the scene the flames had gained such headway and spread so rapidly, the house being frame and very old, that very little was saved beyond the clothes the occupants had on their backs. It appears the flames originated from the stove in the summer kitchen, where a fire had been started some time before, but just how it happened to connect with the building is not known. An organ was the only article of importance saved, the entire wardrobe of Mr. and Miss Seymour, as well as that of Mr. and Mrs William Seymour, besides some cash being consumed. The loss is estimated to be about $1,200, there, fortunately, being an insurance of $500 on the building. Mr. Seymour has the sympathy of the community for the loss and inconvenience he has sustained.

Canada's National Anthem.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Hail! Queen Victoria!
SIT ALLEN GLORIA,
Hail Gracious Queen!
Lord give her length of days,
Wisdom guide all her ways,
Canada fond tribute pays,
To her lov'd Queen.

Peace now in triumph reigns,
O'er the wide spread domains,
Of our lov'd Queen!
Liberty's Trump shall sound,
Telling to nations round,
That she, A HOME, has found
With Britain's Queen!

Should Foreign wars arise,
Mars to the Standard flies,
Of our lov'd Queen!
Marshalling on the Coast,
Sons of a Mighty host,
That vanquished Europe's boast,
God Save the Queen!

If hostile fleets unite,
Daring to Naval fight,
"Old Ocean's Queen!"
Neptune, on thee she calls,
To staunch her wooden Walls,
Vulcan! forge red hot balls,
To aid our Queen.

Hail sire of Kentish line!
Long may thy virtues shine,
Liberty's Queen.
Hope bids contentious fears,
With a' those factious years,
Be drowned in loyal cheers,
For our lov'd Queen.

IVERS.

Belleville City, July 1, 1878.

Dr. J. D. Stewart.

The celebrated oculist and aurist, will again visit Madoc, arriving here on Monday next, 11th inst., and remaining until Thursday, 21st inst. Parties effected with diseases of the eye or ear should give him a call. Rooms at Moon's Hotel.

The 12th of August.

The Demonstration at Belleville, on Tuesday next, of Orangemen, Young Britons, Prentice Boys and True Blues, promises to be one of the greatest ever held in the county. Special arrangements have been made for reduced fares by rail and steamer. Tickets will be issued from Madoc station to Belleville and return for $1.00.

New Banking House.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., has opened a general banking house in his new premises, the "O'Flynn Block," on St. Lawrence street, in this village, and one, we think, the public will not be slow to appreciate. Great inconvenience has heretofore been experienced in getting notes, etc., discounted without going or sending to Belleville, which will now happily be done away with, and we bespeak for Mr. O'Flynn's new enterprise abundant success.

Useful in the Garden.

An exchange says:—"If there is an animal that should have the freedom of the garden, it is the toad. This little creature is death to the beetle tribe, and in its nocturnal rambles devours plant destroyers that are out of the reach of other agents. An instance of this is recorded at Brockville, where a gentleman, by accident, ripped open a toad with a mowing machine. Upon examination, its stomach was found to contain seventy-eight red ants, and a quantity of bugs and fleas. Give the harmless, yet useful, little creature room in your premises, then, unsightly though he be, and by no means deprive it of life."

Village Council.

The regular meeting of the Council was held on Monday evening last. Present—the Reeve, Messrs. Orr and Dale.

The following accounts were presented and ordered to be paid:

O. Dunn, $20; J. A. Orr & Bro., for printing, $22.86.

Jefferson Caverly and Stephen Wellington presented accounts for services as special constables, which were laid over until certified to by the regular constable.

On motion of Mr. Dale, seconded by Mr. Orr, $2 were granted to drain a pond hole on Malawaska street, opposite Mr. Hickey's house.

The requisition of the School Board for $1250, for school purposes, was, on motion of Mr. Dale, seconded by Mr. Orr, received and ordered to be provided for.

Council adjourned.

Magistrates' Court.

On Tuesday George Clark, James McCoy, and John McKinnon appeared before A. F. Wood, J. P., charged by Constable Sills with fighting and disturbing the peace, in Moon's hotel, on Saturday evening last. It appears Clark owed McKinnon some money, which the former refused to pay. Blows were struck during the altercation, and McCoy then stepped in and struck and kicked Clark, from the effects of which he was entirely disabled. On the representation of Clark that he could get a witness to prove that McKinnon provoked him to fight, the case was adjourned until this morning at 10 o'clock, but when the Court met, Messrs. O'Flynn and Clapp being on the bench with Mr. Wood, neither the witness nor Clark put in an appearance. The magistrates summed up the evidence and gave judgment as follows: McKinnon, fined $1 and costs, $3.50; Clark, fined $2, and $3 costs, McCoy's case being settled yesterday by Mr. Wood by a fine of $2, and $5 costs.

Last night Constable Sills arrested a man named Wm. Donnelly, for being drunk and disorderly on the streets, and kept him in the lock-up over night. This morning he was fined $1.00 and costs by Mr. Wood, and started for home we hope a wiser man.

The Band Excursion.

The moonlight excursion on Friday evening last, under the auspices of the Madoc Brass Band, was not so well patronized as it deserved to be. About one hundred and fifty persons, principally young people, took advantage of the opportunity to indulge in a trip over "our railway," and under the combined influence of moonlight, music, euchre and flirtation, they all appeared to enjoy themselves hugely. The evening was warm, with just sufficient balmy breezes to render the air delightful; the moon shone her brightest, and in this respect give entire satisfaction; the band, under the leadership of Mr. E. L. Weiss, played their sweetest and did their best to please, indeed such a spruce and talented looking lot of young fellows (the three married gentlemen excluded) could hardly fail to do otherwise. The trip down to Luke's station and back was, in fact, all that could reasonably be expected, (the waiting there two tedious hours and a half, while the engine ran down to Belleville and back, was not so satisfactory), and so in the above respects the excursion was on the whole an enjoyable one. The receipts amounted, we understand, to about $50. The only event which occurred to mar the harmony of the trip was occasioned by a number of roughs using insulting language in the hearing of the ladies in the car, while waiting for the engine to return. Some of the Madoc boys remonstrated, and ordered them to leave the grounds. This friendly advice the roughs did not seem disposed to take, and a serious row for a time seemed certain. However, the superior muscular caliber of the Madocers soon asserted itself, and after one or two of the unwelcome visitors had received a gentle shaking they left, their ardor considerably dampened.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me through the REVIEW to tender my most sincere thanks to the citizens of Madoc, who so kindly and energetically protected my house and premises from fire on Sunday last, and for their hearty expressions of pleasure at the successful result of their labors.

Yours most truly,
T. S. AGAR.

August 4th, 1879.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

Allow me through your columns to state that the public meeting held in the Town Hall, lately, to consider and take steps to remedy the evils caused by raising the waters of Hog Lake above their ordinary level, appointed a Committee to take action. The Committee met and decided to ask for subscriptions to a fund for the purpose of getting and acting on legal advice. The subscription list has been prepared and a considerable sum subscribed by parties who are interested in the draining of their lands, as well as the injurious effect upon the health of their families. The Committee have decided to await the action of the above named parties—that is land owners interested—and when they have taken section these to ask others who are interested in the preservation of the health of the community generally to do their part. I am satisfied from what I have learned, that if the land owners will do their part fairly there will be no difficulty, but they must set the example. Some have done well. We wait to hear from the rest. Subscription lists will be found at Mr. Robert Chambers and my office. The medical men do not hesitate to attribute the many cases of sickness from fever in this section to the malaria from the drowned lands, and we all know of the cases of death that have followed. Certainly some action is necessary. This pestilence has not brought death to all our families, but who can tell how soon it may. "A word to the wise," &c.

A. F. WOOD,
Chairman of the Committee.
MADOC, Aug. 5, '79.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—Allow me through your paper to make a few statements in reference to how times are at present in California. We arrived here on the 18th of May, and had quite an interesting and pleasant journey. This is a very fine country, but of course times are not as brisk as they were in '49, as mining is rather dull at present, and there is not as much done in the lumbering business as there has been in the past. This is one of the finest fruit countries in the world, and the prospects for a good crop were never better than at present. Had it not been for about eight or ten days of north wind, which shrank the grain, a more abundant yield would not have been known in California. As it is there is a good average crop. Harvest wages are from $2 to $3 per day, according to the work you are capable of doing. In the winter season wages range from $30 to $40 per month.—Mining wages from $2.25 to $4 per day. Harvesting in this place is quite different from that in Canada. Most of the grain here is cut by headers, and threshed at the same time. Three 16 feet headers will cut from 80 to 100 acres per day, and one thresher thresher the same.—We can thresh from 1,500 to 2,000 bushels per day. Farming is carried on on a much larger scale than in Canada; some men here farming as high as 50,000 acres.

Canadian business men, who are moral and religious, and have any regard for the Sabbath, I would advise not to come to California to commence business, for Sunday is the main business day here. A Canadian merchant, who was doing a good business in Madoc, thought he would increase his fortune a little faster by coming out to California, but doing business on Sunday went against his grain, (Cross-grained, you know) so he returned to Canada.

HUGH GALWAY,
Bigg's Station, Cal., July 28, 1879.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

To my mind there has not been anything for a long time in the history of Canadian politics, that has shown up "party politics" in a more deplorable light than the late Letellier case.

1st. For *party reasons* the De Boucherville Government adopt and attempt to carry out a most corrupt railway policy. 2nd. The Lieutenant-Governor for *party reasons* dismisses his Cabinet, though they were sustained by a large majority. 3rd. For *party reasons* he calls on the leader of the Opposition to form a Government, though in a decided minority. 4th. The new Government orders a new election and manipulates it in *party interest*. 5th. The Opposition in the then House of Commons seek by a *party vote* to condemn the action of the Lieut.-Governor. 6th. The Government party by a *party vote* refuse to interfere. 7th. A general election takes place and the Government of the day are defeated. The new House by a *party vote* condemn the Lieut.-Governor. 8th. The Government for "party purpose" dismisses him from office. 9th. But now the Opposition are holding meetings and are publicly stating that another general election will change the Dominion Government and then Letellier will be reinstated. For what? For *party purposes*, and the leading men—the statesmen of the Dominion, Sir this and Sir that, and the *Globe* and the *Mail*, call it "party outrage," or "constitutional justice," as their *party interests* dictate, and we, "the rank and file," are to throw up our hats and shout "Long live Sir John," "Sir Richard," "Sir Samuel," "Sir Charles," "The Grand Master," "The *Globe*," "The N. P.!" "Free Trade!" "party purity!" and any other humbug it may suit these "Wise men of Gotham" to give the key-note to through their organs, and we, the "rank and file" (and the "long and sinew" when they want us to vote) do this for *party purposes* and then fancy we are "free and independent electors." We have only to add, "Long Live Barnum!" for he is a prince among humbugs.

Yours,
ANTI-HUMBUG.
MADOC, Aug. 4, 1879.

The Gold Field of North Hastings.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

MR. EDITOR.—In my last I pointed to the men in power at Toronto in the winter of 1868 as the prime movers of that baneful policy that crushed out mining enterprise in Ontario: but other causes have also contributed to keep it down. Among these causes stands prominently the incapacity of explorers. Most of the explorations being undertaken by men who really did not know one rock from another: utterly ignorant of the age, composition, and superposition of the series here, they have wasted their time and means in operating upon ground, where according to the laws of nature no gold could exist. And even now it is nothing uncommon to see men who boast of Australian or Californian experience, poking around among the dolomite or chrysotile limestone looking for gold, mistaking the white bands of silicate of magnesia for veins: utterly ignorant of the fact that between the lowermost beds of the dolomite, and the gold bearing granite, the whole body of metamorphic rock interlies, which in its full development is thousands of feet in thickness, and even where it is absent its place is there, cutting off all chance of gold as effectually as if it were present. An accidental discovery may be made by anybody, but to follow up that discovery, requires attainments that can be had only by a scientific training and years of practice. It is unfortunate too that some of the best mining localities have got into the hands of men who will not work them themselves, or part with them on terms that might induce bona-fide companies to take hold of them. The old "Richardson" or Phœnix mine is a deplorable example of this state of things. The owners of this property will not work it themselves and their terms have been such as no practical mining company, who meant business would accept. Consequently the different leasers, who have been fishing after the property for years past, were mere schemers whose sole object was to get control and possession of it for speculative and dishonest purposes: failing in this they have unceremoniously abandoned the place, always leaving it worse than they found it. To this category, however, we must make an exception in favor of the latest parties who were in possession there. The Bayley Bros. were honorable young men, and meant business on the square," but circumstances which they could not control compelled them to abandon the enterprise when almost within grasp of the treasure that lies buried there. The few days work done there last spring did more to develop the true character of that vein than all that was previously done; and had the work been pushed on as they began it long ere now the gold would have been reached and the mine paying rich dividends.

W. H. PALMER.

Completed.

The "O'Flynn Block" was completed according to contract, on the 1st inst., and as we have before stated, is quite an addition to the list of fine buildings in this village. Of the stores on the first floor, Mr. J. G. Deans, druggist, will occupy the centre one, which he intends fitting up in an elegant manner. Up stairs Mr. O'Flynn occupies the first room with his banking office, and next to this will be Messrs. Peterson & Peterson's law office. All the other rooms are as yet, we understand, vacant.

DIED.

SIMPSON.—On Thursday, 31st ult., Mrs. W. Simpson, of Madoc township, aged 67 years.

WATTERAS.—On Tuesday, 5th inst., Patrick Wattreas, of Huntingdon, aged 60 yrs.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE north east part of Lot 8, 7th con., Township of Madoc, containing 75 acres. The property is well fenced, well watered, first-class out-buildings, and in a good state of cultivation. Three miles from the village of Madoc.
122-52 JOHN COLVIN.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, on the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY
FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

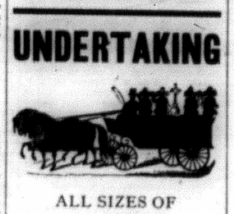
Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,
JAS. O'HARA, Jr.
Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

U CAN GET
BETTER
FURNITURE,
AND
MORE OF IT,
For Less Money
—AT—
M. MAYBEE'S,
than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING



ALL SIZES OF
Coffins & Caskets
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,
AND
FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.
Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Cainsville, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.
April 7th, 1879. 106

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.
MRS. J. HULIN.
Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Village Lot for Sale.

LOT No. 1, on the East side of Durham Street, as laid down on the plan of the Village of South Hastings, for Charles Kirk. This lot is most slightly situated for a dwelling-house, as it commands a fine view of the whole village of Madoc. For terms apply to
108-13w Renfrew, Ont.
ALBERT SMALLFIELD,

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF
HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.
☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.
D. MORRICE.

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ
WHICH FOR
SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,
cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence
☞ KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,
where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision
DEALER,
Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of
CHOICE GROCERIES
AND
PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,
Which will be sold at the
LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,
Watchmaker
AND
Jeweler,
MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF
WATCHES,
CLOCKS, and
JEWELRY,
ALWAYS ON HAND,
CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills to Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS' & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future **EGGS** will be taken in trade from our customers in Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stocks. These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. A strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price on all goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor working man. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and best attention during this cheap sale. There is one more reason, namely, that the first buyers during the opening week of our business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or vests will be made to order, or cut free of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children's wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

New Partnership

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to express grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for the twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and on the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON.

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers.

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various towns in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER

WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

☞ OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER. GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required.

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the best OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTH.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable. The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World.

☞ MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement true.

ADDRESS GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

So Time Like the Old Time.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the bird of April blossomed and the lilacs of springtime sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer sun are numed;
But, Oh! the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place, where you and I were born,
Where we lifted up our eyelids on the splendors of the morn;
From the milk-white bramble breat that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
When the clear eyes glistened and we ran or ut that will look on us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days!
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise!
Fame is the scentless flower, with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old, that we courted in our pride;
Though hair and leaves are falling, falling, and we're falling side by side;
There are memories all around us with the colors of the dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgotten;
There is no place like the old place—keep green the door old spot!
There are friends like the old friends—may heaven prolong their lives!
There is no love like the old love—God bless our loving wives!—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Plea Arts of Housewifery.

(Rose Terry Cook in Sunday Afternoon.)

I shall never forget my own, childish tears and sulks over my sewing. My mother was a perfect fairy at her needle, and her rule was relentless. Every long stitch was picked out and done over again, and neither my tears nor entreaties availed to rid me of my task until it was properly done; every corner of a hem turned by the thread; every seed-stitch made two threads to a stitch; felling of absolutely regular width, and patching done invisibly; white fine darning was a sort of embroidery. I hated it then, but I have lived to bless that mother's patient persistence, and I am proudder to-day of the six patches in my small girl's dress, which cannot be seen without searching, than of any other handiwork, except, perhaps, my bread.

Neglect of the Eye.

Whatever an ounce of prevention may be to other members of the body, it certainly is worth many pounds of care to the eye. Like a chronometer watch, this delicate organ will stand any amount of use, not to say abuse, if when once thrown off its balance, it very rarely can be brought back to its original perfection of action, or, if it is, it becomes ever after liable to a return of disability of function at the least critical disease. One would have supposed from this *fact*, and from the fact that modern civilization has imposed upon the eye an ever-increasing amount of strain, both as to the number of hours it is used and the constantly increasing brilliancy and diversion of the illumination under which it is performed, that the greatest pains would have been exerted in teaching the people how to keep in a condition of health, and the greatest care and solicitude used in its treatment when diseased. And yet it is safe to say that there is no organ in the body the welfare of which is so persistently neglected as the eye.

I have known food and dozing mothers have blistered and ruined, at 2 years of age to cure their first teeth filled, instead of having them extracted, so that the jaw might not suffer in its due development, and become in a measure deformed, while the eye, the most intellectual, the most appreciative and the most discriminating of all our organs, receive not even a passing thought, much less consideration. It never occurs to nine out of the parents that the principal agent in a child's education is the eye; that through it it gains not only its sense of the methodical ways and behavior of others, but even the means for the maintenance of its own; nor does it occur to the parents for an instant that many of the mental as well as bodily attributes of a growing child are inherited, even if they are not created, by the condition of the eye alone.

A child is put to school without the slightest inquiry into the part of the eye, and much less on the part of the teacher, whether it has the normal amount of sight; whether it sees objects sharply and well-defined, or indistinctly and distortedly; whether it is near-sighted or far-sighted; whether it sees with one or two eyes; or, finally, if it sees at one distinctly and distinctly, whether it is not using a quantity of nervous force sufficient after a time not only to exhaust the energy of the visual organ, but of the nervous system at large.

What about our Kitchens?

Professor Youmans says our kitchens, as it perfectly notorious, are the fortified entrenchments of ignorance, prejudice, irrational habits, relentlessness, and the dyspepsia, and the result is that the Americans are liable to the reproach of suffering beyond any other people for wasteful, unpalatable, unwholesome and monotonous cookery. We abound in female seminaries and female colleges, high schools and normal schools, supported by burdensome taxes, in which everything under heaven is studied except that practical art which is a daily and vital necessity in all the house. holds of the land.

Summer Fashion Fancies.

Chemisettes are to replace vests.

Not a touch of color in the toilets.

White ribbons, belt and sash, and Leghorn trimmed with white.

"Baby" velvet hats are quite the thing. They are only becoming to a pretty figure, hence.

The lower skirt is almost invariably short, to show the foot above the instep.

Low chaus—not slippers—are worn on the street with gay red and blue silk stockings.

The latest hat trimming is a bird of paradise, used in a gay-colored silk handkerchief simply tied about the brim. This comes from New York.

Jet, when used as the sole ornament of the muslin afternoon dress, it is suggested that they be fresh and clean.

White dotted Swiss muslin over slips of colored silk may be made very pretty for parties—a good way to utilize a soiled evening silk.

Colored textured veiets are much worn with plain velvet and silk, and the fashion of using is merely a belted round waist, plain on the shoulders and slightly full in the belt.

Do not rack your brains in making up a model. The prettiest dresses are the most simplest. A belted basque sprcu with round overskirt, with a single ruffle on it, and one or two ruffles on the underskirt is the most stylish and satisfactory rig out.

Useful Receipts for the Household by Aunt Hase.

STINGS OF INSECTS are accompanied by an acid poison. One of the best remedies so has been fully proved, is a paste made of ammonia or carbonate of soda and flour and water. A paste of fresh wood ashes would also have the same effect. It neutralizes the poison.

TO KEEP GRASS FROM GROWING IN WALKS.—Make a weak lotse and sprinkle the walks by means of a water sprinkler as often as the grass appears. A few pounds of salt will do this way save a vast amount of labor and at the same time keeps the walks free from weeds and grass.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Continue to keep the surface of beds mellow and smooth and every part of the ground in a neat condition. Continue the pinching back process; it gives a fuller form to shrubs and plants and more blossoms.

TEA HANDLE.—Boil a beef tongue the day before it is used. And the like number of pounds of veal. Chop each separately; season the tongue with pepper and sweet herbs, a teaspoonful of made mustard; the veal is like sausage with the addition of salt. Pack it closely together in a large pan or pudding in a dish which is well buttered. Press as one puts up you one, set aside and have it thoroughly cold before you attempt to cut out of the dish; cut in slices for tea.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Grate the corn from the ears (about one dozen if good sized), add to the corn one quart of cold milk, three eggs, two tablespoons of butter, one teaspoon of salt; pour into buttered pans and bake. This will be found a delicious dish for tea.

HOW TO COOK BACON.—As few people know how bacon ought to be cooked, we give the recipe for doing it properly. Cut the bacon into thin slices, put it in the oven on a dish, and just before it is sent to table frizzle the effect before the fire. They require very little cooking after being in the oven.

PIE TRAYS.—If the Pie Trays, appearing in persons, the housewife is wondering how to keep them away. It is very nice if one can screen the doors and windows, but all cannot do that. For myself, I find that keeping everything which flies relish covered or put away in cupboards, is of use, as they are not enticed in so rapidly; then as soon as a dessert is ready, or even before, if a tray is to be eaten them they will not multiply nearly so fast; and if the tray, or traps, stand all summer, the flies are sure not to be very troublesome. This at least is my experience. Down I use are tumblers, two-thirds full of strong vinegar, covered with a round of pasteboard with a hole cut in the center, and smeared underneath with molasses. Occasionally I find them dead changing every second, or at most every third day; the water thrown out, glassy rinsed and re-filled, and fresh sweets rubbed on the covering.

The Women of To-day.

In France it is not considered proper to display young marriageable girls at wed. dings.

The dark-colored pin stripped silks are being much used, and this summer for traveling dresses. They are inexpensive.

The English bathing costume, worn at all the fashionable watering places, is all in one piece, has no sleeves, and hardly reaches below the knee.

The most novel dado hats are in small straw braid, like that used for mats, with brims embroidered in crewels, than faced with silk of one of the prominent shades, and trimmed with a scarf of bunting of soft silk.

A favorite way of wearing the broad sash so popular at present is to place it around the waist to form a belt, and to tie it carelessly on the left side in a large loose knot.

Feathers are more generally worn on hats this season than flowers. The Rembrandt hat, laden with feathers, and forming a coronet of two rows around the face, with a feather or two falling over the brim, is most becoming to blonde heads, particularly when the feathers are black.

Maryland, Delaware, Virginia and Louisiana are the only States now left in which the male teachers outnumber the female. In New Hampshire there are five women teachers to one man, and in Massachusetts eight to one.

Countess Danner, of Sweden, left property to the amount of $1,000,000 to found an institution to provide poor girls and to train them for household work. The institution will accommodate 600 inmates.

The English Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, has expended £320 a year, and finds employment for 235 women annually.

The London Society for Obtaining Homes for Working Girls has opened its second home. The girls have to pay but a small sum for board and have also to do their own washing. It cannot be made self-supporting, but is obliged to ask for contributions of the charitably-inclined people of London.

Queen Victoria has $9,000,000 worth of royal plate in her castle at Windsor, but this does not keep her from using tin pans.

There are 450 lady dentists in the United States, and three times as many studying dentistry.

The London School Board has appointed at a large salary a lady superintendent of physical education in the girls' school.

Women do the work of "longshoremen on the wharves of St. John's, Newfoundland. When the time arrives for vessels from Southern Europe, Brazil, West Indies and elsewhere to take aboard their loads of salt cod, herring, etc., flies of females with tucked-up gowns, bared arms and coarse brogans, may be seen along the wharves, carrying flat barrels of salt fish on their backs. Each has four handles and is borne by two women. They perform the same labor as men at this business, but their pay is inferior. Women also go on the fishing smacks to Labrador, and act generally in the capacities of "splitters," "salters" and "header."

Grace Greenwood writes: "Never unset yourself for greatness. The worship of mere true heart is better than the wonder of the world. Don't trample on the flowers while hunting on the stars. Live to be full measure of life; give way to your impulses, loves and enthusiasms; sing, smile, labor and be happy. Adore poetry for its own sake; yearn for, pursue, the unattainable; seek out the most discriminating of all our organs, receive not even a passing thought, much less consideration. In never considering the wants of the parents that the principal agent in a child's education is the eye; that through it it gains not only its sense of the methodical ways and behavior of others, but even the means for the maintenance of its own; nor does it occur to the parents for an instant that many of the mental as well as bodily attributes of a growing child are inherited, even if they are not created, by the condition of the eye alone.

THE AUGUST MAGAZINES.

Readable Selections From the Vacation Issues.

(From Harper's Monthly.)

TOM MOORE AND DISRAELI.

In his "Pentillings by the Way," forty years ago, Willis gave the following version of Tom Moore, the Irish poet:—"Mr. Moore,' cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase; 'Mr. Moore,' cried the footman at the top of the stairs; with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman, between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the place, entered the room. Half a glance tells you that he is at home in society. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington (of whom he was a lover when she was six-teen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written), he made his compliments with a gayety and an ease combined with a kind of worshiping deference that was worthy of a Prince Minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favorite, and he was greeted like one. He sat down at the piano, rather, throwing back his head to look up at them (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upward), and to every one of the ladies he addressed a song or one else could have seem d peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath were not a more spontaneous." These "pentillings" were the first, and most brilliant instances of modern "society" reporting, gratifying the love of gossip and a national interest in the personnel of distinguished people. There is a great deal in the letter of "Disraeli the younger"—the Lord Beaconsfield of to-day—and it is curious to compare the two. Disraeli was the exquisite of Park Lane. "Disraeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous colors of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent-leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chasing gold jewelry, all of a piece, served to make him, even in the dim light, rather a conspicuous object." He was lividly pale, and seemed to be a victim to consumption, except for his wonderful vitality and strength of lungs. His hair is described as being as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. "A thick heavy mass of black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collar-bone, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and combed down in ringlets."

"With thy incomparable oil, Macassar!" To Carlyle, who had not yet made himself known, and to whose grim humor and melancholy sincerity even Walter Scott was not earnest enough, Disraeli seems to have being as this must have been as "unspeakable" as the Minister of later years. Willis says that he might as well try to gather up the foam of the sea as to report Disraeli's extraordinary language in describing Beckford. He adds that Disraeli "talks like a racehorse, and that it is a great pity he is not in Parliament.

WATCH-WORDS.

Through gathering clouds and stormy seas of life,
Two golden watchwords guide and comfort me:
Telling along my path, early and late,
I strive to be patient and Pitiefully.
In all the weary changes of my life
I strive to follow duty faithfully;
And when the Pitiefully, I strive to be patient,
With subtle influence Patience strengthens me.

So onward through what suffering God may send,
I walk with faith, and feel that shall not tire,
Trusting with Patience, strong unto the end,
To reach at last, O Lord, my soul's desire.

THE RIGHTS OF FRIENDS.

"Are you going to marry her?" "Did you mean to have him?" "When is it to come off?" To what perpetual questioning and suggestion unhappy persons of the opposite sex, who dare to be friends, are always subjected. It is this which mars the pleasant little interludes of society. It seems strange that other people cannot let people cannot let others alone; that they can never understand that a women may like her independence, and feel even averse to marriage, and yet enjoy the society and polite attentions of pleasant men; or that a man may find a women extremely agreeable without falling in love with her, and that she may be glad to know him.

Girls and boys must dream pleasant dreams of the future. Their fancies may change perpetually, but in every new object of admiration they see a husband or wife or lover, and this is only nature. But intercourse between the sexes, if it is to be pleasant, and free from unhappiness, must be based on the recognition of the rights of each other. Let the girl who is married, and the boy who is betrothed, be ever so fond of each other, they have no right to be jealous of the other's friendships with other people

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. ("PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW.") TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 12. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1879. POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE CARIBWANIAN LOVER'S LAMENT.

The following beautiful poem is freely translated from the Caribwanian tongue; it shows, better than any essay can do, how far superior those people must be to us in their appreciation of some intellectual pleasures and enjoyments of the superior kind, and in their appreciation of the artificiality of some. This poem combines the simplicity of Timothy Titcomb with the mournfulness of Owen Meredith. Let the sensitive reader research the deep inexplicable meaning of such home-words as Pudink!

Farewell, my lost love, no more shall we rove,
I am gone to Camanoe to stay
In the depths of the Furgam-Furnango Grove,
With the skeletons sitt'ends I lie.

No more will I gaze on the blue-ing-Good,
As it wails in the Cloughbelly Green,
Or hear the sweet sounds of the Illustrated,
As it bathes in the blue Kerosene.

The gradious crapaut has tuned its throat,
And the gripsack has warbled aloud,
But the love I am gone out of their cocalum pole
As they've lost all their polychrome pound.

The billiticks is sad on the Hill-Calew,
Where the pumpyrax waves in the breeze,
And the bonsack refuses to blow its horse
In the shades of the Snickerso Sneeze.

O I think of the days with my own Dary dove,
And I think and I think and I think
When they brought us those hours of canoodlesome love,
And our hearts were brimful of pinink.

I time myself down on a barsbog branch,
With the bode-tent deep in my hand,
And I see the red rays of thy rigskion ranche,
Where the pinks and the pinkies pass pant.

O muddy cum-dingus and slue and blear,
O boo hoo and wind-tom sigh,
I wet all your ajisons bedaggle with a tear,
As I crawl in my digrot to die.

Farewell to the compan, I come, Clitheroen,
Our cobs wain sweet home
There's a smot in the morbey that sodders the green,
I am free from the pizzalum pain.

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why love you pining
All lonely waiting here for you."—*Old Song*

"You cannot expect me to see it in that light," replies he, politely.

"May I hope for this valtz?" Sir Penthony asks again, this time very coldly.

"Not this one; perhaps a little later on." "As you please, my dear," replies the lady, with a frown and an inward determination never to ask her again, he walks away.

In the ball-room he meets Lettrell, evidently on the lookout for a missing partner.

"Have you seen Miss Mansmouse?" he asks, instantly. "I am engaged to her, and can see her nowhere."

"Try one of those nests for flirtation," replies Stafford, bitterly, turning abruptly away, and pointing towards the room he has just quitted.

But Lettrell goes in a contrary direction. Through one conservatory after another, through hall-room, supper-room, tea-room, he searches without success. There is no Molly to be seen anywhere.

"She has forgotten our engagement," he thinks, and feels a certain pang of disappointment that it should be so. As he walks, rather dejectedly, into the conservatory he last visited to find Marcia there alone, gazing with silent intentness out of the window into the garden beneath.

As he approaches she turns to meet his gaze. She is as pale as death, and her dark eyes are full of fire. The fingers of her hand twitch convulsively.

"You are looking for Eleanor?" she says, intuitively, her voice low, but vibrating with some hidden emotion. "See, you will find her there."

She points down towards the garden through the window where she has been standing, and moves away. Impelled by the imperious tone of her manner, Lettrell follows her direction, and going over to the window, gazes out into the night.

It is a brilliant moonlight night; the very stars shine with redoubled brilliancy, and Diana, riding high in the heavens, cast over "tower and stream" and spreading parks "a flood of silver sheen;" the whole earth seems bright as gaudy day.

Beneath, in the shrubberies, pacing to and fro, are Molly and Philip Shadwell, evidently in earnest conversation. Philip, at least, seems painfully intent and eager. They have stopped, as if by one impulse, and now he has taken her hand. She hardly rebukes him; her hand lies passive within his; and now—now with a sudden movement he has placed his arm around her waist.

"Honor or no honor," says Lutirell, fiercely, "I will see it out with her now."

Drawing a deep breath, he leaps, with arms and lenes against the window, full of an agonized determination to know the worst.

Molly has put up her hand and laid it on Philip's shoulder, as if pushing away, yet makes no vehement effort to escape from his embrace. Philip, his face lit up with passionate admiration, is gazing down into the lovely one so near him, that scarcely seems to shrink from his open homage. The merciless, cruel moon betrays them all too surely. Lettrell's pulses are throbbing wildly, while his heart has almost ceased to beat. Half a minute—that is a long hour—passes thus; a few more words from Philip, an answer from Molly. Oh, that he could hear! And then Shadwell stoops until from where Lottrell stands his face seems to grow to here.

Tolentio's teeth meet in his lip as he gazes with bated breath. A cold shiver runs through him, as when one hears that all one's dearest and cherished hopes are trampled in the dust. A faint moisture stands on his brow. It is the bitterness of death!

Presently a drop of blood trickling slowly down—the sickly flavor of it in his mouth—rouses him. Instinctly he closes his eyes, as though he would fain, to shut out the scene, turning right, and, with a deep curse, he presses his handkerchief to his lips and moves away as one suddenly awakened from a ghastly dream.

In the doorway he meets Marcia; she too has been a witness of the garden scene, and as he passes her she glances up at him with a meaning smile.

"If you wish to keep her you should look after her," she whispers, with white lips.

"If she needs looking after, I do not wish for her," he answers, coldly, and the next moment could kill himself, in that he has been so far wanting in loyalty to his most disloyal love.

With his mind quite made up, he waits through two dances silently, almost motionless, with his back against a friendly wall, hardly taking note of anything that is going on around him, until the time as he can claim another dance from Molly.

It comes at last; and, making his way through the throng of dancers, he reaches the spot, breathless, smilless, she sits fanning herself, an adoring partner dropping little honeyed phrases into her willing ear.

"This is our dance," Lottrell says, in a hard tone, standing before her, with compressed lips and a pale face.

"Is it?" With a glance at her card.

"Never mind your partner, she is yours," he says, and, offering her his arm, leads her, not to the ball-room, but on to a balcony, from which the garden can be reached by means of steps.

Before descending he says—always in the same uncompromising tone:

"Are you cold? Shall I fetch you a shawl?"

And she answers:

"No, thank you. I think the night warm." Being for the moment carried away by the strangeness and determination of his manner.

When they are in the garden, and still he has not spoken, she breaks the silence.

"What is it, Teddy?" she asks, lightly. "I am all curiosity. I never before saw you look so angry."

"Angry?—no—I—hardly think there is room for anger. I have brought you here to tell you—I will not detain you to my engagement with you—an hour longer."

Silence follows this declaration—a dead silence, broken only by the voices of the night and the faint, sweet, dreamy music of the Gungl's waltzes as it steals through the air to where they stand.

They have ceased to move, and are facing each other on the centre pathway, of a few beams from the illuminated house fall across their feet; one, more adventurous than the rest, has lit on Molly's face, and lingers there, reposing in the serious moonlight.

How changed it is! All the soft sweetness, the gladness of it, that characterized it a moment since, is gone. All the girlish happiness and contentment of a half hour ago vanished. She is cold, rigid, as one turned to stone. Indignation lies within her lovely eyes.

"I admit you have taken me by surprise," she says, shortly. "It is customary—is it not?—for the one who breaks an engagement to assign some reason for so doing."

"It is. You shall have my reason. Half an hour ago I stood at this window—I was pointing to it—and saw you in the shrubberies—with—Shadwell!"

"Yes? And then?"

"Then—then?" With a movement full of passion he lays his hands upon her shoulders and turns her slightly, so that the ray which that moonbeam had caught fell upon her face. "Let me look at you," he says, in a low tone, "as one has bravely you can carry out your deception to its end. Its end, mark you, for you shall never again deceive me, I have had enough of it. It is over. My love for you vanishes."

"Beyond all doubt it had an easy death," replies she, calmly. "There could never have been much life in it. But all this is beside the question. I have yet to learn my crime. I have yet to learn what awful iniquity lies in the fact of my being with Philip Shadwell."

"You are wonderfully innocent," with a sneer. "Do you think, then, my sight failed me?"

"Still I do not understand," she says, drawing herself up, with a little proud gesture. "What is it to me whether you or all the world saw me with Philip? Explain yourself."

"I will." In a low voice, almost choked with passion and despair. "You will understand when I tell you I saw him with his arms around you—you—submitting—you—And then—I saw him—kiss you! That I should live to say it of you!"

"Did you see that kiss me?" Still calmly.

"Your coughing is invaluable."

"Ah! you no longer deny it? In your inmost heart no doubt you are laughing at my poor fool that I have been. How many other times have you kissed him, I wonder, when I was not by to see?"

"Whatever faults you may have had, I acquitted you of brutality," says she, in a low, carefully suppressed tone.

"You never loved me. In that one matter at least you were honest; you never professed affection. And yet I was mad enough to think that after a time I should gain the love of a flirt—a coquette."

"You were mad to care for the love of a flirt—a coquette."

"I have been blind all these past weeks," he goes on, unheeding, "determined not to see what all the rest of the world, no doubt, (too plainly saw) what there was between you and Shadwell. But I am blind no longer. I am glad—yes, thankful," grinds the young man, throwing out one hand, as though desirous of proving by action the truth of his said falsehood, "thankful I have found you out at last—before it was too late."

"I am thankful too; but for another reason. I feel grateful that your suspicions have caused you to break off our engagement. And for that it is broken—irretrievably so—let me tell you that for once your priceless sights has played you false. I admit that Philip placed his arm around me (but not unrebuked as you would have it); I admit that he stooped to kiss me; but," cries Molly, with sudden passion that leaves her pale as an early snowdrop, "I do not admit he kissed me. Deceitful, worthless, flirt, coquette, as you think me, I have not yet fallen so low as to let one man kiss me while professing to keep faith with another."

"You say this—after——"

"I do. And who is there shall dare give me the lie? Beware, Tolentio; you have gone far enough already. Do not go too far. Yet I have forgiven you much, and will do so. I forgive you. But, for the future, let me see and hear and know as little of you as possible."

"Molly, if what you now——"

"Stand back, sir," cries she, with an air of majesty and with an imperious gesture raising one white arm, that gleams like snow in the dark night, to warn him to one side. "From henceforth remember, I am dead when you address me!"

She sweeps past him into the house, without further glance or word, leaving him, half mad with doubt and self-reproach, to pace the gardens until far into the morning.

When he does re-enter the ball-room he finds it almost deserted. Nearly all the guests have taken their departure. Dancing is growing half-hearted; conversation is having greater sway with those that still remain.

The first person he sees—with Philip beside her—is Molly, radiant, sparkling, even more than usually gay. Two crimson spots burn upon either cheek, making her large eyes seem larger, and bright as gleaming stars.

Even as Lutirell with concentrated bitterness, now stands transfixed at some little distance from her, realizing how small a thing to her is this rupture between them, that is threatening to break his heart, she, looking up, sees him.

Turning to her companion, she whispers something to him in a low tone, and then she laughs—a soft, rippling laugh, full of mirth and music.

"There go the chimes again," says Mr. Fotts, who has just come up, alluding to Molly's little sarcastic speech of yesterday. "I never saw Miss Mansecrete in such good form as she is in to-night. Oh!"—with a suppressed yawn—"what a day we're having! I think it were all no some one else again."

"Plantagenet, you grow daily more dissipated," says Cecil Stafford, severely. "A little boy like you should be in your bed hours ago; instead of that you have been allowed to sit up until half-past four, and——"

"And still I am not appy! How could I be when you did me out of that solitary dance you promised me? I really thought when I asked you with such pathos in the early part of the evening to keep that one green spot in your memory for me, you would have done so."

"Did I forget you?" Remorsefully. "Well, don't blame me. Mr. Lowry would keep my memory so busy that I quite forgot, and the

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MADOC, AUG. 13, 1879.

PATIENCE!

We have never yet heard any one endeavor to dispute Job's claim to have been the happy possessor of more patience than any other existing individual, but we are at the same time inclined to think that he would have found himself deserted even by that virtue had he had anything to do with running a newspaper, with the hope of ultimately benefitting his pocket. For nearly two and-a-half years we have been regularly publishing and sending the REVIEW to a very large number of persons in North Hastings, hoping that they would at least endeavor to pay us at the end of every year, although our terms are in advance, but as yet not one cent has been received from any of them to show that they even acknowledged its receipt every week. Now this is where patience ceases to become a virtue with newspaper men. During that time we have had to pay promptly for every sheet of paper they have received, for the ink used thereon, for the labor of setting the type, &c., and even the postage in mailing it to them, and to expect that we are able, even if willing, to continue this kind of amusement for an unlimited period of time, without some return being made, is suggestive that they are under the impression that we have a small bank in connection with this establishment. But, kind friends, we have nothing of the sort. We find we *must* have the money owing us or run the paper at a heavy loss to ourselves, which we most assuredly will *not* do. Paper and ink dealers refuse to take too many "promises to pay" for our supplies; butchers, bakers, grocers, and tailors decline to feed and clothe us for nothing, and our compositors will not accept "en-quads," "spaces," old paper, or even thanks in lieu of their fairly earned hard cash. Therefore we repeat we must have subscriptions long past due paid up at once or know "what you are going to do about it." Individually the amounts are trifling, but aggregates a large sum when all are counted up. We do not wish to offend or annoy any of our subscribers, but subscriptions due two years and over must be paid at once or we will be obliged to put the accounts into Court. There is a strict law in force for the protection of publishers in this matter, which some of our non-paying subscribers would do well to notice, as follows:

"If a person order his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the post-office or not. Also, retion for fraud can be instituted against any person, whether he is responsible in a financial view or not, who refuses to pay for a publication."

MR. WILLIAM JOHNSON, of Belleville, has, we are pleased to see, been appointed Inspector under the Weights and Measures Act for the district of Belleville, comprising the counties of Hastings, Prince Edward, Durham, Northumberland, Peterborough, and Victoria. The appointment will, we are sure, give general satisfaction, as Mr. Johnson is a clever, energetic, and thoroughly capable gentleman, and deserved the position as much as any other man of the party. His assistants are Messrs. J. A. Wilkinson, of Cobourg, and Thos. Cahill, of Peterboro'.

WE are pleased to see that the City Council of Ottawa have passed a by-law granting a bonus of $200,000 to the Toronto and Ottawa Railway Company, and that a vote thereon will be taken on the 5th of October next. The provisions of the by-law are that $110,000 shall be paid on the completion of the grading of the road from Ottawa to Peterborough, $25,000 when the rails are laid and station houses built over the same distance, and the remaining $65,000 to be paid when the road shall be completed to Toronto. Thus it will be seen the by-law is so framed as to permit of the construction of the road from Ottawa to Peterborough independent of Toronto, and in the event of it being carried we may expect to see work commence at once.

THE *Globe* editorial says:—"We are pleased to learn that the business of breaking down our insoluble phosphates and converting them into soluble superphosphates is to be commenced at Kingston. A company, of which the Directors are Messrs. James Richardson, A. Gunn, H. Moores, and J. M. Machar, with Mr. J. Lomer as Managing Director, have gone into the business, and expect to commence operations in August. About ten tons per day is expected to be the turn out. We hope the company will not make the mistake of putting too high a price on their product at first. Farmers have to be convinced that the use of mineral superphosphate is profitable, and when once they are persuaded of this, there will be no lack of demand for the fertilizer. There is an immense breadth of land in Ontario, the production of which might be doubled by the annual use of 300 or 400 pounds per acre of superphosphate.

A complete re-organization of the Militia of the Dominion is said to be among the reforms of the near future. Among the papers which Sir John Macdonald took with him to England were documents giving exact details of our military position, and it is believed that a comprehensive system of defence in consonance with the Imperial policy will be agreed upon between the Premier and the War Office, to be submitted to Parliament next session.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Two car loads of cheese were shipped from Belleville on Saturday.

The Kingston *Whig* says:—"Verily it is easier for an elephant to turn a double somersault over seven camels and a giraffe, than for a newspaper to please every one."

The work of repairing Trenton bridge is being proceeded with as rapidly as possible under the direction of Mr. John Francis, County Surveyor. It is expected to be reopened for travel by the end of this week.

The Peterborough *Examiner* learns that arrangements have been satisfactorily concluded for the working of the Galway Lead Mine, by an English company, and that work will be commenced at an early day.

The Norwood *Register* says:—"One of our leading farmers informed us, on Monday last, that the hay crop was so great, and straw so plentiful, that hay would be sold in Norwood for four dollars a ton during the coming winter.

Our genial friend, Mr. James Jack, of Smith, called upon us on Saturday last "wi' an item." Dame Nature has been playing a freak with Mrs. John Jack's geese, and has produced a prodigy in the shape of one with two pair of wings, both appendages being in close proximity to each other. It is considered quite a curiosity.—*Peterborough Examiner.*

Mr. Joshua Murphy, noticing the luxuriant growth of clover on his farm, pulled a stalk, just to see what it measured. He found that it was five feet nine inches in length. It was only a sample of a good deal more of the same sort, and was not a solitary specimen picked out after a careful search for something out of the ordinary line. Can this be beaten?—*Renfrew Mercury.*

On Saturday last Mr. John Wilson, formerly of Napanee, was employed in raking with a wheel horse rake near Selby. It was so windy that he quit work. Whilst coming through the gate from the field, the horse took fright, ran away, and threw Mr. Wilson under the rake. The end of one of the steel teeth caught in the nostril and tore out the cartilage, and another tooth caught in the upper eyelid and narrowly escaped gouging out the eye. He came to town for repairs and Dr. Rattan attended to his injuries and mitigated the evil of the results of raking where he had not sown.—*Beaver.*

From the Belleville *Intelligencer* of the 31st ult., we learn that the result of Mr. Shanley's inspection of the Grand Junction Railway was that he accepted it without hesitation, expressing himself highly pleased with the manner in which the work of construction has been performed. A quantity of freight will shortly be shipped from Campbellford and Hastings, and it is understood that Mr. Cockburn, proprietor of the Campbellford flowing mills, will store his flour here for shipment by water hence to Montreal. The prospects for business on the road are said to be excellent.

We are informed that a fine, tall and healthy young man named Patrick Shields, whose parents reside in the township of Bromley in this County, left for Doyle's Corners (Meynooth) a few months ago, some three weeks since cut his knee while chopping wood, and was attended by a quack doctor, whose name we refrain from publishing at the present time. Either from drunkenness or unskilfulness, or from both combined resulting in a lack of appreciation of the critical condition of his patient, he allowed mortification to set in, and the result was that the poor young man died some day last week. We would advise that an inquest be held on the body to elicit the facts of the case.—*Enterprise.*

A correspondent of the London *Free Press* was recently at Picton, and reports that he was induced to accompany some friends on a fishing excursion to West Lake, an inlet of Lake Ontario, nine miles from Picton. In less than four hours fishing with two trolling lines, they succeeded in catching forty-three pike and five bass, the net weight of which was over 200 pounds. They were conveyed to Picton in a salt sack, and when emptied out filled two long wash tubs. He recommends West Lake to any one who wishes to enjoy a good fishing, and its close proximity to the far-famed "Sand Banks" and the "Lake on the Mountain" makes it a most desirable locality to spend a week's holiday.

The Bobcaygeon *Independent* says:—"On Friday last this village was visited by Mr. Starke, a Government Engineer, appointed to the duty of inspecting the Trent Valley Canal, and reporting thereon to the Minister of Railways and Canals. Mr. Starke has inspected the line from Georgian Bay to this point, and he had previously inspected the line from Peterborough here. He found that a canal between Mud Lake and Lakefield was quite practicable, and should greatly shorten the distance. He is now inspecting the line from Peterborough to Trenton. During his stay in Peterborough it will be well for everyone interested in the project to call on him, and give him all the information possible. The Dominion Government are favorably disposed towards the project, and those along the line of canal should use every exertion to press its claims on the attention of the Dominion Government. Should Mr. Starke report favorably on the canal, a regular survey will probably be made, and possibly some of the work may be commenced forthwith."

Sudden Death of Bishop O'Brien, of Kingston.

Monseigneur O'Brien, Bishop of Kingston, died suddenly, at Quebec, on Friday, 1st inst. The Right Reverend gentleman, was on his way to the Saguenay, in search of health and retirement for a time from the arduous labors of his diocese. Shortly after six o'clock on Friday morning the night watchman, of the Hotel, in making his rounds, knocked at the Right Reverend Prelate's door, to awaken him to attend divine service, but received no answer. After a short time the Bishop's late travelling companion tried to effect an entrance, and becoming alarmed had the door forced open, when to their horror they found Bishop O'Brien stretched upon his hands and face on the floor insensible, but still breathing. Physicians were at once summoned, but all their efforts were unavailing, as in about half an hour after the Bishop breathed his last, without uttering a single word. An inquest was held at once, and a verdict of death from apoplexy was returned. The body was embalmed and taken to Kingston for interment.

The first package of new Dominion notes, once and twos, were sent from Ottawa, on Friday, to Montreal.

Jeremiah Collins, a resident of London, a short time since signed a paper, which was represented to be his will. He was sick at the time, but on recovering he found it was a deed of his property to his wife who has since been trying to sell it. He has now taken proceedings to quash the deed.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Montreal brokers are paying eighty to eighty-five cents for Consolidated Bills.

It is proposed to make a testimonial of $50,000 in money to Letellier de St. Just.

A soldier named Edward McDermott was drowned at Montreal while bathing on the 4th inst.

The number of immigrants arriving at Montreal is in excess of last year and they are of a better class.

A whole family in a Quebec village were poisoned by Paris Green. Three have died and a fourth cannot recover.

Several of Catewayo's important chief have surrendered to the British. The King has ensconced himself in a forest.

Lieut. Pope, of Her Majesty's 24th Regiment, and a cousin of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, was one of the victims at Isandula.

The store of W. Summerville and the post office at Kinburn, Ont. were burglarized on the night of the 6th inst., to the extent of $50 in cash.

Cattle in the west and south-west of Texas are dying by hundreds of thirst. Stock men are selling their stock at whatever price they can get.

Extensive bush fires are raging in the vicinity of Kemptville. Unless rain falls within a few days, it is feared the destruction of property will be very heavy.

The Ville Marie Bank has stopped payment. Liabilities to bill holders and depositors, about $700,000. A run is now taking place on the Hochelaga Bank and the City and District Savings Bank. Great excitement is apparent.

A wild tornado swept over Woodstock, on the 6th inst., blowing down trees and chimneys and breaking glass in several residences which were exposed to the blast. Farmers complain of great damage done to the wheat by the heavy wind storm, followed by rain and hail, some of the stones being as large as a hazel nut.

Two hundred delegates to the International Convention of the Fenian Brotherhood, now known as the Knights of Contarfan, arrived in Wilkesbarre, on the 8th inst. The Session began on that day and will not close until the 19th. The majority are Irish Protestants. One of the delegates stated yesterday that the charge made by England that Russia paid for the Breech-loading guns used by the Zulus was false, as these arms had been paid for by the patriotic Irish of America, who will never cease to harass England. The Zulu surprise is only one of the many they had prepared for her.

The exhibition of Mr. Morton's Canadian Cheese, at the Royal International Agricultural Exhibition appears to have created quite a sensation in England. The correspondent of the London, (Ont.) *Herald* says:—The great attraction in the department for dairy produce was Canadian Cheese. Here there were two monster cheeses from the Dominion, each weighing three-quarters of a ton. They were made at Mr. Geo. Morton's factory, near Kingston, Ont., and were indeed a credit to that gentleman for their excellent quality and flavor. Thousands of persons visited this department daily just to taste and see the wonderful cheese, the fame of which has spread throughout England by means of the eulogistic comments of the London papers.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

WEST HALF of Lot 29, 2nd Con. Madoc, West Half of Lot 27, 1st Con. Madoc. Apply to
A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc,
or to the undersigned proprietor,
JNO. C. T. COCHRANE, Esq., Brockville.
Brockville, August 9, 1879. 124-3m

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby cautioned against purchasing a note of land, made by me in favor of McNeill & Shaw, machine agents, dated June 6th, 1879, for the sum of Seventeen Dollars, as I have not received value for the same.
GEORGE SMITH.
Millbridge, Aug. 12, 1879. 124-3t

TEACHER WANTED.

FOR S. S. No. 2, McClure; holder of Third Class Certificate or Permit. A liberal salary will be given. Apply at once.
SAMUEL MITCHEL, JOHN HEWITT, WM. DWIRE, } Trustees,
Maynooth P. O.,
Or to P. S. Inspector, Madoc.
McClure, Aug. 9th, 1879. 124-4t

Electoral Division
OF THE
NORTH RIDING OF HASTINGS.

ABSTRACT statement of election expenses incurred by Peter Vankleek, Esq., a candidate for the electoral district of the North Riding of Hastings for the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario:

Personal expenses, board, &c.	$56.00
Printing, T. S. Carman,	26.11
" *Intelligencer* Co.,	6.60
" REVIEW Office,	13.00
Horse hire for scrutineers,	9.00
Scrutineers' expenses,	1.00
Horse hire for canvassers,	3.75
	$95.46

Certified correct.
(Signed) JAS. C. DALE,
Financial Agent for Peter Vankleek.
GEO. TAYLOR,
Returning Officer, North Riding Hastings.
Belleville, Aug. 6, 1879.

VOTERS' LIST, 1879.

Municipality of the united Townships of Tudor, Wollaston, Limerick, and Cashel.
COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "The Voters' List Act" the copies required by said section to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Millbridge, (Tudor), on the 12th day of August, 1879, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and, if any omissions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated at Millbridge this 12th August, 1879.
CHAS. DONALDSON,
Clerk of the said Municipality.
124-2t

MORTGAGE SALE
—OF—
Farm Property!

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage made by John Wolfe, and by assignment thereof to the Vendor, which will be produced at the time of sale, and in payment of which default has been made, there will be offered for sale by public auction

AT THE TOWN HALL,
IN THE
VILLAGE OF MARMORA
IN THE
COUNTY OF HASTINGS,

At the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of

Tuesday, 26th day of August, 1879,

the following lands in the Township of Marmora, namely: The north-west quarter of lot number Nine in the seventh Concession, and the east quarter of lot number Fourteen in tenth Concession of said township, each parcel to contain Fifty acres more or less. The Vendor will produce such title deeds as he has, and for further particulars apply to
GEO. A. SKINNER,
Vendor's Solicitor.
Stirling, Aug. 7th, 1879. 124-2t

VOTERS' LIST, 1879.

Municipality of the united Townships of Marmora and Lake,
COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "The Voters' Lists Act" the copies required by said section to be transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office in the Township of Marmora, on the 9th day of August, 1879, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated this 9th day of August, 1879.
WILLIAM PHILLIPS,
Clerk of the said Municipality.

MADOC
MODEL SCHOOL.

All Books Required at this Institution for sale,

At Publishers' Prices,

AT

C. G. WILSON'S,
Drug Store.

This Space Will be Occupied
BY
Gray & McGregor,
DEALERS IN
STAPLE & FANCY
GROCERIES!
ETC., ETC., ETC.
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c.
Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FIRST-CLASS
FARM FOR SALE.

CONSISTING of 125 acres, part of Lot 1, 7th Concession of Madoc, bounded in part by Madoc Village. It is well watered, and well fenced with cedar; 200 fruit trees; building large and commodious, and is situated within one mile of Churches, Model School, Railway Station, Stores, Mills, Cheese Factory, etc., etc. Terms, $2,000 down, or secured outside the farm, the balance may remain on security at 6 per cent. to suit the purchaser. Possession given on the 1st of October. For particulars, apply to A. F. Wood, Esq., Madoc, or to
WAREHAM TULLER,
Owner, on the premises.
Madoc July 2nd, 1879. 118-tf

REGULATIONS
Respecting the Disposal of certain Dominion Lands for the purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Ottawa, July 9th, 1879.

"Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:

"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A;

"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt A, to be called belt B;

"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt B, to be called belt C;

"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and

"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the Railway, adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.

3. "The Dominion lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.

4. "The lands in belt B shall be disposed of as follows: The even-numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads on the even-numbered sections, to the extent of eighty acres each, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty-acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the easterly halves of westerly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper, being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held at five dollars per acre.

5. "The even numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each in manner as above described; the price of pre-emptions similarly to be $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be $3.50 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.

5. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emptions shall be at the rate of $2 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in belts B and C, of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of $2 (two dollars) per acre.

7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands respectively, to be as above, and the prices of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of $1 (one dollar) per acre.

8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D and E shall be as follows, viz.: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments, either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows, viz.: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

10. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz.:

a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.

b. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

11. "The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next, up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.

12. "Claims to Dominion lands arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.

13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which, the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.

14. "The above regulations it will, of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.

"Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

By order of the Minister of the Interior,
J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
LINDSAY RUSSELL,
Surveyor General.
122-4t

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM of 100 acres, composed of the north half of Lot 7, 15th concession of Huntingdon, nicely situated on Moira Lake, and near the Village of Madoc. Well cleared. Present tenant will cease to occupy next October. Apply to
CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,
Or to Grant & Henderson,
Solicitors, Madoc. 107

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.
Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.
SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf Madoc

THIS SPACE
RESERVED FOR
JOHN ROBERTSON.

Just Received,
AND OPEN FOR INSPECTION:

Black Turquoise Silk,
Light Blue do. do.
Seal Brown Glace do.
Olive Glace do.
Drab Glace do.
Bronze Glace do.
Slate do do.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

NEW GOODS!

We are now receiving a full stock of Spring and Summer Goods, being our second purchase for this season, to which we would invite attention.

SYDMER ROSS & Co.

ANOTHER LARGE STOCK OF
DRY GOODS!
Boots and Shoes, &c., has arrived at the
NEW STORE!
WRIGHT'S BLOCK, MADOC.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

JORDAN HOTEL.
THE undersigned begs leave to say he keeps a first-class country Hotel in the Village of Millbridge. The mail stage stops at noon at this house. Careful hostlers always in attendance and satisfaction guaranteed. Give the boys a call and satisfy yourselves.
ISAAC B. POTTER,
Proprietor.
Millbridge, July 2, 1879. 119

BONES WANTED.
GOOD wages can be made by collecting and shipping bones and horns to us.
Bags loaned. Prompt remittances. For further particulars address
PETER R. LAMB & CO.,
Manufacturers,
TORONTO.
115-6t

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Fancy and Toilet Articles.

BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,

STATIONERY,

CONFECTIONERY

LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

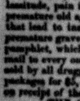
Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

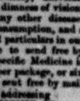
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



TRADE MARK. The great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as sequence of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing



Before Taking. After Taking. TRADE MARK.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 2070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425, Held on the first Tuesday in each month. FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN McCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133. Meets first Friday in each month. R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1387, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE. M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O. JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge, *No. 139, O. Y. B.*

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, August 7th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Aug. 18th,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday Evg., Sept. 30th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

New Advertisements.

Read the various new advertisements in this issue.

Re-opening.

The various schools throughout the country will re-open on Monday next, 18th inst. To both scholars and teachers the holidays, we presume, have seemed a very short time.

School Books.

All books required at the Madoc Model School Mr. Wilson advertises for sale at publishers' prices. Do not send away for your books when you can get them for the same price here.

A Good Agent.

An exchange says:—"Copperas is an excellent exterminator of offensive odors, wherever they may exist. A pound of it thrown into a closet will have an agreeable effect; and five pounds dissolved in hot water will temper the fumes of a bad cesspool. Ask your druggist for it, and use a few cents worth of it during the warm weather."

Barn Burned.

On Tuesday evening the barn belonging to Mr. James Moore, lot 14, con. 6, Madoc was totally destroyed by fire, together with its contents, consisting of a wagon, harness, and other farm implements, besides, hay, barley etc. We are informed that there is an insurance of $900 on the barn and contents, but have not yet heard how the fire originated.

Cheese Market.

WOODSTOCK, Aug. 9.—The cheese market to-day was very dull, there being very few July cheese unsold in this neighborhood. There were quite a number of salesmen present at the market. Only four factories were registered on the board; seven hundred and seventy boxes, mostly last half July make. Buyers not anxious to make any offers for the balance of the season's make. No sales reported.

The Canadian Monthly.

We omitted noticing the receipt of the *Rose-Belford Canadian Monthly* for August, in our last issue. That it is an interesting number the following table of contents will show:—The Seat of the War in South America; by J. Douglas, Jr. In My Garden; a poem, by Mrs. Frances J. Moore. Some Minor Irish Poets of the Century; by the Rev. C. P. Mulvany. Forest Destruction; by P. S. H., Halifax. An Old Story; a poem, by G. G., Niagara. Under One Roof; chaps. xxiv-xxxviii; by James Payn. Woman as a Nurse; by Mr. Frances Rye, Barrie. Neptune's address to Hanlan; by Robert Awde, Toronto. The Fallen Leaves; chaps. xv-xviii; by Wilkie Collins. Ab Initio; a poem, by Miss Isabella Sinclair. The One Who Loved Him; by Mrs. Frances J. Moore. Say When Every Zephyr Sips; by R. Marvin Seaton. Newfangle and its Opinions; by a Non-Resident of the same. Papers by a Bystander; No. 4. Round the Table. Book Reviews.

Statute Labor.

The following from an exchange will prove particularly interesting:—"A case that recently came up in Port Perry arose out of the refusal of a young man to perform his statute labor, or give any good reason why he should not perform it. The pathmaster, on the advice of the Township Clerk, had the delinquent summoned up before J. Squelch, J. P. The young man, however, disregarded the summons, and the pathmaster, on further advice, had the delinquent brought up on a bench warrant before M. G. Robinson and J. Squelch, J. P.'s. The By-law on which the party was brought up set forth that a residence of six days within the township makes such parties liable for two days' statute labor, and on the strength of this by-law the magistrates convicted and fined the party $5 and costs, in all a little over $10. The party refused to pay the fine and carried the case to the County Court, where the judgment of the magistrates was set aside and the township saddled with the costs—somewhere between $60 and $80."

B & N. H. Railway.

A train and large gang of men have been engaged for the past week ballasting, and otherwise improving the railway between this place and the Moore mine. We understand the work will be completed in a day or so, and the entire line will be in good running order. Large quantities of poplar wood, have been shipped over the road from this section lately by Capt. Maybee, and the passenger and freight traffic also continues brisk.

Fair Edition.

The publishers of *The Rural New-Yorker* inform us that their issue of Sept. 6 will be the annual fair edition. This is always a very interesting number, but this year all previous issues are to be surpassed. It will be elegantly gotten up, with tinted covers and excellent engravings. The special feature of the contents will be the announcement of the Annual Free Seed Distribution. As any reader can have a copy *free* by writing to The Rural New-Yorker, 78 Duane street, it is an opportunity worth improving.

Magistrates' Court.

This morning Martin Sweet, of this Township, was brought before A. F. Wood, Esq., J. P., charged by Mrs. Mary Jane Hannah of having, on Saturday evening last, entered her house, while she was alone with her child and made indecent proposals to her, using very insulting language. It appears Sweet was under the influence of liquor at the time, and stopped at Hannah's on his way home from the village. He endeavored to take hold of the complainant but she eluded him and ran out of the house, getting the assistance of two neighbors who sent him home. An attempt was made to settle the matter, but Mrs. Hannah refused to accept less than $300 damages. Mr. Wood considered it his duty to inflict the highest penalty the law allowed, $20 including costs.

Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works.

The Church of England congregation of this village have made arrangements for the above entertainment to be given in the Masonic Hall, on Saturday evening next, commencing at eight o'clock. It consists of tableaux, sea-side drama and concert, in which a number of ladies and gentlemen from Belleville and this village will take part. The entertainment is highly spoken of and as the proceeds are for a good purpose—the parsonage fund—we hope to see it well attended. The programme will consist of selections from "H.M.S. Pinafore," Mrs. Jarley's celebrated Wax Works, and will conclude with "an ingenious and complicated piece of obscurity," entitled "A Mining Charade." An excursion train will leave Belleville that evening to accommodate those who purpose coming from that city. Tickets 25c.

Madoc Model School.

The following successful candidates for Third Class certificates have been allotted to the Madoc Model School by the County Board of Examiners:

Barragar, David.
Brock, Richard.
Callery, Catherine.
Carmichael, James.
Connor, Emma.
Gerow, Thomas.
Hales, Elizabeth.
Hamilton, John
Harrison, Laura.
Hicks, Annie.
Mathews, Samuel.
Mosher, Augusta.
Murray, Elizabeth.
Palmer, Ella.
Potter, Martha.
Robinson, Annie.
Shannon, James.
Simmons, Franklin.
Smith, Walter.
Tucker, William.
Vrooman, William.
Wootten, Susan.

The Model School students must be in attendance on Saturday, August 30th, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Forest Fires.

As an exchange says, this is the season when the careless smoker or the malicious miscreant, by simply dropping a lighted match, can destroy acres of valuable timber, buildings, and perhaps add the spice of burning up a few peaceful and useful citizens. For the past week or so immense fires have been raging in the country back of Napanee, and in the vicinity of Kingston, doing an incalculable amount of damage. A despatch from Tamworth last week says that some settlers back of Cross Lake in Kennebec have not been heard from for a week. The fire in the woods prevents communication, and their fate is not known. These extensive and disastrous fires are generally the result of gross carelessness or negligence on the part of the farmers who have large quantities of underbrush, &c., which they wish to get out of the way, and to which they start a fire in the dryest time of the year, carelessly allowing it to spread until it has assumed such gigantic proportions that it is impossible to check its ravages. It may not be generally known that Municipal Councils have power to take this matter in hand, but such is the case, power being given by Sub-section 17 of Section 379 of the Amended Municipal Act of 1873. In accordance with this we find the following clause in a by-law of the Township of Huntingdon:—"It shall not be lawful for any person, by himself or herself, or their servants or employees, to start fires in stumps or in any inflammable matter as above set forth, in the open air, in the Township of Huntingdon, between the First day of July and the Tenth day of September in each or any year, under a penalty of Twenty Dollars, including costs of conviction for each offence, to be recovered and levied from the offender on conviction before any Justice of the Peace in the Township of Huntingdon, or in default of not paying such penalty and costs the offender to be committed to the Common Jail for a term not exceeding Thirty days at hard labor for each offence."

The Napanee *Beaver* says:—"The Cement Works are busy and shipping first-class water lime pretty largely, though not so largely as when all the capacity of the works is employed. The Brush Factory is also looking up. Nearly all the machinery is in place, and we are told that on Monday next the manufacture of brushes will be begun in earnest. In regard to the Woollen factory, nearly all the machinery has arrived and is being put into position, and it is likely that one set will be in operation by the end of the month.

On Monday last, Mr. Thos. N. Armstrong of this place was out prospecting for phosphate of lime, back of Carley's lime-kiln in the Township of Grattan, he encountered two large bears, a male and a female. Being armed, fortunately, with a breech-loading rifle, he immediately took aim at one of them and fired, tumbling him over, and placing him *hors du combat*. Loading hurriedly, he fired next at the other, but not with the same fatal effect, as the ball merely pierced the skin. Madame Bruin, enraged with the smart of the wound, rushed straight at him, and before he had completely reloaded was within a foot of him, sitting up, and prepared with a final hug to settle scores between them. Mr. Armstrong managed to push her off with the gun and then to hastily insert a cartridge into the chamber of his rifle, when he immediately shot her dead.—*Enterprise.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Antiquity of Man.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

MR. EDITOR: I noticed in a late number of your paper an extract from some scientific work, showing that man was an inhabitant of this planet previous to the glacial period. That such should be a fact is nothing new to a student of geology as we are well assured that the causes which produced the glacious epoch never did act simultaneously all over the globe, nor even over one hemisphere. A prevalence of open sea to the South, down into the tropics, and of high and dry land to the north, up into the arctic circle would produce a glacial period anywhere, whilst at the same time the reversed condition, of dry land to the South of us and open sea to the north, would give us a climate where the flora of the temperate zone might flourish, and man, with his associated Fauna, enjoy life: and that such has been the case we know to be true. To explain the whole phenomena by which such oscilliations are brought about would require an elaborate essay; but I am writing a brief article in which I can state only a few of the leading facts. Nearly all of the erratic boulders (rounded and travel worn stones) that we see scattered over the surface of the country here, have come from the mountains of Algoma, north of Lake Superior, when they were floated here by icebergs. This country must have been lying at the bottom of a deep sea, and that sea may have been continous, over the space now occupied by the whole Continent of America down to the Equatorial line, whilst to the north of us, the wide area now occupied by Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Ocean beyond, was in all probability a vast continent of high and dry land. The same combination of causes would give us a glacial epoch here again; and the same causes are producing glacial action in other portions of the globe at the present day, as is shown by the enormous floes of ice that come down annually through the Straits of Labrador, and over the banks of Newfoundland, loaded with the detritues of countries lying still further north. I see no reason why man should not have been an inhabitant of the earth during at least the latter part of the Teritary epoch as the animals and plants of that time indicate a climate, not uncongenial to human nature. All the chronologies have been given to us are mere fables, and any attempt to fix even an approximate date as to the advent of our race, I fear must be fruitless; for every new ray of light shed by science and every new discovery of Archeology only throws us back further and further into the fathomless abyss of past time. Sir Charles Tyell in his last visit to America, found the skeleton of a man, not far from New Orleans, buried beneath three superimposed cypress forests, showing a succession of upheavals and depressions, with other data, which showed a minimum of 57,000 years since that native was interred there: and but lately a geologist of California has made the astounding discovery of the remains of a human settlement forty feet below sea-worn gravel, this gravel overlaid by the glacial boulders, and over the whole the immense volcanic mass of table mountain superimposed, the whole indicating a minimum of 180,000 years. I have not the least doubt, but that if the bed of the Atlantic Ocean were elevated and become dry land, as it once was, we should find the evidences of man's existence, and perhaps of a civilization anterior to our most remote conceptions.

The sequel next week.

W. H. PALMER.

MARRIED.

WANNAMAKER—ROBINSON.—On the 7th inst., at the parsonage in the village of Madoc, by the Rev. James Macfarlane, Mr. Jno. W. Wannamaker, of Madoc, to Miss Elizabeth Robinson, of Elzivir.

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL,

27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated or corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next sitting of the Council application will be made for the road allowance crossing Lot No. 10, between the 4th and 5th concessions of Madoc, in lieu of the road now travelled.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122-4t

LOW PRICES

JUST ARRIVED,

A LARGE STOCK OF

DRIED APPLES,

Which will be sold at $1.25 a bushel.

Clover, Timothy, and Hungarian Seed.

A general assortment of choice

FAMILY GROCERIES,

and a large stock of

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,

Confectionery, &c., &c.

—ALSO,—

AUTHORIZED SCHOOL BOOKS

AND STATIONERY.

N. D. PETERS.

Madoc, April 14th, 1879.

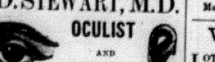
A FRIENDLY WARNING.

IT WILL be remembered that some time ago I gave notice through the REVIEW, that all debts of what kind soever due and to become due to Thomas Cross, Esq., had been placed in my hands for collection, and asked for immediate payment. Through my intercession to wait until the harvest was in, collections were not then forced. No longer stay can now be given, and all debts due and unpaid of the nature above, on the 1st day of Sept. next, will positively be placed in Court. I have no alternative, and this is the last call.

E. D. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, Aug. 1st, 1879. 123-4t

J. D. STEWART, M.D.



OCULIST AND AURIST,

Will visit Madoc, and remain at Moon's Hotel, from

Monday, August 11th, to Thursday, August 21st.

All Diseases of the Eye and Ear successfully treated. 122

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE north east part of Lot 8, 7th con., Township of Madoc, containing 75 acres. The property is well fenced, well watered, first-class out-buildings, and in a good state of cultivation. Three miles from the village of Madoc.

122-5t JOHN COLVIN.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to

H. HOLDEN,

95-6m Shannonville.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY

FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,

JAS. O'HARA, Jr.

Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

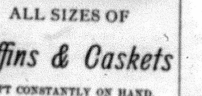
—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING



ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Caledonia, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.

April 7th, 1879. 106

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Village Lot for Sale.

LOT No. 1, on the East side of Durham Street, as laid down on the plan of the Village of South Hastings, for Charles Kirk. This lot is most eligibly situated for a dwelling-house, as it commands a fine view of the whole village of Madoc. For terms apply to

108-13w Renfrew, Ont.

ALBERT SMALLFIELD,

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,

21 Mitchell, Ont

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future **EGGS** will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stock. These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut ftee of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children's wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY

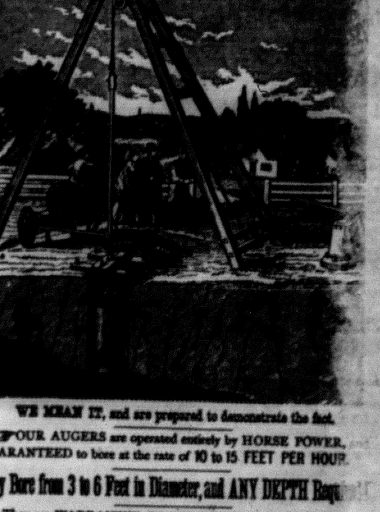
MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!



WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

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They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required.

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable! The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World.

MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

WILLY'S VIEW OF THINGS.

Charley he's my little bruther,
And we has the mostest fun,
Don't we, Charley? Our mother,
Whenever we whips one 'nother,
Tries to whip us, and we run—
Don't we Charley? And nen byme-by,
Nen she gives us cakes and pie,
Don't she Charley?—when we come in
And promise never to do it again.

He's named Charley; I'm Willy,
And I'm got the puttiest name;
My Uncle Bob calls me "Billy."
Don't he Charley? Our filly
I named "Billy" the same
Thist like me—and our mother said
"Bob puts foolishen into our head."
Didn't she Charley?—and she don't know
Much about boys—cos Bob said so.

Baby's the funniest feller—
Naint no hair on his head,
Is they, Charlie?—it's meller
Wite up there. I'd sell her,
And buy one 'at wasn't so red.
Wouldn't you Charley?—Nen we could play,
And have most fun wiff him every day,
Couldn't we Charley?—and have most fun;
Wisht they'd a buyed a purtier one.

Our little sister she's 'leven
Years old—'ats mucher'n I.
Ain't it Charley?—I'm seven—
But our little sister's in heaven.
Dead people's goes to the sky.
Don't they Charley?—Nen they has wings,
Thist like Fanny—and purtiest things—
Don't they Charley?—Nen they can fly,
Thist fly—and—ever'thing. Wisht I'd die.

FARM AND GARDEN.

What Reaping Machines Have Done.

As to what the reaping machine has done an American contemporary refers to the following facts:—When the reaping machine—that *bete noir* of the tramp who sits in the shade and listens to the man who tells him that he ought to ride in his carriage—was introduced to the country in 1850, the number of farmers and agricultural laborers in the twelve States in which it is now chiefly used was 1,801,863, and in 1870, 2,641,830. The difference in wages was still greater. In 1850 farm hands were paid $8 a month, and harvest hands from 80c. to $1.50 a day; while in 1870 the wages of the former were $30 a month, and of the latter from $2 to $3.50 a day. This year farmers willingly pay harvest hands from $1.50 to $2.50 per day, while the manufacture of reaping machines is giving employment to thousands of skilled workmen. The same remark is applicable to all kinds of machinery, the hands employed during the last twenty years having more than doubled, and the wages quadrupled, while the population increased only 67 per cent.

Leaching of Manures.

As against the generally received notion that manure leaches through the soil, Prof. George H. Cook, of New Jersey, in his report on the sewage of Paris, states that the sewage water, as it comes from the sewers, is dark colored, turbid and of a vile odor. After being filtered through the cultivated ground it turns out of the underdrains clear, cool, without smell or taste, and to chemical tests shows no organic matter, proving conclusively that its fertilizing properties have all been absorbed by the soil. While this is undoubtedly true as a rule, it is as true that in some soils the effects of manure is quickly lost unless there are growing crops to take it up and assimilate it. Light sand certainly allows manure to leach the soil unless it be absorbed by crops. With strong loams and especially stiff clays the case is different, such soils absorb and hold large quantities of fertilizing elements.

Trees Starved to Death.

We had a short conversation with an orchardist the other day with reference to the deterioration of apple trees, and the conclusion reached was that orchards which failed to bear fair crops, as a general thing, were literally starved to death. This assumption may seem rather sweeping, but it is certainly worthy of consideration. Orchards left year after year with the turf pressed compactly about the roots and lower sections of the body of the trees, with no loosening of the soil, nor any application of manure, can hardly be expected to yield much fruit, nor do they. The soil needs stirring, wants the aid of invigorating fertilizers, and such pruning care as shall divest the trees of superabundant wood. At all events, those who have orchards should avoid the just censure of starving their trees to death, as it is asserted many of them have done and are doing year after year.

The Horse's Feet.

The value of a horse lies very largely in the condition of his feet, and to him that studies the horse's foot, its needs and best condition for health, will be accorded the best luck in having good teams. Many horses' hoofs are never cleaned out and go day after day with dirt and filth hardened next to the frog, that soon results in disease to the most tender part of the foot. This is all wrong. A little attention and care given to the feet is better than scratching and rubbing the back, and often will be more effectual in preserving a smooth coat.

Beautiful Pansies.

Everybody ought to have a bed of pansies. They are bright-eyed, cheerful looking flowers, nicely adapted to all sorts of floral combinations and ask so little care in their culture that none can afford to be without them. —But to have the very best of blooms several requisites should be attended to: 1. The ground should be rich and kept clear of weeds. 2. The plant should be in a position that is somewhat shaded from the direct rays of the sun at midday. 3. The old blossoms should be removed as soon as they begin to wither. By attending to these precautions we have known plants to furnish flowers nearly every month in the year, in the case of an open winter.

Pay as You Go.

I think one of the worst evils the farmer has to contend with is going into debt. Many and many of them are always in debt, for their machinery from year to year, and to their blacksmiths and their merchant from one year's end to another. Men of this class always have to sell their wheat as soon as they can thrash it, and haul it to market, their corn as soon as it is ripe enough to gather, and their stock as soon as the animals are saleable. They have no choice. They cannot wait for a better market, because if they keep the merchant waiting too long they know there will be no chance of getting credit another year, and it takes all they have got this year to square up old accounts. As a rule such farmers are obliged to sell at low prices and pay the highest price for what they use, and therefore lose on both sides. Most farmers will find it far easier and a great deal more profitable to pay as they go. There is no question but what they can get goods cheaper for cash. Any merchant will tell you he can afford to sell goods for less money if he gets the cash every time, instead of waiting six months. Precisely the same is the case with all with whom the farmer deals, and it will pay anyone to live close for one year in order ever after to be free from the galling pressure of debt. Do without everything that you possibly can live without. Do not buy a new plow, or a new harrow, or any other new implement, simply because you can buy it on credit. Wait, and wait patiently, until you can pay as you go, and you will be surprised how much you can save in a year; for I honestly believe any farmer will not buy more when he is buying on credit than he will if he pays cash every time. It is those who are in debt head over heels that feel the hard times so severely. We farmers who are out of debt now are the most independent class of men in the country. Keep out of debt.

Protect the Horses.

A cotton sheet will be found a great protection to the horses working in the harvest field. It screens them from the heat, from flies, and from dust, and the labor of cleaning them is lessened. It will be found desirable, when horses are washed, to use a soft sponge and water in which some carbolic soap has been dissolved. This cools the skin, assists perspiration, removes the strong, pungent smell, greatly refreshes the animals, and drives away the flies. Where there is a river near by, a bath in the evening will be agreeable and safe, if the horses are kept in the water only two or three minutes, and are driven home at once and rubbed dry.

Cows.

A cool, dark, clean stable for the cows is, for many reasons, preferable to a hot pasture in the middle of the day. Cows that have been kept up on moderate feed will shrink in their milk on being turned into a luxuriant pasture on a hot day. Dry earth or sand makes a better bedding than straw during the hot season.

A New Invention for the Dairy.

A time-saving, if not a labor-saving invention for Dairy use was exhibited at the Kilburn Show, by means of which milk and cream were separated, and the cream made into butter in a few minutes after the milk had been drawn from the cow. The apparatus consists of a metal basin resembling a wash-basin, fixed on the top of an upright spindle. As the milk is poured into this it revolves at a speed of 5,000 or 6,000 revolutions to the minute. The milk being the heaviest, is driven by the centrifugal force to the centre, milk is continuously supplied at the bottom, thus forcing the cream to make its exit by a pipe at the top. In hot and malarious districts, where milk is apt to be spoiled during the time it takes to separate its cream naturally, the invention may prove very valuable.

The Custom of Having Bride Cake.

It is not generally known that the custom of having bride cake, without which, even in this day, any wedding without the domain of civilization would be counted as incomplete, is derived from the most solemn of the three connubial ceremonies observed by the ancient Romans. This was called *confarreatio*, the other ceremonies being *coemptio*, the pretended purchase by which the parties bought one another with a bit of coin, and *usus*, the consummation or taking home of the bride. The latter two are alone mentioned by Cicero, which shows that the first form had grown absolute before this time. *Confarreatio* was performed by the chief priest or priest of Jupiter; a formula was pronounced in the presence of ten witnesses, and the man and woman ate of a cake of salted wheaten bread, throwing part of it on the sacrifice, which was that of a sheep. The cake was termed *far, or pannis farreus* (corn or wheaten bread); whence the name of the ceremony. By this form the woman was said to be possessed of her husband by the sacred laws, and became a partner of all his substance and sacred rites, those of the Penates, as well as Lares. If he died intestate and without children, she inherited all his property. If she had children, she received an equal share with them. The offspring of this form of marriage were designated as *patrimi or matrimi*, from whom were chosen priests and priestesses, especially the priests of Jupiter and the vestal virgins. The Emperor Tiberius wanted three priests of this true lineage, but could not get them owing to the general disuse of the ceremony in his reign. *Confarreatio* was dissoluble only by a form of divorce, *disfarreatio*, regarded as an equivalent in solemnity. That bride cake is a relic of *confarreatio* is evident from the fact that until two centuries since it was made of wheat or barley, without fruit. We should think that, with the present revival of, and love for, the old, the young women of classic culture and taste, would insist that the bridecake should be of the ancient sort. It might add to the serious and sacred character of the occasion.

Miscellaneous Notes.

At the last meeting of the New York State Dairymens' association, the estimated cost of keeping a cow a year was reported from $15 to $35, and the labor about $7 per head. The cost of manufacturing cheese was $1.25 to $2 per 100 pounds. The total expense per cow is about $40, leaving about $7 per head on an average as profit.

Great Britain and Ireland with one-third of the number of cows that are in the United States produces butter and cheese annually to the amount of $67,500,000, and $130,000,000 worth of fresh milk sold. The estimated animal yield per cow is 362 gallons. Yet England buys from abroad fully one-half the butter and cheese her people consume.

Common wild ferns can be easily transplanted at any time to shady places on the north side of buildings or under trees and make a beautiful wild garden. A few feet of ground thus decorated is made a very attractive feature of the home. They should be removed like evergreens, which can not have the sun strike either root or top during the transplanting process.

The temptation during this season of the year will be to try to accomplish too much in a day. This is not economical. A man should be as careful of his energies as his money, and it is not good sense to over-work at any time and then waste time in getting over the consequent exhaustion. It is not to the credit of any man to do an extraordinary day's work, and it is quite noticeable that the men who have records of great things accomplished in single days do not aggregate so very much more than ordinary people in the course of the year—in truth not as much often times.

Vauban, a celebrated French naturalist, has made the computation that the product of a single sow might number six million, four hundred and odd thousand in the short space of 11 years. The difficulty in all census computations is the "if's." An important "if" in the West are the packing houses that slaughter their millions each year.

Rake the fields after the grain has been drawn; the labor will be repaid.

After early potatoes are dug for market, they may be followed by cabbages.

Every farmer knows that his team must be well fed to get good work. Try a generous diet.

Land which without an application of manure will give a yield of 15 bushels of wheat per acre, will, by the addition of 80 pounds of nitrogen in a favorable season, give from 36 to 40 bushels of wheat with a proportional increase of straw.

Keep ewes intended for the butcher by themselves and feed liberally. A quart of mixed ground feed and bran and oil-cake meal will soon bring them into marketable condition. Keep store sheep in a light pasture, and give a handful of feed daily. Provide shade of some kind.

Give a share of the green fodder where horses do not run at pasture. If at pasture at night, a generous feed should be given before they are turned out.

Do Hogs Pay?—The editor of a certain American newspaper on being asked the question "do hogs pay?" unhesitatingly replied that "hogs *do not* pay; they generally take the paper for six months or a year, receive all the benefits to be derived from its columns during that time, then request their postmaster to send it back to the publisher with the word 'Refused' marked upon the wrapper." This naturally suggests to one's mind the query, "Have hogs any conscience?" A good way to ascertain whether they have any feelings or not would be to publish periodical "Hog List."

PRUNING IN MIDSUMMER.

It is many years since, from our own experience, we recommended people to prune at mid-summer, although it was opposed to the views of many eminent horticulturists. At that time it was regarded as a bold innovation on established rules; and we have often since seen articles to show that summer pruning must be wrong. The reason by which this is supported is no doubt very good. It does seem by the reasoning we have referred to that it ought to be wrong to prune at that season; but on the other hand, we have the evidence of our own sense not only that no harm, but absolute good, resulted from the summer pruning of trees. But it seems to be forgotten by many good people that there are two sides to every story—two sides to winter pruning and two sides to summer pruning. Few of these horticultural operations are unmixed good or unmixed evil. In any case, what we have to accomplish is to be gained sometimes at a little expense of good points—good if we are after some other object. So in this summer pruning question. It is said by persons whom the whole horticultural community respect that "winter pruning strengthens, while summer pruning weakens trees"; and, if one were to deprive a tree of the whole of its foliage, this would probably be true enough to work serious injury. It is on the principle on which noxious weeds are destroyed. Denuded of every leaf as fast as one appears, a plant is often killed in one season. But may this not be different when only a few branches are taken off? The remaining leaves and branches have more food at their disposal. What was intended for a thousand branches is now to be divided among nine hundred. But we are not disposed to enter into these minute points of physiological science. It is enough for practical men to know that the cutting away of a few branches has never been known to work any serious injury; while the ease with which the wound heals over is in striking contrast with the long time it takes a winter wound to get a new coat of bark over it. We have seen in a vigorous, healthy tree a stout branch of two inches in diameter taken off, in which the new bark nearly covered the stump in two years. In winter the same spot would have been several years in closing over, and perhaps the parts would decay first, and thus lay the foundation of future disease in the tree. So well is this known that, in many places where pruning is practised to any great extent, it is not unusual to have shellac or some other composition ready to paint over the wounds, to keep out the weather until it shall have closed over the new bark.

Of course, a heavy loss of foliage would be a serious loss to a tree; but it is very rare that any tree has been so much neglected as to need the half or even the fourth of its branches taken off in the summer time. But there are in many cases branches here and there along the trunks of trees which it is an advantage to the tree to lose, and thinning which may be done in various ways to advantage; and in such cases summer pruning will tell a good tale.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—At the French bazaar in the Albert Hall a lady was dispensing tea. A solemn gentleman approached and asked the price of a cup. "One shilling," replied the lady, and he put down a shilling. Before handing him the cup the lady raised it to her lips, and observed that the price was now a sovereign. The solemn gentleman gravely replaced his shilling with a sovereign, and said:—"Be good enough to give me a clean cup."

DIVORCE AMONG SPIRITS.

The Latest Absurd Proceeding—A Spirit Woman Who Pays too Much Attention to George Washington—A Court Scene

(From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.)

Elizabeth Hargue, aged 43 years, died in this city on June 3, 1878, and Christian P. Hargue, aged 48 years, died on Feb. 29th last. At the residence of Mr. E. H. Springer, on North Sixth street, last evening, the departed couple were divorced in spirit life. The spirit of Mrs. Ellen Fitzgerald, formerly of Taylorwork, recently stated through a medium that divorce would take place on the 29th of July, commencing at 9 p. m. by worldly time. Mr. Hamen, the brother of Mrs. Hargue, was informed in regard to the coming event. At first he pooh-poohed the story, but finally consented to go and see the medium. In answer to a communication addressed to his dead sister, Mr. Hamen received the following reply:

Dear Brother: What you have heard is, alas, too true. Christian and I, though we loved each other in your world for over twenty years, cannot get along together in our spirit form. I don't like him as I used to, and I cannot like him. I do not know why, and that is the reason I want to be separated from him. You know how he used to stay out nights at home; well, he remains away from me for long periods, and when he returns says he has been fishing in the golden lakes, or resting in the roseate bowers where the male spirits sit and sip the distillations of the amaranth of the dews of the night-blooming cereus. I cannot live with him, and therefore we must separate.

The reply to another communication was as follows:

Dear Brother: Spirits who have been married during their earth life remain married unless divorced by the proper courts. We have laws, courts, justices, etc., in the spirit land just as you have in your world, and the processes are the same, oftentimes tedious, especially when publicly tried, but speedy and satisfactory when obtained without publicity. You know that I left the world of substance nine months before he did, and although I could have obtained a suitable divorce during his absence from the spirit land, I remained true to him and waited until he arrived here. Even then I tried to love him, but could not and cannot. I will always look upon him as a friend, however, and will not ask that he attend to my wants after the divorce has been granted, although I might make him do so, according to law, if I liked. Your loving sister,

Lizzie Hargue.

A communication was then addressed to the husband, and elicited the following reply:

Brother-in-law Ed.: I regret to tell you that all you have said is true. Lizzie does not care for me any more, and has given her affections to a young Virginian they call George Washington, who, they say, had a great name in your world. Washington is married already, having been married when in the flesh and remained so. He was born ever so long ago (your time), but his great name and fine appearance has won Lizzie's affections, as it has other spirit women's, and she says he is her only true affinity, and she adores him. She is always making little statues of him and wreathing him with flowers. I have placed my plea in the hands of the court, and the case will be tried July 26, at 9 p. m. (your time); try and be there. This is a delightful place, and everybody loves everybody else, except Lizzie, who will not love me. Brother Ed., I wish you would come to the spirit land; you might heal the sorrows of my aching heart, and reason with Lizzie to love me again.

C. P. Hargue.

Last evening at the appointed hour four visitors proceeded to the rear of the back parlor, where four chairs were placed in an arch at proper intervals. They took their places. Then the medium brought out his cabinet (the usual medium's closet) and placed it just a little back of the line running across the folding doors between the front and back parlors. The gas was turned down to a reasonable darkness. Mr. Walters entered his cabinet, and during the minute that followed there was intense silence. Suddenly a sheet of faint light fell between the spectators and the cabinet. It was like the sheen a half-moon sends out at its rising. This grew brighter and brighter, until the two gas jets were dimmed, and at length the scene seemed to be one of dusty, dancing sunlight. A semi-circle of thin, misty, white clouds rose from the floor, apparently, and let themselves down from the ceiling, and then through the intervening circular space was at last seen the heavenly sight so much longed for, and upon which so much discredit had been thrown. Seated high up on a throne of resplendent light was the Judge—none other than King Henry VIII.—with all the insignia of his royalty about him. A desk in front was for a clerk. A long table ranged before this for the counsel, and desks at either side indicated the presence of marshals and deputy marshals, while two rows of chairs to the right of the King's throne seemed reserved for jurors. A golden railing partitioned off one part of the spirit scene from the rest.

A clerk made his appearance, then the marshals, and then the counsel, all in worldly attire. The plaintiff and defendant were each in deep black. One witness was heard, and then the Judge gave judgment for Mrs. Hargue, the plaintiff. The trial just took one minute and a-half by the watch.

USEFUL AND FANCY WARES

A Fine Display at Messrs. James A. Skinner & Co.'s

It is not at the beginning of a season alone that the enterprising firm of Messrs. James A. Skinner & Co., wholesale and retail crockery and fancy ware merchants, augment their extensive stock, and therefore a short narrative of a tour through the establishment, made to day by a Spectator representative, may not be uninteresting, especially to those engaged in furnishing or replenishing their residences. In the commodious front windows, on the ground floor of the establishment, there is on exhibition a fine selection of china and antique Flemish stone ware, dinner sets, etc. On the right-hand side, as one enters, there can be inspected a large number of novelties There are hand-painted horse-shoes, with elegant chains to dangle them by, designed to act as charms—at least that is what horse-shoes kept in the family are generally used for. Then, there is an elegant selection of majolica ware, embracing cheese stands, fruit dishes, sardine boxes, teapots, jugs and mugs—many of the designs being of a most original and queer character. In malacite ware, the variety is of an equally attractive description. It embraces vases and whatnots of every kind. To say that this firm have the finest selection of English and French China of any house in Ontario, hand painted, and in gold, silver and ordinary sets, would not be wide of the mark, as those of our readers who patronize the establishment well know. Faience ware is also well represented. It is elegantly hand-shaded in all the newest colors. In commodious cases there is a very comprehensive display of silver-plated ware. On the left hand side no fewer than 125 different patterns of china ware, embracing several very charming sets for five o'clock teas, are on view. There is also a magnificent assortment of wedgewood ware, which is coming so extensively into use. The figures on this ware are excellently finished. In cut glass, there is a collection in which any dealer or private citizen need find no difficulty in getting pleased. The representation of wine glasses and tumblers is extremely large. On the wall, alongside the stairway, there are numerous nicknacks, amongst others placks in china and terra cotta, for painting on, which are now to a limited extent taking the place of small pictures on canvas. In cases on the second floor, there is a large selection of silverware, embracing ice pitchers, best Sheffield forks and knives in ivory and horn; whilst in adjoining cases there is a fine assortment of fancy vases, flower pots and antique card stands. This house has always been noted for its display of wedding and other presents. The stock of napkin rings, music boxes, jewel caskets, writing desks, ladies' workboxes, handkerchief sets (hand painted in choicest colors and perfumed), gentlemen's travelling sets, fancy brushes, etc., is most extensive, and fastidious is the taste that cannot be suited. Among other specialties in the upper flats, there is a great variety of granite iron ware, now so much in use. Altogether, the firm is a most enterprising one, and the large wholesale and retail trade it conducts enables to sell at prices which many other houses cannot touch.

CATS AND CATS.

The question of the proposed abolition of flogging in the British army and navy has been thoroughly discussed in Parliament, and incidentally some of the implements used for punishment in various countries were described by those who had not seen them. The Russians use the plet, which has three lashes tipped with small leaden balls, and the terrible knout, which is a heavy leather thong, about eight feet in length, attached to a handle two feet long, the lash being about the breadth of a broad tape, curved so as to give two sharp edges along its entire length, and bound with wire thread, the end terminating in a little hook. The use of the knout frequently causes death. The bamboo is the official weapon in China, and the liability of everybody in that country to feel it is indicated by the following law: "Whoever shall observe a line of conduct that offends propriety, and that is contrary to the spirit of the laws, even without any special infraction of their enactments, shall be punished by forty blows, or eighty if the impropriety be very great." The bastinado was thus described by a member who had seen it inflicted: "Two men support between them a strong pole, which is kept in a horizontal position; about the middle of the pole are placed some cords with two running nooses; through these the naked feet of the sufferer are forced, and then made tight in in such a manner that the soles of the culprit are fairly exposed; the patient is then thrown on his back with his feet inverted, which are forthwith beaten by a third man with a heavy stick." The practice of whipping negroes in this country, before the abolition of slavery, was also mentioned.

CREMATED CAPITAL.

[New York Commercial Bulletin.]

Considering the torrid weather this summer, it would seem as if we might get on without quite so many fires. But, as like begets like, perhaps we are having an unusual number of fires because the temperature is unusually high. At any rate, the record shows that June was as hot a month for property-owners and insurance companies as it was for those members of the human family who are unencumbered with houses, merchandise or insurance stock. According to the elaborate tables of the *Chronicle*, the fire record of the month of June during several years past has been as follows in the United States and Canada:

Year.	United States.	Canada.	Total.
1875	$5,016,300	$1,281,000	$6,298,300
1876	4,050,800	2,048,100	6,098,900
1877	6,318,000	21,915,100	28,233,100
1878	4,381,400	560,000	4,941,400
1879	6,361,500	658,600	7,020,100

The St. John fire in 1877 added about $21,000,000 to what would otherwise have been the figures of June of that year, and, omitting that extraordinary circumstance from the account, it will be seen that June of this year has attended the cremation ceremonies of more property than has any corresponding month of recent years. Of the $6,361,500 burned up in June, insurance companies had to pay for $3,651,600 worth; the remaining (or rather the non-remaining) $2,709,900 vanished utterly into smoke and ashes, leaving no trace behind. But the fact is all the same that the entire $6,361,500 has been as truly destroyed as if that sum in greenbacks had been put into a furnace and the nation summoned to look on and be entertained with the spectacle of its cremation. Perhaps people will by and by come to see the thing in this its true light, and then we will have more caution, fewer fires and a saving of $100,000,000 or so per annum instead of the utter loss of that sum every year.

But not only has the single month of June written its own record in such letters of fire. From the beginning of the current year, every month has shown a much larger loss by fire than the averages of the same month for several years past. For example, take the *Chronicle's* figures for the first six months of 1879:

Month.	United States.	Canada.	Total.
January	$11,852,600	$532,100	$12,384,700
February	5,378,100	802,500	6,180,600
March	6,799,000	473,000	7,273,200
April	8,351,300	758,300	9,109,600
May	8,283,700	621,400	8,905,100
June	6,361,500	658,600	7,020,100
	$47,026,900	$3,846,300	$50,873,200

Here we have nearly $51,000,000 in the form and fact of an ash heap, as the result of six months' fires. How this compares with previous years (deducting from 1877 the St. John conflagration) is easily shown: 1875, $44,407,590; 1876, $36,721,100; 1877, $38,548,600; 1878, $34,793,000; 1879, $50,873,000. But, even including the cost of the St. John fire, we find that 1879 leads all the other years in its cremation of insurance capital. The losses to insurance companies by the first six months' fires of 1875, amounted to $22,592,030; 1876, $20,357,100; 1877, $28,729,100; 1878, $20,311,300; 1879, $29,580,900—showing an increased demand on the insurance companies of some 40 per cent. over every year but one for the last five years. This, too, in a year of unprecedentedly low rates and unprecentedly high expenses. It may be that some inscrutable Providence is going to intervene for the protection and preservation of the average insurance company, in spite of its own reckless folly; but we find it difficult to respect a Providence of that anomalous sort, or to pump up much sympathy in behalf of underwriters who thus madly play with fire. For once, at all events, it seems to us, experience is to become the sternest kind of teacher, and is to show the companies in a conclusive way that they have gone too far in the practice of selling (or promising) indemnity at less than its known cost. Apart from the figures of the fire record, the July returns of the companies plainly prove that, as a body, they are worse off by several millions than they were in January. Where some of them will be in December the veriest idiot (outside of an insurance office) can easily and certainly predict.

LORD BYRON'S WIFE AND SISTER.

Letters that Seem to Explode Mrs. Stowe's Scandal.

(From the London News.)

The new number of the *Academy* contains a series of very interesting and valuable letters from the late Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh, her husband's sister. They form part of the papers of Mrs. Leigh which have lately been purchased for the British Museum, and have been communicated to the *Academy* by Mr. E. Maunde Thompson. The letters were written at various periods, beginning on Jan. 16th, 1816, the day after Lady Byron left her husband's house, and ending in 1851, just before Mr. Leigh's fatal illness. There are also two letters to Mrs. Leigh's daughter, the last of which was written in July, 1851, after her mother's death. All these letters testify to the constant esteem and affection which Lady Byron entertained toward her sister-in-law. The expressions of affection they contain entirely discountenance the idea that the charges brought against Mrs. Leigh after Lady Byron's death, and said to rest on her direct personal testimony, had any foundation in fact. Writing only ten days after she had left her husband, Lady Byron addresses Mrs. Leigh as "My dearest Augusta," and concludes by saying, "Feelings must not now be indulged; but whenever I feel at all, it will be as kindly as you could. Independently of malady, I do not think of the past with any spirit of resentment, and scarcely with the sense of injury. God bless him." There was at a later period a serious dispute between Lady Byron and her sister-in-law; but it arose on the appointment of a trustee under Lady Byron's settlement. Lady Byron appointed Dr. Lushington, to whom Mrs. Leigh objected. The rupture of their intimacy of 20 years clearly arose out of this quarrel. In 1851 a meeting was to have taken place between them at Reigate in the presence of the late Rev. Frederick Robertson, but it did not happen, and some months later, when Mrs. Leigh was in her last illness, Lady Byron wrote to her daughter:—"Whisper to her from me the words 'Dearest Augusta.' I can't think they would hurt her," and added a postscript that she was at Esher till Wednesday, and if she was wanted they were not to hesitate to send for her. The whole of this interesting correspondence, which throws new light on the relations of Lady Byron to her sister-in-law in the years after the separation from her husband, is entirely inconsistent with the theory Mrs. Stowe promulgated as to the causes of that separation. Every reader of the letters will agree with Mr. Thompson that if the words have any meaning "they dispose of the whole calumny and banish it into the regions of after-thought."

ALARMING CONDITION OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

A military correspondent of the *Times* continues his examination of the condition of the army. He states that the actual number of soldiers in the United Kingdom to-day who have seen more than three months, service is only 71,950, and of these a "very large percentage" are unfit from various causes to take the field. The eighteen battalions which are highest on the roster for foreign service could not muster more than 10,000 serviceable men. Not only, he says, is the army failing in point of numbers, but discipline is rapidly deteriorating. There is an almost entire absence of good non-commissioned officers, and discipline is consequently lax in the extreme. "Old soldiers" have always been recognized as the back bone of the British army, but there are none in the ranks. The correspondent says that nobody could have predicted such a total failure as the system of short service as now administered has turned out to be.

A STEAM CATAMARAN.

Description of a Novelty in Marine Architecture From Which Great Speed is expected.

Poughkeepsie, Aug. 4

Persons driving to the ferry landing at this city or taking a tour of inspection along the river front have been mystified at a curious structure on which many workmen are planing and hammering. To the uninitiated it seems like a misshapen boat with a hole through the middle, and even to those learned in the lore of catamaran and other curiosities of river architecture the vessel seems an anomaly. It is in fact a pure experiment—a steam catamaran built for the purpose of obtaining a greater amount of speed in proportion to the outlay of energy than has yet been reached by any vessel that floats. The model is entirely different from anything ever before designed, and is the result of the theories of Mr. Wm. T. Merritt, the owner, and the practical experience of Geo. T. Polk, the builder. In some respects it is similar to an ordinary catamaran, the hull being in effect an ordinary hull split in two, the halves been placed about fifteen feet apart, and the boarded perpendicular sides being exactly parallel to each other. These two half hulls are joined above by heavy beams, and the width of deck is 30 feet and length 70 feet. The water, of course, flows through the straight middle space a few feet below the deck. Such vessels are usually very long and narrow, and have heretofore been used only for sailing. In England recently two ordinary hulls were thus joined together by a deck and used with four wheels for crossing the Channel, the object being not so much speed as the prevention of seasickness. But this vessel was not a catamaran, the sides of the interior space not being straight and parallel, but rounding, and so offering as much resistance as ordinary hulls.

The hulls of Mr. Merritt's catamaran will be 51 feet on the keel, with only seven feet beam and 5 feet depth, so that while the deck is almost half as wide as it is long the hulls are very long and narrow, and will displace but little water and offer no more resistance than a single narrow hull. In each hull will be placed a twenty-five horse power engine operating two wheels, so that the vessel will have four wheels, two between and two outside of the hulls.

ECONOMY OF POWER.

The wheels themselves are of peculiar construction, being 8 feet in diameter and of the kind known as "feathering"—that is the paddles are not fixed as unchanging radii of a circle, so as to present a varying angle to the water, but are movable, and, by a simple latching and unlatching process, are constantly at right angles to the water, plunging into it and coming out vertically. Thus all the power is applied to forward compulsion, and none whatever in lifting or depressing the vessel. Other feathering wheels have been contrived, but none have yet proved of practiful utility; but this arrangement is the invention of Mr. Merritt himself, and its simplicity is expected to insure success. The vessel will be launched in a day or two. The name has not yet been determined upon, but if she shows an astonishing speed the wonder will be dubbed the "Surprise." It has been estimated that she will make thirty miles an hour. At all events an unprecedented speed will undoubtedly be attained. As soon as she is launched she will be towed to Newburg to Ward, Stanton & Co.'s dock, where her engines will be put in. Mr. Merritt is a gentleman of large means and intends to give his new invention a good test.

ELISE ROHDE'S SUICIDE.

Broken-Hearted a Long Way From Home and Lover—The Pathos of Her Last Letter to Her Benefactor.

Elise Rohde was a comely German girl who lived in Hamburg. A year ago Mrs. M. H. Stucken, of No. 246 Washington street, Hoboken, being in Hamburg, engaged Elise as her servant during her stay abroad. The German lass endeared herself to Mrs. Stucken in many ways, and became more intimate with her than is usual between mistress and maid. Mrs. Stucken returned home last spring, and soon received a letter from Elise stating that she was tired of Hamburg and wished to be employed in her family again. Two weeks ago she arrived on the steamship Suevia. Mrs. Stucken had no employment for her, and after two days obtained a place for her in the family of Martin Steljes, of No. 306 Washington street, Hoboken. Mr. Steljes is a wealthy liquor dealer in this city. Elise had little to do, was paid well, and given a nicely furnished room. At times she acted strangely, was much depressed, and complained of homesickness, and frequently seemed to be out of her mind.

Early yesterday morning an employe of the Hoboken bath, at the foot of Fifth street, found between the bath house and the bridge a woman's straw hat, which was afterwards identified as belonging to Elise, and the following letter in German addressed to Mrs. Stucken:

My Dear Mrs. Stucken:

With heavy heart, trembling hand and tears in my eyes I write these few lines to you. From the first moment I saw you I loved you with all my heart, and I always believed that I could never exist without being in your presence. For this I followed you to America. My dear beloved Mrs. Stucken, how many tears I have shed I can never tell you. If I could stay with you I would go as far as you please. Dear Mrs. Stucken, I am very grateful for your taking care of me for several days, and also for getting me a situation, with good people. I could not do work. I longed to be at my old home and with my own people. I have not got the means. My poor sisters! I feel very sorry, for I never will see them again. I am sorry that they have not got my likeness. Dear friend, I know that what I am going to do is a sin, but may God forgive me. I begged Him often for forgiveness. My good friend, don't think ill of me. I cannot support my present lot. My heart is broken. If you ever find out that I am missed do me this last favor. It is to write to my oldest brother that I died on board ship, and let him write to my other sister. His address is August Rohde, Altstadter Neuerweg, No. 66, first story, Hamburg. My dear, good friend, Mrs. Stucken, live happily, and take the last kiss from your old friend,

Elise Rohde.

The water will give rest to my humbled spirit. I cannot live any more. Forgive me. If I had money I would go back to Germany. And now farewell. My God and my father forgive me.

This letter was found inside the hat. It was closely sealed and bore Mrs. Stucken's name on the envelope. The employe handed it over to the police, and at the station, police curiosity proved stronger than their notions of propriety, and it was torn open and translated before it reached its owner.—*N. Y. Star.*

SPURGEON ON THE SITUATION.

Mr. Spurgeon in a recent sermon said:—Some branches of industry seemed to be utterly paralyzed with little prospect of ever again being revived, and even the weather was now refusing to assist the process of husbandry. Hay crops had suffered considerably, and serious fears were now being entertained as to the harvest. As a consequence of this, men were now beginning to cry out, and requests were made for the prayers of the Church that God would be pleased to look on the land, and deliver the nation from her great trouble. In the matter of war it might be possible for better principles to ultimately come to the front, and the country possibly might no longer be considered the universal snarler and grumbler at every other nation under heaven; but men were powerless to quicken trade, and certainly powerless to stay the battles of heaven. It might be that the clouds would yet return after the rain, and deluge follow deluge, until the farmer's hope would be swept away. Thus prayer was offered, as though the rain would immediately cease, and the weather change. Although a strong believer in prayer himself, he did not think such prayers as would probably be offered would be answered, but instead thereof the threatened judgment of God might fall on the nation in consequence of her sin. But the present calamity might shew the people that she had enjoyed too much prosperity and luxury, as well as punishment for sin.

POISONED DELICACIES.

Sanitary boards from time to time supply to the public lists of articles sold as food or to be used in culinary processes which are merely adulterated or actually injurious or poisonous. Flavored extracts commonly count as important items in these domestic bills of indictment, and the families in Pennsylvania reported as poisoned by home-made ice-cream are perhaps, victims to the "essence" with which they gave their dainty a piquant taste. One account, it is true, represents them as poisoned through the fact that the "custard" for their cream was "boiled" in a brass kettle. Ice-cream made from custard or the elements of custard is not unknown to art—poor art however—but if that custard is boiled, that is enough. It does not need any theory to account for the trouble in the human stomach filled with custard that has been first boiled and then frozen. No brass kettle is necessary. We incline to the opinion, however, that these sufferers were victims to "extracts," which are bright colored poisons sold in fancy glass bottles, and which pretend to supply for from ten to twenty cents quantities of commodities which, if genuine, would be worth a dollar at least.—*N. Y. Herald.*

OLD WORLD NEWS.

Scotland.

While some workmen were engaged draining a piece of moss land on the farm of Reintyre, occupied by Mr. Munro, merchant, Bonar, they came upon three human bodies in a good state of preservation. Their clothing of homespun was quite entire, as also the old-fashioned Highland brogues. The bodies were no doubt the remains of some of the Marquis of Montrose's soldiers who fell in the disastrous battle of Carbisdale in 1650—the last fight of the chivalrous and noble, but misguided Marquis.

The hard times have seriously affected the summer resorts at Rothesay all along the Corral shore. It is the same at Helensburg; while Ashton, Largs, and other places on the southern border of the Firth have a similar tale to tell. It is truly melancholy to pass through Helensburg, Dunoon or Rothesay, and witness the "To Let" ticket on every house, indicative, it is easy to imagine, of much present anxiety, and possibly sore future pinch on the part of respectable widows and other dependent on that means of support.

Owing to a recent snow storm in the sea, the beach running eastward from Brora was covered over with the carcasses of a species of the mullet. A sturdy Highlander of colossal proportions, wading through the rich harvest of death, determined to avail himself of the windfall so providentially sent his way, but having no proper means of conveyance, and fearing, if he left his share to the tender mercies of his brother fortune-seekers until he would return with a "creel," that they might do more than justice to themselves at his expense, he began to scratch his head and think as a Scotchman only can do. He was soon hit with a happy thought. With an ingenuity worthy of the Gael, he pulled off his baggy trousers, and securing the passages through which his ancles used to find egress, proceeded to fill them until extended to their fullest dimensions. Tying the mouth of this improvised sack with his braces, our hardy hero shouldered his burden, and seizing hold of a leg in each hand, marched homewards, with nothing to shield his brawny limbs locomotion but a pair of woolen drawers. But, like a gorged vulture, he found himself unable to move far, and had to gesticulate for assistance. It reflects no small credit on the hero's strength that he was able to move his burden at all, as the said trousers are reported to be capable of accomodating the contents of a five bushel sack.

W. G. Stevenson, of Edinburgh, has just completed in Sicilian marble the statue of Burns, the central feature of Kilmarnock monument which is to be unveiled August 9. The poet is represented as in the act of composing. The figure is poised on the right leg, the left being slightly advanced. The left hand grasps a note book, resting on a broken stump, near the root of which a daisy nestles, and the right hand holds a pencil. The statue is to be placed on a pedestal, within a sort of shrine, having an open pointed arch in front and at either side, through which a full view of the figure will be obtained. This structure forms part of a building in reddish freestone on an elevated part of the Kay park, and from its top a commanding view may be had of the country-side immediately associated with the name of Burns. The interior of the building will be used as a keeper's house, and as a museum for the reception of Burns relics. The whole cost of the work will be about £3,000.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN LIFE.

Mr. Robert Lowe, M. P., ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, said recently in an address to the children of a London orphan asylum: "I am a person who has had to struggle hard in the battle of life, and I will tell you what I believe to be one of the greatest elements of success in life, and that is that I think there is nothing that helps a young man or woman in life so much as strict and rigid self-control, economy and self-denial. It is the custom to say that youth is the time for enjoyment, and so it is; but nature and youth have provided that enjoyment for themselves. When people are young mere existence is a pleasure. The earth and the air and the skies seem to open to them a paradise; but when they get older these delights gradually fade away from them and they need the more adventitious and expensive pleasures. What I, therefore, would strongly advise everyone of you is to consider that when you go into the world perhaps the first thing you have got to do is, next to dealing honestly with that which is intrusted to you, to take care that you should keep clear of debt, and if possible by self-denial to lay by something for the future in case of sickness or other misfortune. It seems to me that that is a duty which is not generally sufficiently inculcated on young people. You will find in life that if you behave well and do your duty all the difficulty is concentrated in the first step. It is the first advance which men and women make in life which more or less decides their future. The beginnings of life are all crowded. For everything that is to be had there is great competition; but when people have once made a step, and have proved that they are worthy, all the rest is comparatively easy. It has been my duty often to pick out persons for situations, and my experience is that when the great mass is penetrated, and you have got to persons who have advanced one or two steps, the difficulty is not that we are overwhelmed with persons fit for the place, but to get any one who is fit for it. Therefore your object in life should be to begin with the greatest care, attention and self-denial so to make this first step as to distinguish yourself as being trustworthy and reliable in all particulars, and if you once attract the notice of your employer, and he sees you are well and honestly discharging your duty, you may rely upon it you are in a fair way to make yourselves independent and to lead a happy life."

AMERICAN COMPETITION WITH BRITISH FARMERS.

The London *Times* says:—The Committee of Inquiry into the causes of agricultural depression has a wide field before it, and is certainly not limited to the causes to which may be assigned a legislative origin. As it will take cognizance of American competition, it will be bound to estimate as nearly as it can the advantages and the disadvantages enjoyed or suffered by the home producer. The best American cheese, butter, bacon and hams will not bear comparison with the best English, for, apart from such difference as the soil and climate may occasion, articles intended to travel half round the earth cannot be prepared in so appetizing, and therefore perishable, a form as the choicest products of the English dairy. But, quality for quality, what can England offer at the same prices that shall equal American butter at 8d, bacon and hams at 5d, and cheese at 4d? The general complaint of agriculturists is that they do not know how to dispose of their goods, and that when they attempt to discover or force a straighter way to the consuming public they find themselves headed by a ring of middlemen, or thrown upon unknown people who prey on their ignorance, and simply rob them of their goods. But if Americans can bring their products to market and place them well for sale—which is always assumed they do—why cannot the English landowner and farmer? One answer will suggest itself to many. It is that the Yankee is a much keener and sharper fellow than the English gentleman, and that he pursues his melancholy business simply with an eye to profit. On the other hand, farming is here an amusement and dignified occupation, and only exceptionally a plan for money-making.

CHASTINE COX'S PIETY.

(From the New York Sun.)

"I have visited Chastine Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hull, two or three times a week ever since his incarceration," said the Rev. Dr. Dickerson, in the Bethel African Methodist church yesterday. "He is not understood by the public. Cox has gone to the Father of all and pleaded for pardon through the Saviour. He has received that pardon, and is saved. He tells me that immediately after the burglary he began to pray, and from that time to this he has continued to pray. When he went to Boston he joined in the worship of God at Ebenezer church, and it was while listening to a sermon that he was arrested. His seeming indifference to his impending fate is the God-given consciousness that when his earthly career is done he will be taken into the kingdom of the merciful Father, who never forgets the promises he has made to erring souls. He seems happy, my friends, because he is happy—(A voice: 'Yes, Lord! Bless my Jesus!')—because his soul has been washed clean by the blood of the Lamb." (A voice: "Hallelujah! Yes, Lord! Bless de Lamb!")

WORLD WIDE NEWS.

—The silver vase presented to Henry Clay by Whigs is offered for sale in Boston by his grandson.

—Up to July 1 forty-eight officers had fallen in Zululand; thirty-six by disease and exposure.

—The Warsaw banker, W. J. G. Bloch, recently purchased the town of Letitshny for $450,000.

—Charles Gambetta, who claimed to be the uncle of M. Gambetta, has just died in an alms-house at Milan, aged 81. He had squandered a considerable patrimony.

—The importation of American leather into Europe has increased one hundred per cent. since 1873. In that year Europe received 659,912 hides, and to judge by the exports from the United States thus far this year it will receive at the close over 1,500,000.

—From £120 to £150 is being offered for a single lecture by Dr. Talmage, all expenses paid. By the way, Dr. Talmage described the *Saturday Review's* article upon him as "comparable to nothing but a little dog baying the moon. It pleased the dog and did the moon no harm."

—The *Petite Republique Francaise* says that the jury acquitted M. Paul de Cassagnac "because it regarded the accused as unworthy of the rigors of justice." This theory would lead to but one logical result. None but honest folk, that is to say, non-guilty persons, would ever be condemned.

—More than twenty thousand objects were found during the Exhibition at the Champs-de-Mars and in the Trocadero Palace. Very few of them have been claimed. Notice is given that they will be kept at the Lost Property Office at the Prefecture of Police for another year and then sold by auction.

—It will be remembered that the cable announced that a great placard written in Flemish was found July 7 posted on the Palace of Justice in Brussels. It ran:—"The law of the schools is signed. Let us now stab the King for God and the Fatherland." This is the second time within a few weeks that the King has been threatened.

—A man with a child fell into the Bay the other day and was pulled out almost drowned. His teeth chattered and made more noise than a lumber wagon flying over cobble stones. "Give me a copy of the *Globe*," he said feebly as soon as he was able to articulate. "What for?" asked a bystander. "To wrap around me," he faintly murmured, "because it's so nice and dry."

—Sanitary authorities in Ireland are beginning to put the law in operation with the view of preventing the spread of infection caused by the custom of holding wakes. A man has been prosecuted by the Dublin Public Health Committee for holding a wake on the body of a child who died of small-pox. It was said that a person who attended the wake has since died of the same disease.

—It is said Commanger Cheyne is really persevering in the organization of his balloon trip to the Pole, and that people are actually volunteering for this aerial voyage, which, it is to be hoped, nevertheless, will not get sufficient preliminary puffing from the press to send up even one of the balloons. Seriously, the project seems mad enough to justify us in alluding to those who take part in it as balloonatics.

—A Philadelphia newsboy, seeing a locomotive start off by itself on a down grade of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and knowing that unless switched off at a certain point it would meet an express train, undertook to run it. He won the race, just in time to tell a switchman and prevent a disaster. Col. Scott rewarded him with a monopoly of the newspaper trade on one of the company's lines, and from it he derived a good income till he died, a few days ago.

—The *Lancet*, commenting on the near approach of the abolition of the "cat" in the army, recalls the fact that its founder, Mr. James Wakley, formerly M. P. for Finsbury, was the first who seriously questioned the practice in the celebrated Hounslow case. It should not be forgotten, however, that it was for denouncing the inhuman flogging of militiamen at Ely that William Cobbett, 1810, was condemned to two years' imprisonment in Newgate and a fine of £1,000.

—The return to life of a gentleman whose obituary has been published with double black lines and adjectives, ordinarily causes some embarrassment in a newspaper office. But it is not so in Texas. The *Waco Examiner* sternly remarks: "The death of 'High-toned' Brown is denied by the *Kaufman Times*. That makes no difference. Having written his obituary he is dead to all intents and purposes. We shall refuse to recognize his existence from now on."

—A poet actually soaring in the clouds is a sight that would have made all Paris turn their faces heavenwards had they only been aware of the phenomenon. However, on July 5, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Victor Hugo, accompanied by his family and suite of twenty-five friends and acquaintances, ascended in the captive baloon to the full extent of the cable. The illustrious poet will, of course, write stanzas on the subject and probably a letter to the proprietor of the baloon.

—The report of Mr. Forrest, British Consul at Tientsin, that the deaths from starvation in China during the late famine reached a total of nine and a-half millions is confirmed by Mr. Hillier, also of the consular service, who, within six months, has visited the desolated provinces. Whole districts, once densely populated, are now almost uninhabited. The efforts of the Government to send aid frustrated by the bad roads and the fact that the people en route seized the pack horses and mules to devour them. No fiction can surpass in horror the scenes described by Mr. Forrest.

—The last notable application of *papier mache* was in the manufacture of a revolving dome for the astronomical observatory of the Polytechnic Institute, Troy. It only weighs a ton and three-quarters, and can be revolved without the assistance of an apparatus. The paper is on a light framing of wood, and is fully as hard and rigid. The dome has an internal diameter of twenty-nine feet, and, if constructed in the usual manner, would have weighed five or six tons, and required powerful machinery to move it.

—A freak of a tornado at Reno, Nev., is thus described by the *Gazette*: "Moorman Cutter started out with a half gallon of whiskey to take to his sick mother. He was found some hours afterward lying behind a fence on the hill. He said that he stopped around a corner to fix a cork in the jug, and while he was taking the measure of the orifice of the jug a tremendous wind came down on him. It sucked the liquor clean out of the jug, blew it down his throat, and turned the jug inside out. He could remember nothing more."

—Brazil does not offer extraordinary inducements to those who emigrate to that country. When the most thrifty people in the world go there and cannot make a living, it doesn't say much for the country. About a thousand Mennonites, who, to escape military service inconsistent with their religious convictions, emigrated from Russia to Brazil some three years ago, have returned to their former country. Amply provided with means when they left, they have lost in Brazil everything they possessed. A large number are at this moment encamped at Wirballen, on the Russo-Prussian frontier, having as yet received no permission to enter the Russian Empire.

—Feting the 100th representation of a play has become a subject on which imagination tries to overstep its bounds. Offenbach invented the supper, with its matutinal prolongations into the middle of the next day. People ran the supper for ten years, and then Offenbach introduced a *dejeuner*, with terpsichorean prolongation toward evening. Mr. Edouard Pailleron celebrated the 100th night of the "Age Ingrat" last week by hiring a steamboat and taking all the artistes and his friends down to Le Pecq, near St. Germain. Potel and Chabot served a lunch. The ladies thought of being seasick, and the weather turned out squally. In ordinary years, when July is a sunny month, the picnic would hav been very enjoyable.

—A singular case of homicide was lately tried at Spoleti, Italy. The accused was a rich farmer named Carlo Maronni, and his offence was shooting a doctor who had failed to cure his child. When the child, a boy of fourteen months, fell ill the farmer sent for the doctor, and told him that if his treatment was successful he would pay him 2,000 lire (about $400), but that if the child died he would kill him. The doctor undertook the case, but his medicines seemed to aggravate the disease, and death ensued. A few days after the funeral the farmer lay in wait for the unfortunate practitioner and shot him. The Court gave the lenient sentence of ten years' imprisonment and 25,000 lire fine.

—In the Donjezze district in Russia a new sect has arisen. About a year ago a peasant woman, named Xenia Ivanowna Kuzmin, began to teach the country people a new doctrine. Its chief points were that its adherents should avoid the use of flesh meat, should not recognize marriage nor the authority of the clergy, and that when meeting one another they should avoid as a great sin holding out their hands to each other. She announced herself to be a prophetess divinely inspired, and assembled around her twelve "apostles," most of whom are among the chief persons of the locality, and her principal method of influencing her hearers is by singing hymns. She is about 25 years old, of imposing appearance, and is the possessor of a voice of rare power and beauty. At the religious assemblies of the new sect tea and sweet cakes are used as a corporal refreshment, while it is prescribed as an act of devotion that each person shall kiss every one else."

—Considerable sensation has been caused at Bridgewater, England, by the appearance at a place of entertainment of six men who were advertised as Zulus, and announced to go through war-dance performances. An enormous crowd assembled, and the show manager, to meet rumors which had been current, invited any one to question the Zulus in their own language. The challenge was taken up by a seaman, who, after talking to the blacks, denounced them as impostors. A scene of great excitement ensued, much rough language and some blows being exchanged; but ultimately the performance proceeded.

—A most laughable burlesque has been produced at the Folly Theatre, London. It is called "Another Drink," and is based, of course, on Mr. Charles Reade's adaptation of "L'Assommoir," now running at the Princess' Theatre. Mr. C. Warner's *delirium tremens* scene is the talk of the town, and the burlesque version of it by Mr. Anson at the Folly will no doubt be so too. The Coupeau of the burlesque, in his drink frenzy, sees beetles (hair brushes let down by strings). He sees also a cat—it is the cat-o'-nine-tails, about which there has been so much squabbling in the House of Commons in connection with flogging in the army. Mme. Dolaro is the Gervaise, and she and her rival, Virginie, are hung out to dry after the washtub scene. The burlesque is a real burlesque, with real fun and wit, and it has hit the fancy of the town. The authors are Saville Clark and Lewis Clifton, who describe their clever skit as "The Only Unauthorized Version of L'Assommoir."

—A German baron, who had been playing heavily at "makao," at the Pesth National Casino, and had, during a few months, won $40,000, was discovered cheating a few weeks ago in a very curious way. He always appeared anxious to "take the bank," by which means he, of course, always dealt. He kept down the pile of bank notes in front of him with his polished silver tobacco box. He dealt over this, and could thus see the cards he dealt his players reflected in the lid of his box! A certain general of the staff observed this, and begged for the loan of the box to roll a cigarette. This request he frequently repeated, and observed that when the box was away the baron had variable luck, like the others. The lucky gambler, a well known racing man and of excellent family, is to be prosecuted as a common swindler.

—French Republicans do not disguise their displeasure at the sympathy shown in England for the Prince Imperial and the sorrowing Empress. They regard the expression of these feelings as a political demonstration in favor of the Empire, and the arrangements for the Prince's funeral will strengthen this suspicion. "But," says the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, "a little reflection would show that Englishmen have been moved only by a sentiment of personal commiseration, and that, considering the circumstances of the case, they would have been deemed unfeeling had they not expressed a pity which is evinced, moreover, all over Europe. A friend who passed through Germany a few days ago tells me that he saw in a Berlin shop window a wax-work figure of the late Prince, and that from morning to night a sympathetic crowd collected before it. Certainly no one would suspect the Germans of a political sympathy for the Prince Imperial."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

—Chloride of magnesia is most effective in purifying gas from ammonia.

—Dr. Wier proffers a new claim for hyposulphite of soda that will cure erysipelas.

—A cloth dipped in a solution of amy nitrite, one part in one hundred of water, and hung up in foul air, quickly destroys bad oders.

—Jarolimek maintains that steel can be hardened not only by immersion in boiling water, but even in boiling oil, melting lead and melting zinc.

—Prof. Niemoller describes a simple method of setting a wire in vibration, which might be turned to account in localizing calls on telephone circuits.

—The charge of telegraphing from New York to Yokohama is $3.05 per word; but the code, or cipher, is so well systemized by certain mercantile houses that a single word serves for a dozen when transcribed.

—The new nautical instrument, the navisphere, has been brought to the attention of the French Academy. It indicates without calculation the names of the stars above the horizon at a given moment, with attitude and and azimuth, the angle of route for going from one point to another by the arc of a great circle, and the distance between the points, etc.

—Dr. Palli, a distinguished Italian savant, advances the theory that the human organism undergoes, in the course of its existence, a slow oxidation, on the completion of which death ensues. This operation should require (accidents excepted) about 100 years. To counteract this devitalizing action he recommends that a few grains of sulphate be taken every morning.

—Mr. Cowper Ranegard has made a communication to the Astronomical Society on meteoric dust, which he says exists to a much greater extent than was formerly suspected. By exposing a sheet of glass, covered with pure glycerine, to a strong wind he has collected on it particles, which, by chemical tests, he found to be iron. This was found to be the case only in winter months.

—Mr. Vincent has discovered that from the refuse that remains after the beet molasses distillation a combustible gaseous body is found, which is easily condensed into liquid form and is called chloride of methyl. It is especially valuable as a refrigerating agent.

—Mr. Garforth, of Dunkenhald, England, has invented a machine for bursting down coal by means of compressed air. By it air has been compressed to 14,200 pounds per square inch. It it small and can be worked by two men. The compressed air is conveyed through wrought-iron pipes to a cast iron cartridge twelve inches long, placed in a hole drilled in the coal; and the cartridge when its known breaking strain was reached, bursted and broke down the coal.

—While making an excavation for a new building at Charing Cross, London, the other day, the workmen came on the fossil remains of various extinct animals at depths varying from fifteen to thirty feet. Among the objects discovered were elephant tusks and molars, the teeth and many of the bones of the extinct gigantic ox, and a portion of the horn of the great extinct Irish deer. Some of the fossils have not yet been indentified.

—Thomas Routledge, a leading English paper manufacturer, is endeavoring to induce capitalists to utilize the jungles of bamboo in India and British Burmah. The young shoots of the jungle grass yield a fibre excellently adapted to paper making and at a cost, compared with Esparto grass, in the proportion of $7.50 to $60 per ton. The latter grass comes principally from Algeria and the Barbary States, and, in addition to being unsatisfactory in quality, a sufficient quantity cannot be obtained. English paper makers are therefore often driven to manufacture with wood fibre and China clay.

—Dr. Azam has given an account of a remarkable case of double consciousness and reissue of personality at a meeting of the Bordeaux Society of Sciences. The patient has been under his observation for several years. She seems to have two distinct lives, each separated from the other by a short sleep or torpor. When she awakes to her normal state she has no recollection whatever of what may have taken place during her abnormal condition, however prolonged the latter may be. When in the abnormal state she remembers what has occurred in the normal state, and is more cheerful then than at other times. The case presents some perplexing problems, as the faculty of speech seems never to be affected during either phases of double consciousness.

—Investigations by geological experts render it probable, it would seem, that Central Russia rests upon enough phosphate of lime to supply all Europe. Around the boundary of the cretaceous basin of that country, the phosphate beds, it is said, appear to be at or near the surface, but in the central regions they dip to a depth too great to permit of their being worked economically. The result of the chemical examination of this remarkable rock shows the average quantity of phosphoric acid is about twenty per cent. (varying from twelve to thirty-three per cent.), while the proportion of lime varies from eighteen to fifty per cent. These great deposits were hardly discovered when their development commenced. At present there are two establishments for this purpose in the government of Kursk and one at Riga; this last receives the raw material from Smolensk, reduces it to powder, and supplies a large quantity of the article in this form to the Baltic provinces.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. | ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] | TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

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AFTER PINAFORE.

I don't quite like to disclose secrets, but I may say the following has been furnished to me, as the great tenor air in the new opera Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert are to take over to America in December. It is written, as may be noticed, quite in the American style.

The turtle doves in the palmiest bay,
The crickets creak in the prickful hedge,
The bullfrogs boom in the puddling sedge,
And the whoo-poo whoops its vesper lay,
Away
In the twilight soft and gray.

Two lovers stroll in the glinting gloom—
His hand in her'n and her'n in his—
She blushes deep—he's talking biz—
They hug and pop as they listless roam—
They roam—
It's late when they get back home.

Down by the little wicket gate,
Down where the creepful ivy grows,
Down where the sweet nasturtium blows,
A boxtoed parent lies in wait—
In wait—
For the maiden and her mate.

Let the crickets creak and bullfrogs boom,
The whoopees wail in the distant dell—
Their tuneful throats will ne'er dispel
The planted pa n and the rooted gloom—
The gloom
Of the lover's dismal doom.—*London Figaro.*

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you."—*Old Song*

Cecil, scarcely more composed, advances to meet her.

"Why, Molly!" she says, pathetically.

"You have been crying," says Molly, in the same breath, throwing herself into her arms.

"I have, indeed, my dear," confesses Cecil, in a lachrymose tone, and then she begins to cry again, and Molly follows suit, and for the next five minutes they have a very comfortable time of it together.

Then they open their hearts to each other, and relate fluently, as only a woman can, all the intolerable wrongs and misjudgments they have undergone at the hands of their lovers.

"To accuse me of anything so horrible!" says Molly, indignantly. "Oh, Cecil! I don't believe he could care for me one bit and suspect me of it."

"Care for you! Nonsense, my dear! he adores you. That is precisely why he has made such a fool of himself. You know—

'Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy writ.'

I like a man to be jealous—in reason. Though when Sir Penthony walked out from behind that hedge, looking as if he could with pleasure devour me and Talbot at a bite, I confess I could gladly have dispensed with the quality in him. You should have seen his face; for once I was honestly frightened."

"Poor Cecil! it must have been a shock. And all because that tiresome young man wouldn't go away."

"Just so. All might have been well had he only seen things in a reasonable light. Oh, I was so angry! The most charming of your charms, Molly," says Cecil, warmly, "is your ability to sympathize with one; and you never season your remarks with unpalatable truths. You never say, 'I told you so,' or 'I knew how it would be,' or 'didn't I warn you?' or anything else equally objectionable. I really would rather a person boxed my ears outright than give way to such phrases as those, pretending they know all about a catastrophe, after it has happened. And," says her ladyship, with a pensive sigh, "you might, perhaps (had you so chosen), have accused me of flirting a little bit with that stupid Talbot."

"Well, indeed, perhaps I might, dear," says Molly, innocently.

"What, are you going to play the traitor after all that flattery? And, if so, what am I to say to you about your disgraceful encouragement of Captain Shadwell?"

"I wonder if I did encourage him?" says Molly, contritely. "At first, perhaps, unconsciously, but lately I am sure I didn't. Do you know, Cecil, I positively dislike him? he is so dark and silent, and still persistent. But when a man keeps on saying he is miserable for love of you, and that you are the cause of all his distress, and that he would as soon be dead as alive, because you cannot return his affection, how can one help feeling a little sorry for him?"

"I don't feel in the least sorry for Talbot. I thought him extremely unpleasant and impertinent, and I hope with all my heart he is very unhappy to-night, because it will do him good."

"Cecil, how cruel you are!"

"Well, by what right does he go about making fierce love to married women, compelling them to listen to his nonsense whether they like it or not, and getting them into scrapes? I don't break my heart over Sir Penthony, but I certainly do not wish him to think badly of me."

"At least," says Molly, relapsing again into the blues, "you have this consolation; you cannot lose Sir Penthony."

"That might also be looked on as a disadvantage. Still, I suppose there is some benefit to be gained from my position," says Cecil, meditatively. "My love (if indeed he is my lover) cannot play the false knight with me; I defy him to love—and to ride away. There are no breakers ahead for me. He is mine irrevocably, no matter how horribly he may desire to escape. But you need not envy me; it is sweeter to be as you are—to know him yours without the shadow of a tie. He is not lost to you."

"Effectually. What! do you think I would submit to be again engaged to a man who could fling me off for a chimera, a mere trick of the imagination? If he were to beg my pardon on his knees—if he were to acknowledge every word he said to me a lie—I would not look at him again."

"I always said your pride would be your bane," says Cecil, reprovingly. "Now, just think how far happier you would be if you were friends with him again, and think of nothing else. What is pride in comparison with comfort?"

"Have you forgiven Sir Penthony?"

"Freely. But he won't forgive me?"

"Have you forgiven him the first great crime of all—his indifference towards his bride?"

"N—o," confesses her ladyship, smiling; "not yet."

"Ah! then don't blame me. I could have killed myself when I cried," says Molly, referring again to the past, with a little angry shiver; "but I felt so sorry for my poor, pretty, innocent ring. And he looked so handsome, so determined, when he flung it in the fire, with his eyes quite dark and his figure drawn up; and—and—I could not help wondering," says Molly, with a little tremble in her tone, "who next would love him—and who—he—would love."

"I never thought you were so fond of him, dearest," says Cecil, laying her hand softly on her friend's.

"Nor I—until I lost him," murmurs poor Molly, with a vain attempt at composure. Two tears fall heavily into her lap; a sob escapes her.

"Now you are going to cry again," interposes Cecil, with hasty but kindly warning. "Don't. He is not going to fall in love with any one so long as you are single, take my word for it. Nonsense, my dear; cheer yourself with the certainty that he is at this very moment eating his heart out, because he knows better than I do that though there may be many women there is only one Molly Bawn in the world."

This reflection, although consolatory, has not the desired effect. Instead of drying her eyes and declaring herself glad that Luttrell is unhappy, Molly grows more and more afflicted every moment.

"My dear girl," exclaims Lady Stafford, as a last resource, "do pray think of your complexion. I have finished crying; I shall give way to crying no more, because I wish to look my best to-morrow, to let him see what a charming person he has chosen to quarrel with. And my tears are not so destructive as yours, because mine arise from vexation, yours from feeling."

"I hardly know," says Molly, with an attempt at nonchalance she is far from feeling. "I really think I cried more for my diamond than for—my lover. However, I shall take your advice; I shall think no more about it. To-morrow"—rising and running to the glass, and pushing back her disordered hair from her face, that is lovely in spite of marring tears—"to-morrow I shall be gayer, brighter than he has ever yet seen me. What! shall I let him think I fret because of him? He saw me once in tears; he shall not see me so again."

"What a pity it is grief should be so unbecoming!" says Cecil, laughing. "I always think what a guy Niobe must have been if she was indeed all tears."

"The worst thing about crying, I think," says Molly, "is the fatal desire one feels to blow one's nose; that is the horrid part of it. I knew I was looking odious all the time I was weeping over my ring, and that added to my discomfort. By the bye, Cecil, what were you doing at the table with a pencil just before we broke up to-night? Sir Penthony was staring at you fixedly all through; wondering, I am sure, at your occupation, as, to tell the truth, was I."

"Nothing very remarkable. I was inditing a sonnet to your eyebrow, or rather to your lids, they were so delicately tinted, and were so much in unison with the extreme dejection of your entire bearing. I confess, unkind as it may sound, they moved me to laughter! Ah! that reminds me," says Cecil, her expression changing to one of comical terror, as she starts to her feet, "Plantagenet came up at the moment, and lest he should see my composition I hid it within the leaves of the blotting-book. There it is still, no doubt. What shall I do if any one finds it in the morning? I shall be read out of meeting, as I have an indistinct idea that with a view of making you laugh, I rather caricatured every one in the room more or less."

"Shall I run down for it?" says Molly. "I won't be a moment, and you are quite undressed. In the blotting-book, you said? I shan't be any time."

"Unless the ghosts detain you."

"Or, what would be much worse, any of our friends."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"A single stream of all her brown hair
Poured on one side
* * *
Half light, half shade
She stood, a sight to make an old man young."
—Gardener's Daughter.

Thrusting her little bare feet into her slippers, she takes up a candle and walks softly down the stairs, past the smoking and billiard-rooms, into the drawing-room, where the paper has been left.

All the lamps have been extinguished, leaving the apartment, which is immense, steeped in darkness. Coming into it from the brilliantly-lighted hall outside, with only a candle in her hand, the gloom seems even greater, and overcomes her sight to such a degree that she has traversed at least one-half its length before she discovers she is not its only occupant.

Seated before a writing-table, with his hand, indeed, upon the very blotting-book she seeks, and with only another candle similar to hers to lend him light, sits Luttrell.

As her eyes meet his she starts, colors violently, and is for the moment utterly abashed.

Involuntarily she glances down at the soft blue dressing-gown she wears, over which her hair—brushed and arranged for the night—falls in soft, rippling, gold-brown masses, and from thence to the little naked feet that peep out shamelessly from their blue slippers.

The crimson blood rises to her face. Covered with a painful though pretty confusion she stands quite still and lets her tell-tale eyes seek the ground.

Luttrell has risen, and without any particular design has advanced towards her. Perhaps the force of habit compels him to do so, perhaps intense and not altogether welcome surprise. For the future to see her is but to add one more pang to his intolerable regret.

"I was writing to you," he says, indicating, with a slight movement of the hand, the chair on which he has been sitting, and thus breaking the awful silence which threatens to last until next day, so mute has Molly grown. With a delicate sense of chivalry he endeavors to appear oblivious of her rather scanty and disconcerting—however becoming—costume. "But, as it is, perhaps I may as well say to you what is on my mind—if you will permit me."

"I cannot forbid your speech." Coldly.

"I will not keep you long. But"—with a slight almost imperceptible glance at her dressing-gown—"perhaps you are in a hurry?"

"I am—rather." At this juncture, had they been friends, Molly would undoubtedly have laughed. As it is, she is profoundly serious. "Still, if it is anything important, I will hear you."

"Can I do anything for you?" asks he, hesitating, evidently fearing to approach the desired subject.

"Nothing, thank you. I came only for a paper—left in the blotting-book. If you wish to speak, do so quickly, as I must go." Then, as he still hesitates, "why do you pause?"

"Because I fear incurring your displeasure once again; and surely the messages between us have been bad enough already."

"Do not fear." Coldly. "It is no longer in your power to wound me."

"True. I should not have allowed that fact to escape me. Yet hear me. It is my love urges me on."

"Your—love!" With slow and scornful disbelief.

"Yes—mine. In spite of all that has come and gone, you know me well enough to understand how dear you still are to me. No, you need not say a word; I can see by your face that you will never pardon. There is no greater curse than to love a woman who gives one but bare tolerance in return."

"Why did you not think of all this while there was yet time?"

"One drifts—until it is too late to seek for remedies. My heaviest misfortune lies in the fact that I cannot root you from my heart."

"A terrible misfortune, no doubt"—with a little angry flash from her azure eyes—"but one that time will cure."

"Will it?" Wistfully. "Shall I indeed learn to forget you, Molly—to look back upon my brief but happy past as an idle dream? I hardly hope so much."

"And would you waste all your best days," asked she, in tones that tremble ever so little, "in thinking of me? Remember all you said—all you meant—how thankful you were to find me out in time."

"And will you condemn forever because of a few words spoken in a moment of despair and terrible disappointment?" pleads he. "I acknowledge my fault. I was wrong; I was too hasty. I behaved like a brute, if you will; but then I believed I had grounds for fear. When once I saw your face, heard your voice, looked into your eyes, I knew how false my accusations were; but it was then too late."

"Too late, indeed."

"How calmly you can say it!" with exquisite reproach. "Have five minutes blotted out five months? Did you know all the anguish I endured on seeing you with—Shadwell—I think you might forgive."

"I might. But I could not forget. Would I again consent to be at the mercy of one who, without a question, pronounced me guilty? A thousand times no!"

"Say at once you are glad to be rid of me," breaks in he, bitterly, stung by her persistent coldness.

"You are forgetting your original purpose," she says, after a slight pause, declining to notice his last remark. "Was there not something you wished to say to me?"

"Yes." Rousing himself with an impatient sigh. "Molly"—blanching a little, and trying to read her face, with all his heart in his eyes—"are you going to marry Shadwell?"

Molly colors richly (a rare thing with her), grows pale again, clasps and unclasps her slender fingers nervously, before she makes reply. A prompting towards mischief grows within her, together with a sense of anger that he should dare put such a question to her under existing circumstances.

"I cannot see by what right you put to me such a question—now," she says, at length, haughtily. "My affairs can no longer concern you." With an offended gleam at him from under her long lashes.

"But they do," cries he, hotly, maddened by her blush, which he has attributed jealously to a wrong cause. "How can I see you throwing yourself away upon a roué—a blackleg—without uttering a word of warning?"

"A roué—a blackleg? Those are strong terms. What has Captain Shadwell done to deserve them? A blackleg? How?"

"Perhaps I go too far when I say that," says Luttrell, wishing with all his heart he knew something vile of Shadwell; "but he has gone as near it as any man well can. Will you sacrifice your entire life without considering well the consequences?"

"He is a gentleman, at all events," says Miss Massereene, slowly, cuttingly. "He never backbites his friends. He is courteous in his manner; and—he knows how to keep—his temper. I do not believe any of your insinuations."

"You defend him?" cries Luttrell, vehemently. "Does that mean that you already love him? It is impossible! In a few short weeks to forget all the vows we interchanged, all the good days we spent at Brooklyn, before ever we came to this accursed place! There at least you liked me well enough—you were willing to trust to me your life's happiness; here!—— And now you almost tell me you love this man, who is utterly unworthy of you. Speak. Say it is not so."

"I shall tell you nothing. You have no right to ask me. What is there to prevent my marrying whom I choose? Have you so soon forgotten that last night you—jilted me?" She speaks bitterly, and turns from him with an unlovely laugh.

"Molly," cries the young man, in low tones, full of passion, catching her hand, all the violent emotion he has been so painfully striving to suppress since her entrance breaking loose now, "listen to me for one moment. Do not kill me. My whole heart is bound up in you. You are too young to be so cruel. Darling, I was mad when I deemed I could live without you. I have been mad ever since that fatal hour last night. Will you forgive me? Will you?"

"Let my hand go, Mr. Luttrell," says the girl, with a quick, dry sob. Is it anger, or grief, or pride? "You had me once, and you would not keep me. You shall never again have the chance of throwing me over; be assured of that."

She draws her fingers from his burning clasp, and once more turns away, with her eyes bent carefully upon the carpet, lest he shall notice the tears that threaten to overflow them. She walks resolutely but slowly past where he is standing, with folded arms, leaning against the wall, towards the door.

Just as her fingers close on the handle she becomes aware of footsteps on the outside coming leisurely towards her.

Instinctively she shrinks backward, casts a hasty, horrified glance at her dressing-gown, her bare feet, her loosened hair; then, with a movement full of confidence mingled with fear, she hastens back to Luttrell (who too has heard the disconcerting sound), and glances up at him appealingly.

"There is somebody coming," she breathes, in a terrified whisper.

The footsteps come nearer—nearer still; they reach the very threshold, and then pause. Will their owner come in?

In the fear and agony and doubt of the moment, Molly lays her two white hands upon her bosom and stands listening intently, with wide-open gleaming eyes, too frightened to move or make any attempt at concealment; while Luttrell, although alarmed for her, cannot withdraw his gaze from her lovely face.

Somebody's hand steals along the door as though searching for the handle. With renewed hope Luttrell instantly blows out both the candles near him, reducing the room to utter darkness, and draws Molly behind the window-curtains.

There is a breathless pause. The door opens slowly—slowly. With a gasp that can almost be heard, Molly puts out one hand in the darkness and lays it heavily upon Luttrell's arm. His fingers close over it.

"Hush! not a word," whispers he.

"Oh, I am so frightened!" returns she.

His heart begun to beat madly. To feel her so close to him, although only through unwished for accident, is dangerously sweet. By a supreme effort he keeps himself from taking her in his arms and giving her one last embrace; but honor, the hour, the situation, all alike forbid. So he only tightens his clasp upon her hand and smothers a sigh between his lips.

Whoever the intruder may be, he, she, or it is without light; no truth-compelling ray illumines the gloom; and presently, after a slight hesitation, the door is closed again, and the footsteps go lightly, cautiously away through the hall, leaving them once more alone in the long, dark, ghostly drawing-room.

Molly draws her hand hurriedly away, and moving quietly from Luttrell's side, breathes a sigh, half relief, half embarrassment; while he, groping his way to the writing-table, finds a match, and, striking it, throws light upon the scene again.

At the same moment Molly emerges from the curtains, with a heightened color, and eyes, sweet but shamed, that positively refuse to meet his.

"I suppose I can trust you—to—say nothing of all this?" she murmurs, unsteadily.

"I suppose you can." Haughtily.

His heart is still throbbing passionately; almost, he fears, each separate beat can be heard in the oppressive stillness.

"Good-night," says Molly, slowly.

"Good-night."

Shyly, and still without meeting his gaze, she holds out her hand. He takes it, softly, reverently, and, emboldened by the gentleness of her expression, says, impulsively:

"Answer me a last question, darling—answer me. Are you going to marry Philip?"

And she answers, also impulsively:

"No."

His face changes; hope once more shines within his blue eyes. Involuntarily he draws up his tall, slight figure to its full height, with a glad gesture that bespeaks returning confidence; then he glances longingly first at Molly's downcast face, then at the small hand that lies trembling in his own.

"May I?" he asks, and, receiving no denial, stoops and kisses it warmly once, twice, thrice, with fervent devotion.

"My dear, how long you have been!" says Cecil, when at length Molly returns to her room. "I thought you were never coming. Where have you been?"

"In the drawing-room; and oh, Cecil! he was there. And he would keep me, asking me question after question."

"I dare say," says Cecil, looking her over. "That blue *negligee* is tremendously becoming. No doubt he has still a good many more questions he would like to put to you. And you call yourself a nice, decorous, well-behaved ——"

"Don't be silly. You have yet to hear the decorous and thrilling part of my tale. Just as we were in the middle of a most animated discussion, what do you think happened? Somebody actually came to the door and tried to open it. In an instant Tedcastle blew out both our candles and drew me behind the curtains."

"Curiouser and curiouser," said Cecil. "I begin to think I'm in Wonderland. Go on. The plot thickens; the impropriety deepens. It grows more interesting at every word."

"The somebody, whoever it was, opened the door, looked in—fortunately without a light, and we might have been discovered—and——"

"You fainted, of course?" says Cecil, who is consumed with laughter.

"No, indeed," answers Molly; "I neither fainted nor screamed."

"Tut! nonsense. I think nothing of you. Such a golden opportunity thrown away! In your place I should have been senseless in half a minute in Tedcastle's arms."

"Forgive my stupidity. I only turned and caught hold of Teddy's arm, and held him as though I never meant to let him go."

"Perhaps that was your secret wish, were the truth known. Molly, you are wiser than I am. What is a paltry fainting fit to the touch of a soft, warm hand? Go on."

"Well, the invader, when he had gazed into space, withdrew again, leaving us to our own devices. Cecil, if we had been discovered! I in my dressing gown! Not all the waters of the Atlantic would have saved me from censure. I never was so terrified. Who could it have been?"

"'Oh! 'twas I, love;
Wandering by, love,'"

declares Cecil, going off into a perfect peal of laughter. "Never, never have I been so entertained! And so I frightened you? Well, be comforted. I was terrified in my turn by your long absence; so much so that, without a candle, I crept down-stairs, stole along the hall, and looked into the drawing-room. Seeing no one, I retreated, and gained my own room as fast as I could. Oh, how sorry I am I did not know! Consider your feelings had I stolen quietly towards your hiding-place step by step! A splendid situation absolutely thrown away."

"You and Mr. Potts ought to be brother and sister, you both revel so in the bare idea of mischief," says Molly, laughing too.

And then Cecil, declaring it is all hours, turns her out of her room, and presently sleep falls and settles upon Herst and all its inmates.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Death is here, and death is there;
Death is busy everywhere;
All around, within, beneath,
Above is death—and we are death.
* * *
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief but with delight
No more, O never more."—Shelley.

It is just two o'clock, and Sunday. They have all been to church. They have struggled manfully through their prayers. They have chanted a depressing psalm or two to the most tuneless of ancient ditties. They have even sat out an incomprehensible sermon with polite gravity and many a weary yawn.

The day is dull. So is the rector. So is the curate—unutterably so.

Service over, they file out again into the open air in solemn silence, though at heart glad as children who break school, and wend their way back to Herst through the dismantled wood.

The trees are nearly naked; a short, sad, consumptive wind is soughing through them. The grass—what remains of it—is brown, of an unpleasant hue. No flowers smile up at them as they pass quietly along. The sky is leaden. There is a general air of despondency over everything. It is a day laid aside for dismal reflection; a day on which hateful "might have beens" crop up, for "melancholy has marked it for its own."

Yet just as they come to a turn in the park two magpies (harbingers of good when coupled; messengers of evil when apart) fly past them directly across their path.

"Two for joy," cries Molly, gravely, glad of any interruption to her depressing thoughts.

"I saw them first. The luck is mine."

"I think I saw them first," says Sir Penthony, with no object beyond a laudable desire to promote argument.

"Now, how could you?" says Molly. "I am quite twenty yards ahead of you, and must have seen them come round this corner first. Now, what shall I get, I wonder? Something worth getting, I do hope."

"Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed," says Mr. Potts, moodily, who is as gloomy as the day. "I expect nothing."

"You are jealous," retorts Molly. "Sour grapes." Making a small *moue* at him. "But you have no claim upon this luck; it is all my own. Let nobody for a moment look upon it as his or hers."

"You are welcome to it; I don't envy you," says Cecil, little thinking how poetic are her words.

They continue their walk and their interrupted thoughts—the latter leading them in all sorts of contrary directions—some to love, some to hate, some to cold game-pie and dry champagne.

As they enter the hall at Herst one of the footmen steps forward and hands Molly an ugly yellow envelope.

"Why, here is my luck, perhaps!" cries she, gayly. "How soon it has come! Now, what can be in it? Let us all guess."

She is surprised, and her cheeks have flushed a little. Her face is full of laughter. Her sweet eyes wander from one to another, asking them to join in her amusement. No thought, no faintest suspicion of the awful truth occurs to her, although only a thin piece of paper conceals it from her view.

"A large fortune, perhaps," says Sir Penthony; while the others close round her, laughing too. Only Luttrell stands apart, calmly indifferent.

"Or a proposal. That would just suit the rapid times in which we live."

"I think I would at once accept a man who proposed to me by telegraph," says Molly, with pretty affectation. "It would show such flattering haste—such a desire for a kind reply. Remember"—with her finger under the lap of the envelope—"if the last surmise proves correct, I have almost said yes."

She breaks open the paper, and, smiling still, daintily unfolds the enclosure.

What a few words! two or three strokes of the pen. Yet what a change they make in the beautiful, *debonnaire* countenance! Black as ink they stand out beneath her stricken eyes. Oh, cruel hand that penned them so abruptly!

"Come home at once. Make no delay. Your brother is dead."

Gray as death grows her face, her body turns to stone. So altered is she in this brief space, that when she raises her head some shrink away from her, and some cry out.

"Oh, Molly! what is it?" asks Lady Stafford, panicstricken, seizing her by the arm; while Luttrell, scarcely less white than the girl herself, comes unconsciously forward.

Molly's arms fall to her side; the telegram flutters to the floor.

"My brother is dead," she says, in a slow, unmeaning tone.

"He is dead," she says, again, in a rather higher, shriller voice, receiving no response from the awed group that surround her. Their silence evidently puzzles her. Her large eyes wander helplessly over all their faces, until at length they fall on Luttrell's. Here they rest, knowing she has found one that loves her.

"Teddy—Teddy!" she cries, in an agonized tone of desolation; then, throwing up her arms wildly towards heaven, as though imploring pity, she falls forward senseless into his outstretched arms.

All through the night Cecil Stafford stays with her, soothing and caressing her as best she can. But all her soothing and caressing falls on barren soil.

Up and down the room throughout the weary hours walks Molly, praying, longing for the daylight; asking impatiently every now and then if it "will never come." Surely on earth there is no greater cross to bear than the passive one of waiting when distress and love call loudly for assistance.

Her eyes are dry and tearless, her whole body burns like fire with a dull and throbbing heat. She is composed but restless.

"Will it soon be day?" she asks Cecil almost every half-hour, with a fierce impatience—her entire being full of but one idea, which is to reach her home as soon as possible. And again: "If I had not fainted I might have been there now. Why did I miss that train? Why did you let me faint?"

In vain Cecil strives to comfort; no thought comes to her but a mad craving for the busy day.

At last it comes, slowly, sweetly. The gray dawn deepens into rose, the sun flings abroad its young and chilly beams upon the earth. It is the opening of a glorious morn. How often have we noticed in our hours of direst grief how it is then Nature chooses to deck herself in all her fairest and best, as though to mock us with the very gayety and splendor of her charms!

At half-past seven an early train is starting. Long before that time she is dressed, with her hat and jacket on, fearful lest by any delay she should miss it; and when at length the carriage is brought round to the door she runs swiftly down the stairs to meet it.

In the hall below, awaiting her, stands Luttrell, ready to accompany her.

"Are you going too?" Cecil asks, in a whisper, only half surprised.

"Yes, of course. I will take her myself to Brooklyn."

"I might have known you would," Cecil says, kindly, and then she kisses Molly, who hardly returns the caress, and puts her into the carriage, and, pressing Luttrell's hand warmly, watches them until they are driven out of her sight.

During all the long drive not one word does Molly utter. Neither does Luttrell, whose heart is bleeding for her. She takes no notice of him, expresses no surprise at his being with her.

At the station he takes her ticket, through bribery obtains an empty carriage, and, placing a rug round her, seats himself at the farthest end of the compartment from her—so little does he seek to intrude upon her grief. And yet she takes no heed of him. He might, indeed, be absent, or the veriest stranger, so little does his presence seem to affect her. Leaning rather forward, with her hands clasped upon her knees, she scarcely stirs or raises her head throughout the journey, except to go from carriage to train, from train back again to carriage.

Once, during their short drive from the station to Brooklyn, moved by compassion, he ventures to address her.

"I wish you could cry, my poor darling," he says, tenderly, taking her hand and fondling it between his own.

"Tears could not help me," she answers. And then, as though aroused by his voice, she says, uneasily, "why are you here?"

"Because I am his friend and—yours," he returns, gently, making allowance for her small show of irritation.

"True," she says, and no more. Five minutes afterwards they reach Brooklyn.

The door stands wide open. All the world could have entered unrebuked into that silent hall. What need now for bars and bolts? When the Great Thief has entered in and stolen from them their best, what heart have they to guard against lesser thefts?

Luttrell follows Molly into the house, his face no whit less white than her own. A great pain is tugging at him—a pain that is almost an agony. For what greater suffering is there than to watch with unavailing sympathy the anguish of those we love?

He touches her lightly on the arm to rouse her, for she has stood stock-still in the very middle of the hall—whether through awful fear, or grief, or sudden bitter memory, her heart knoweth.

"Molly," says her lover, "let me go with you."

"You still here?" she says, awaking from her thoughts, with a shiver. "I thought you gone. Why do you stay? I only ask to be alone."

"I shall go in a few minutes," he pleads, "when I have seen you safe with Mrs. Massereene. I am afraid for you. Suppose you should—suppose—you do not even know—the room," he winds up, desperately. "Let me guard you against such an awful surprise as that."

"I do," she answers, pointing, with a shudder, to one room farther on that branches off the hall. "It—is there. Leave me; I shall be better by myself."

"I shall see you to-morrow?" he says, diffidently.

"No; I shall see no one to-morrow."

"Nevertheless I shall call to know how you are," he says, persistently, and, kissing one of her limp little hands, departs.

Outside on the gravel he meets the old man who for years has had care of the garden and general outdoor work at Brooklyn.

"It is a terrible thing, sir," this ancient individual says, touching his hat to Luttrell, who had been rather a favorite with him during his stay last summer. He speaks without being addressed, feeling as though the sad catastrophe that has occurred has levelled some of the etiquette existing between master and man.

"Terrible indeed." And then, in a low tone, "how did it happen?"

"'Twas just this," says the old man, who is faithful, and has understood for many years most of John Massereene's affairs, having lived with him from boy to man; "'twas money that did it. He had invested all he had, as it might be, and he lost it, and the shock went to his heart and killed him. Poor soul! poor soul!"

"Disease of the heart. Who would have suspected it? And he has lost all. Surely something remains?"

"Only a few hundreds, sir, as I hear—nothing to signify—for the poor mistress and the wee bits. It is a fearful thing, sir, and bad to think of. And there's Miss Molly, too. I never could abide them spickilations, as they're called."

"Poor John Massereene!" says Luttrell, taking off his hat. "He meant no harm to any one—least of all those who were nearest to his kindly heart."

"Ay, ay, man and boy I knew him. He was always kind and true was the master—with no two ways about him. When the letter came as told him all was gone, and that only beggary was afore him, he said nothing, only went away to his study dazed like, an' read it, an' read it, and then fell down heart-broken upon the floor. Dead he was—stone dead—afore any of us came to him. The poor missis it was as found him first."

"It is too horrible," says Luttrell, shuddering. He nods his head to the old man, and walks away from him down to the village inn, depressed and saddened.

The gardener's news has been worse than even he anticipated. To be bereft of their dearest is bad enough, but to be thrown penniless on the mercies of the cold and cruel—nay, rather thoughtless—world is surely an aggravation of their misery. Death at all times is a calamity; but when it leaves the mourners without actual means of support, how much sadder a thing it is! To know one's comforts shall remain unimpaired after the loss of one's beloved is—in spite of an indignant denial—a solace to the most mournful!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left alone—alone.—Shelley.

Meantime, Molly, having listened vaguely and without interest, yet with a curious intentness, to his parting footfalls, as the last one dies away draws herself up and, with a sigh or two, moves instinctively towards the door she had pointed out to Luttrell.

No one has told her, no hint has reached her ears. It is not his usual bedroom, yet she knows that within that door lies all that remains to her of the brother so fondly loved.

With slow and lagging steps, with bent head and averted eyes, she creeps tardily near, resting with her hand upon the lock to summon courage to meet what must be before her. She feels faint—sick with a bodily sickness—for never yet has she come face to face with death.

At last, bringing her teeth firmly together, and closing her eyes, by an immense effort she compels herself to turn the handle of the door, and enters.

Letitia is seated upon the floor beside the bed, her head lowered, her hands folded tightly in her lap. There is no appearance of mourning so far as garments are concerned. Of course, considering the shortness of the time, it would be impossible; yet it seems odd, out of keeping, that she should still be wearing that soft blue serge, which is associated with so many happy hours.

She is not weeping; there are no traces, however faint, of tears. Her cheeks look a little thinner, more haggard, and she has lost the delicate girlish color that was her chief charm; but her eyes, though black circles surround them—so black as to suggest the appliance of art—have an unnatural brilliancy that utterly precludes the possibility of crying.

Some one pulled a piece of the blind to one side, and a fitful gleam of sunlight, that dances in a heartless manner, flickers in and out of the room, nay, even strays in its ghastly mirth across the bed where the poor body lies.

As Molly walks, or rather drags her limbs after her, into the chamber (so deadly is the terror that has seized upon her), Letitia slowly raises her eyes.

She evinces no surprise at her sister's home-coming.

"There is all that is left you," she says, in a hard, slow voice, that makes Molly shiver, turning her head in the direction of the bed, and opening and shutting her hands with a peculiarly expressive, empty gesture. Afterwards she goes back to her original position, her face bent downwards, her body swaying gently to and fro.

Reluctantly, with trembling steps and hidden eyes, Molly forces herself to approach the dreaded spot. For the first time she is about to look on our undying foe—to make acquaintance with the last great change of all.

A cold hand has closed upon her heart; she is consumed by an awesome unconquerable shrinking. She feels a difficulty in breathing; almost she thinks her senses are about to desert her.

As she reaches the side of the bed opposite to where Letitia crouches, she compels herself to look, and for the moment sustains a passionate feeling of relief, as the white sheet that covers all alone meets her gaze.

And yet not all. A second later, and a dread more awful than the first overpowers her; for there, beneath the fair, pure linen shroud, the features are clearly marked, the form can be traced; she can assure herself of the shape of the head—the nose—the hands folded so quietly, so obediently, in their last eternal sleep, upon the cold breast. But no faintest breathing stirs them. He is dead!

Her eyes grow to this fearful thing. To steady herself she lays her hand upon the back of a chair. Not for all the world contains would she lean upon that bed, lest by any chance she should disturb the quiet sleeper. The other hand she puts out in trembling silence to raise a corner of the sheet.

"I cannot," she groans aloud, withdrawing her fingers shudderingly. But no one heeds. Three times she essays to throw back the covering, to gaze upon her dead, and fails; and then at last the deed is accomplished, and death in all its silent majesty lies smiling before her.

Is it John? Yes, it is, of course. And yet—is it? Oh, the changeless sweetness of the smile—the terrible shading—the moveless serenity!

Spell-bound, heart-broken, she gazes at him for a minute, and then hastily, though with the tenderest reverence, she hides away his face. A heavy, bursting sigh escapes her; she raises her head, and becomes conscious that Letitia is upon her knees, and is staring at her fixedly across the bed.

There is about her an expression that is almost wild in its surprise and horror.

"You do not cry either," she says, in a clear, intense whisper. "I thought I was the only thing on earth so unnatural. I have not wept. I have not lost my senses. I can still think. I have lost my all—my husband—John! and yet I have not shed one single tear. And you, Molly—he loved you so dearly, and I fancied you loved him, too—and still you are as cold, as poor a creature as myself."

There is no reply. Molly is regarding her speechlessly. In truth she is dumb from sheer misery and the remembrance of what she has just seen. Are Letitia's words true? Is she heartless?

There is a long silence—how long neither of them ever knows—and then something happens that achieves what all the despair and sorrow have failed in doing. In the house, through it, awakening all the silence, rings a peal of childish laughter. It echoes; it seems to shake the very walls of the death-chamber.

Both the women start violently. Molly, raising her hands to her head, falls back against the wall nearest to her, unutterable horror in her face. Letitia, with a quick, sharp cry, springs to her feet, and then, running to Molly, flings her arms around her.

"Molly, Molly," she exclaims, wildly, "am I going mad? That cannot—it cannot be his child."

Then they cling to each other in silent agony, until at length some cruel band around their hearts gives way, and the sorrowful, healing, blessed tears spring forth.

The last sad scene is over; the curtain has fallen. The final separation has taken place. Their dead has been buried out of their sight.

The room in which he lay has been thrown open, the blinds raised, the windows lifted. Through them the sweet, fresh wind comes rushing in. The heartless sun—now grown cold and wintry—has sent some of its rays to peer curiously where so lately the body lay.

The children are growing more demonstrative; more frequently, and with less fear of reproof, the sound of their mirth is heard throughout the silent house. Only this very morning the boy Lovett—the eldest born, his father's idol—went whistling through the hall. No doubt it was in a moment of forgetfulness he did it; no doubt the poor lad checked himself an instant later, with a bitter pang of self-reproach; but his mother heard him, and the sound smote her to the heart.

Mr. Buscarlet (who is a kind little man in spite of his ways and his manners and a few eccentricities of speech) at a word from Molly comes to Brooklyn, and, having carefully examined letters, papers, and affairs generally, turns their fears into unhappy certainty. One thousand pounds is all that remains to them on which to live or starve.

The announcement of their ruin is hardly news to Letitia. She has been prepared for it. The letter found crushed in her dead husband's hand, although suppressing half the truth, did not deceive her. Even at that awful moment she quite realized her position. Not so Molly. With all the unreasoning trust of youth she hoped against hope until it was no longer possible to do so, trying to believe that something forgotten would come to light, some unremembered sum, to relieve them from absolute want. But Mr. Buscarlet's search has proved ineffective.

Now, however, when hope is actually at an end, all her natural self-reliance and bravery return to her; and in the very mouth of despair she makes a way for herself, and for those whom she loves, to escape.

After two nights' wakeful hesitation, shrinking, doubt, and fear, she forms a resolution, from which she never afterwards turns aside until compelled to do so by unrestrainable circumstances.

"It is a very distressing case," says Mr. Buscarlet, blowing his nose oppressively—the more so that he feels for her very sincerely; "distressing indeed; I don't know one half so afflicting. I really do—not—see what is to be done."

"Do not think me presumptuous if I say I do," says Molly. "I have a plan already formed; and if it succeeds I shall at least be able to earn bread for us all."

"My dear young lady, how? You with—ahem!—you must excuse me if I say—your youth and beauty, how do you propose to earn your bread?"

"It is my secret as yet," with a faint, wan smile; "let me keep it a little longer. Not even Mrs. Massereene knows of it. Indeed, it is too soon to proclaim my design. People might scoff it; though for all that I shall work it out. And something tells me I shall succeed."

"Yes, yes, we all think we shall succeed when young," says the old lawyer, sadly, moved to keenest compassion at sight of the beautiful, earnest face before him. "It is later on, when we are faint and weary with the buffetings of fortune, the sad awakening comes."

"I shall not be disheartened by rebuffs; I shall not fail," says Molly, intently. "However cold and ungenerous the world may prove, I shall conquer it at last. Victory shall stay with me."

"Well, well, I would not discourage any one. There are none so worthy of praise as those who seek to work out their own independence, whether they live or die in the struggle. But work—of the sort you mean—is hard for one so young. You have a plan. Well, so have I. But have you never thought of your grandfather? He is very kindly disposed towards you; and if he——"

"I have no time for buts and ifs," she interrupts him, gently. "My grandfather may be kindly disposed towards me, but not towards mine—and that counts for much more. No, I must fall back upon myself alone. I have quite made up my mind," says Molly, throwing up her small proud head, with a proud smile, "and the knowledge makes me more courageous. I feel so strong to do, so determined to vanquish all obstacles, that I know I shall neither break down nor fail."

"I trust not, my dear; I trust not. You have my best wishes, at least."

"Thank you," says Molly, pressing his kind old hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I fain would follow love, if that could be."
—Tennyson.

Letitia in her widowed garments, looks particularly handsome. All the trappings and the signs of woe suit well her tall, full figure, her hair and placid face.

Molly looks taller, slenderer than usual in her mourning robes. She is one of those who grow slight quickly under affliction. Her rounded cheeks have fallen in and show sad hollows; her eyes are larger, darker, and show beneath them great purple lines born of many tears.

She has not seen Luttrell since her return home—although Letitia has—and rarely asks for him. Her absorbing grief appears to have swallowed up all other emotions. She has not once left the house. She works little, she does not read at all; she is fast falling into a settled melancholy.

"Molly," says Letitia, "Tedcastle is in the drawing-room. He particularly asked to see you. Do not refuse him again. Even though your engagement, as you say, is at an end, still remember, dearest, how kind, how more than thoughtful, he has been in many ways since—of late——"

Her voice breaks.

"Yes, yes, I will see him," Molly says, wearily, and, rising, wends her way slowly, reluctantly, to the room which contains her lover.

At sight of him some chords that have lain hushed and forgotten in her heart for many days come to life again. Her pulses throb, albeit languidly, her color deepens; a something that is almost gladness awakes within her. Alas! how human are we all, how short lived our keenest regrets! With the living love so near her she for the first time (though only for a moment) forgets the dead one.

In her trailing, sombre dress, with her sorrowful white cheeks, and quivering lips, she goes up to him and places her hand in his; while he, touched with a mighty compassion, stares at her, marking with a lover's careful eye all the many alterations in her face. So much havoc in so short a time!

"How changed you are! How you must have suffered!" he says, tenderly.

"I have," she answers, and then grows nervous, because of her trouble and the fluttering of her heart, and that tears of late are so ready to her, she covers her face with her hands, and, with the action of a tired and saddened child, turning, hides it still more effectually upon his breast.

"It is all very miserable," he says, after a pause, occupied in trying to soothe.

"Ah! is it not? What trouble can be compared with it? To find him dead, without a word, a parting sign!" She sighs heavily. "The bitterest sting of all lies in the fact that but for my own selfishness I might have seen him again. Had I returned home as I promised at the end of the month I should have met my brother living; but instead I lingered on, enjoying myself"—with a shudder—"while he was slowly breaking his heart over his growing difficulties. It must all have happened during this last month. He had no care on his mind when I left him; you know that. You remember how light-hearted he was, how kindly, how good to all."

"He was, indeed, poor—poor fellow!"

"And some have dared to blame him," she says, in a pained whisper. "You do not?"

"No—no."

"I have been calculating," she goes on, in a distressed tone, "and the very night I was dancing so frivolously at that horrible ball he must have been lying awake here waiting with a sick heart for the news that was to—kill him. I shall never go to a ball again; I shall never dance again," says Molly, with a passionate sob, scorning, as youth will, the power of time to cure.

"Darling, why should you blame yourself? Such thoughts are morbid," says Luttrell, fondly caressing the bright hair that still lies loosely against his arm. "Which of us can see into the future! And, if we could, do you think it would add to our happiness? Shake off such depressing ideas. They will injure not only your mind but your body."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE IN JAMAICA.

A Pleasant Account of Experience on the Island.

The following interesting letter is from an English lady resident in Jamaica:

"We had a pleasant passage out in a mail steamer, and had a snug little cabin to ourselves, which we very quickly made comfortable by arranging our books in the hollow partitions underneath the berth which we did not require, and turned up against the wall, and also placed there a large fan, for use later on in the voyage, and a bottle of eau-de-Cologne. We did not stop anywhere until we reached Barbadoes, and there we landed, on such a lovely day! with the sea in some places like aquamarine, and in others the color of cobalt. The captain told us of the hour the steamer was to leave in the afternoon; so we knew how much time to allow ourselves, and, after bargaining a little with a man about a boat, B. and I went off, prepared to make the most of our time. Fortunately, B. knew some of the officers on the island, and one of them sent his T-cart to the landing-place, and drove us to some pretty spots till one o'clock, when we lunched at the mess, and had some champagne cup. The Barbadoes ladies amused me very much by walking through the streets with very long dresses, while over their dusky faces they wore gauze veils, some green and some blue. We bought some pretty fans and other specialities of Barbadoes before leaving. We reached Jamaica on a very sultry morning, and after frightful confusion of people saying goodbye, and friends meeting friends, and collecting baggage, we at last started for our destination, which looked from Kingston, where we landed, quite away up in the clouds. We drove through the glaring, dusty streets to the house of a friend, who gave us luncheon, and kept us till the heat of the day had in a great measure subsided, and then, mounting our ponies, started for our nine-mile ride to Newcastle. Oh, what precipitous sides to the path as we went along! and sometimes so narrow, my heart quaked at the thought of meeting any other horses. The women are most active in going up hills; and as for downhill, I saw a girl running quite fast with a can of water on her head. When we got near Newcastle a dark cloud came over us, and some large drops of rain fell. We had luckily brought our macintosh cloaks with us, and it did not take us a moment to put them on; but almost before we had done so the rain began, and I had my first experience of a tropical shower. Nobody should go to Jamaica without this article of apparel; for, though the sky may be cloudless when you start for your two, three or four hours' ride, a shower comes on so quickly that you would be literally soaking in less than five minutes without a macintosh. Life in the hills is very pleasant; the climate is perfect, and the scenery beautiful beyond words. We have oleanders growing around our hut in great profusion, and fuchsias, begonias, and geraniums growing wild about the banks. Humming birds, little larger than bumble bees, constantly flit about quite close to us; and I have watched one sitting at the extreme edge of a leafless branch of a small tree, and the effort he made in singing with all his might shook his diminutive body all over. On arriving at Newcastle we were shown our hut; but we had to furnish it, and we soon made it very presentable with all our knicknacks, which we had brought from England. I covered the furniture we bought with chintz, hung muslin curtains to all the windows, manufactured book shelves, and, lastly, I made a gorgeous toilette table out of two of my packing cases, and over them put drapings of pink calico and white muslin. I also put up the mosquito curtains, and edged them all round the bottom with pink ribbon, so the bed looked very pretty. First, a hook was inserted in the ceiling; from that, depending on three strings, was a wooden hoop, and over that a covering of pink glazed calico, from which the mosquito curtains descended. The great advantage of this was, that in the day time they were twisted into a coil, which, of course, prevented mosquitoes hiding themselves there, preparatory to having a feast on the occupants of the bed at night time. The mail is going, and I must tell you more of our life out here another time."

A MINNESOTA BRIDE ABDUCTED BY HER BROTHERS.

"The story of true love never runs smooth," and we are compelled to chronicle an event that proves the old proverb to be true. On Sunday last George Haynes, of Campbell, and Miss Nancy A. Cross were united in the holy bands of matrimony by Justice Beardsley, of St. Olaf—a runaway wedding. The bride has been residing at Campbell with her brothers, her parents living in Wisconsin. The "big brothers" did not approve of the marriage—in fact they were mad—mad all over—and followed on the track of the bride and groom with "blood in their eyes." On Tuesday they discovered the young couple at Bell's Hotel, and George, the bridegroom, afraid of their threats of shooting him, kept close in his room. On Wednesday a parley was commenced, and, under the thin guise of the bride going to Wisconsin to visit her parents, the big brothers abducted her from the bed and board of George, who is now a "grass widower"—and just what he is going to do about it remains to be seen. Nevertheless, the proceedings and threats of the brothers would seem to be a gross outrage.—*Fergus Falls Advocate.*

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS.

The richest woman in England, Lady Burdett-Coutts, has not been much of a traveler, and many years have passed since she crossed the Channel. Recently, however, she went to Amsterdam in her own steam-yacht, the Walrus. It is a large steam vessel built for the passenger trade, but at present fitted up as a private yacht and manned with a picked crew. After her return to London she expects to visit Cherbourg, and then, if not tired of the sea, she contemplates making a tour in the Mediterranean. She intends to go to Constantinople, the city to which she sent from her own purse nearly $20,000 during the recent war.

ECONOMICAL COOKING.

How to "Gather Up the Fragments That Nothing May be Lost."

We believe that the French cooks have the reputation of being the most economical cooks of all nations, and the subjoined extract from a very gossipy and interesting article in an exchange shows how matters are looked after in the French kitchen:—

"Suppose that one egg is left, or one potato. Here, Bridget, or the housewife herself, says, 'one is not worth keeping,' and throws them into the swill-tub. The French housewife is not tempted by that happy institution always yawning at hand. On the contrary, suppose the egg is soft-boiled; she drops it into a tin-cup, and makes it hard boiled at once. One hard-boiled egg chopped fine is what she needs in composing a salad, and the French housekeeper is wise in behalf of good health, of good taste and of the beauty and variety of her table, to have salads innumerable—as many kinds of salads as Bottom had of wigs. There is the egg—the salad shall grace the tea table. Or, there is the one potato. Your French housewife knows the value of soup; she does not make a huge soup and expect her family to dine upon it; she does not have her soup always of one kind—she varies the kind; and she has a small dish of soup as prelude to our dinner; here she serves health a variety. The potato nicely cut in wedges shall be one of the ingredients of her soup. The beginning of her soup is generally of bones. She has a stone jar and the bones are usually trimmed closely out of the uncooked meat, sprinkled with salt and pepper, and put in this jar, over which a cloth is tied, and it is kept in a very cool place. Almost every day, with a few bones and a variety as to other ingredients, she will concoct a wonderful soup—a white soup, a brown soup, a clear soup, a vegetable soup, and the spoonful of beans or peas, the few slices of tomato, the remnant of the rice or the macaroni shall not be ignominiously cast out, but the soup shall be as is most convenient to the stock on hand, and all these fragments, neatly kept, are to go therein. The French are not remarkably religious, but they do follow up the monition, 'gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.' In one of our families, suppose that we have a cup of milk left upon breakfast; in our closet is a slice or two of sponge or cupcake, and a small saucer of jelly or preserve. In the American household the milk is frequently thrown out or one of the children is 'bidden to drink it up.' Biddy adds the jelly or preserve to her own breakfast, 'so she can have the saucer to wash.' The cake is given to the children as an interlude to meals, to spoil their appetites. Lo the foreign housewife! The cup of milk with an egg, a little flavoring and a trifle of thickening turns to custard; the cake is cut in thin pieces, spread with the conserve and laid in a white pudding-dish; the custard is poured over it; it goes for ten minutes into the oven; the white of another egg is, with a little sugar, converted into a meringue, and spread on top; now the yolk of the second egg is beaten with a little cream or milk, and sugar and spice, into a sauce, or instead of the cream a little home-made wine or the juice left from some canned fruit is used, and there is a sauce for the desert. We eat it. Delicious! What dainty, extravagant things these foreign people use. Instead, we Americans would have thrown away the chief part of the dish, and would have provided for desert a huge pie, more costly and not half so wholesome." N.

A VILLAIN'S FATE.

He Outrages a Child and is Shot for the Crime.

Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 10.—A most daring outrage is reported from Caribou. On Wednesday morning, a girl named Kearney, aged ten years, was picking berries about a mile from Caribou village, when she was approached and outraged by a Frenchman in the employ of Collins & Porter, named Jerry Bouillier. Her father, getting a description of Bouillier, immediately set off to the place where he was employed, and recognized in him the perpetrator of the deed. Before he had proceeded far word was sent that Bouillie had escaped to the woods. Sheriff Barker and an assistant at once started in pursuit, and soon came up with the fugitive, but were unable to capture him. Meanwhile, the whole neighborhood became aroused and a band of fifty men scoured the woods in every direction. A sentry consisting of three young men named Clarke, Collins and Irvine was posted near Bouillier's house. About 5 p.m. he was seen to emerge from the forest and run towards the house. His body was covered by the revolvers of the sentry, and he turned to run from them, at the same time telling them that they dare not shoot. Clarke levelled his revolver and fired at him, the bullet striking him in the lower part of the abdomen. The wounded man remained standing for a moment and then dropped, apparently dead. He was carried to the Caribou House, and his wounds were dressed. The bullet was found to have lodged in the groin, and could not be extracted. He now lies in a most precarious condition and is not expected to recover.

A DRUMMER'S ROMANCE.

Planning an Elopement which did not come off.

A commercial traveller, while taking a stroll in the streets of Peoria, noticed a young lady in a phaeton who was driving a restive horse. He stopped for a moment, caught the lady's eye, quickly stepped in front of the horse and tendered his services as driver. The lady blushingly accepted, and in consequence was an exchange of names, a pleasant ride, a somewhat tender "good-night," and pledges to learn more of each other. On the following evening the lady drove down town and found the gentleman in waiting, and another joyous ride was taken. The commercial traveller went his way, but returned in the Winter to meet the fair maid at a party, and to devote himself to her. Her father went to Chicago and learned that the young man had been divorced under questionable circumstances. He went home to put an end to the whole affair. His decision was communicated to the young lady, and by her taken very much to heart. For a time all communication between the lovers was shut off. But there was a stolen meeting after a while, and the elopement was planned. On the eventful morning she rose, breakfasted and joined a lady friend in a drive, and never once thought of her lover's last letter which she left under her pillow. Meanwhile the chambermaid visited the young lady's room in the course of the morning's work, and finding the letter delivered it to her mistress—the young lady's mother. That discreet matron read it and discovering the plot kept the daughter at home during the day. The commercial traveller, after making all the arrangements for elopement and marriage, was sorely disappointed when the girl did not appear. He resumed his drumming, a more cynical man.

Apple Dumplings.—It's most time for 'em, but any one that eats an apple before it is cooked, about this time of the year, deserves to have cholera morbus. Why don't the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children stop the selling of green, unripe apples? Mortality among children is a great deal owing to their indulging in unripe fruit. Stew your apples, or make dumplings of them, and the poison in 'em is killed. Here is a fair receipt for a dumpling:—You can boil or bake 'em, but boiling is better; for your crust, sift a pound of flour, and rub into that six ounces of well-mashed butter; when you have worked it up well, add the yolks of two eggs and a tablespoonful of cold water; just before you have done with your paste add a heaping spoonful of pulverized sugar; roll it out thin, and put in a cool place for an hour; pare six apples and scoop out the cores; put a little bit of cinnamon and a grating of lemon-peel and a pinch of brown sugar in each of the apples; close the apple up in the paste, and boil each one in a napkin, or, if you want to bake them, don't use any napkin; mostly before serving them I slice off the top and put in a piece of butter and a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Apple dumplings, with Dundee marmalade for sauce, are first-chop.

—A remarkable will case is before the Probate Court. It concerns the disposition of property in South Wales worth a quarter of a million sterling, belonging to a young man named Lloyd. After living for some time with a ballet-girl from the Alhambra he married her, and the testator's sister and uncle dispute the documents whereby Mr. Lloyd left the bulk of his property to his wife and to a solicitor named Allen, on the ground of undue influence by the latter.

Whittier on the Bible.—The poet Whittier writes, in defence of the religious creed of the Quakers, and in answer to a controversialist who said their light is dim: If the light given immediately by the Holy Spirit is dim, what must that be which comes to us through the medium of human writers in an absolute tongue? Is the bible more and better than the spirit which inspired it? Shall the stream deny the fountain? The horrible child murder in Pocasset shows the danger of Bibliolatry. It is only an attempt to imitate Abraham.

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C. E.,
INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS, Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

DR. NASH,
OF BRIDGEWATER, will open an office at Madoc, (Moon's Hotel,) on Tuesdays and Fridays. Office hours—1.30 to 4.30 p.m.

G. D. RAWN,
CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D., &c.,
TORONTO.
L. R. C. P. AND L. R. C. S., EDINBURGH.
Victoria Block, Madoc.

J. P. TAYLOR,
SURGEON DENTIST, CAMPBELLFORD, Will visit Madoc, every Saturday.
ROOMS IN MADOC HOUSE, DURHAM ST.

GREAM & HENDERSON,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, NOTARIES, Attorneys, Conveyancers, &c., Madoc.
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DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. E. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

P. G. DUNCAN,
AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 35.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

S. L. NASH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada.
BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

EVANS & BOLGER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P.L.S. | T. O. BOLGER, P.L.S. & P.L.S., C.E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

FARM FOR SALE.
THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are created a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to GODFREY GERAI,
164 York River P. O.

J. CLEAK,
COMMISSIONER IN B.R.,
LAND AGENT,
Conveyancer and Accountant,
YORK RIVER;
116-41 Hastings Road.

Cheap Bread!
8cts. PER LOAF,
AT
JNO. HARPER'S.
WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
GAMILY GROCERIES,
FLOUR, FEED,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
J. HARPER.
Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1878. 65

MONEY TO LOAN!
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.
To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?
APPLY TO
The Canada Landed Credit Company.
EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST
and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.
For further particulars apply to
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1
Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.
A. F. WOOD.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUG. 20, 1879.

THE 'Prentice Boys' celebration in commemoration of the opening of the gates of Derry, in Belleville, on Tuesday, 12th inst., was successful in every respect. Nearly twenty lodges of Orangemen, 'Prentice Boys, Orange Young Britons, and True Blues were in the procession, and everything passed in the most agreeable and orderly manner.

At the Bartie Regatta, on Monday, in the race for professional single scullers, the struggle for first place resulted in a tie between Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, and James Riley, of Saratoga, Kennedy being third, and Gaudaur, Hosmer, Plaisted, McKen, Elliot and others bringing up the rear. The race will be rowed over again to-day between the first two for first money. The Champion will have to look to his laurels.

SURELY Sir John has at last reached the culminating point of his ambition, having a few days ago received the distinguished honor of being installed a member of the Privy Council of England. A cable special on Friday last says:—"This afternoon Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, the Premier of Canada, was summoned to Osborne House and sworn in as a member of the Queen's Privy Council. Sir John was appointed a member of the Privy Council in July, 1872. The right hon. gentleman was introduced to her Majesty and leading members of the Government who were in attendance, by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and after the ceremony he had a long interview with the Queen, and subsequently dined at Osborne House with her Majesty."

THE twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Ontario, Independent Order Oddfellows, was held in Hamilton, last week. The representative of the Madoc Lodge, Mr. Benson O'Hara, has kindly furnished us with the following statistics which will show the financial and numerical standing of the Order. During the year eight new lodges were instituted; four lodges surrendered their charters, one of which, however, applied to have it restored, which was granted; 1,400 candidates were initiated, which makes the present membership 12,442 and the number of lodges within the jurisdiction, 186. The total expenditure for the year was $85,845; receipts, $101,223. The Widows' and Orphans' Fund amounts to $82,578; General Fund, $243,817. The amount paid for relief and charity was $25,141.47. A Grand Lodge has been instituted in the Province of Quebec. The following officers were elected: Dr. F. Fowler, Grand Master; W. H. Cole, Deputy Grand Master; R. M. M. Patton, Grand Warden; J. B. King, Grand Secretary; W. Badenach, Grand Treasurer; C. T. Campbell, Grand Representative.

A NOVA SCOTIA TRAGEDY.

A LABOURING MAN MURDERS HIS WIFE WITH A HATCHET—THEN COMMITS SUICIDE.

HALIFAX, Aug. 14.—Some particulars of the tragedy at Margaretville, Annapolis County, yesterday morning, have been received here. David Gates, a labourer, 45 years of age, brutally murdered his wife by striking her on the head with a hatchet, and then completed the tragedy by rushing to the wharf and throwing himself into the water. Gates has always been looked upon as a hard working, industrious man. He had been married twenty-three years, and leaves a family of nine children. For nearly a year he has been considered by many intimate friends as somewhat deranged, but was thought to be harmless. Early yesterday morning the children were aroused from their sleep by the screams of their mother, and on going down stairs found her lying on the floor covered with blood, and their father beating her over the head with a hatchet. The children in some cases had narrowly escaped, as the father attempted to chase them.

An inquest was held on Mrs. Gates' body to-day, which disclosed the fact that four contused wounds had been made, each of which produced a fracture in the skull. While the inquest was being held word was sent to the coroner that the body of the murderer, David Gates, had been found at the dock. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to her death by blows on the head, inflicted by her husband, David Gates, while labouring under insanity.

An inquest was then held on the body of Gates, when it was shown that after committing the deed he had made his escape from the house by going up stairs and getting out of a window by means of a ladder which he had placed there the evening before. When found he had a piece of fishing line wound six times around his neck and tied as tightly as possible, and a contused wound on the side of his head, probably produced by striking the bench when jumping from the end of the wharf, which is about forty feet high.

A gentleman from Sherbrooke intends to establish a spool factory on the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John railway, about thirty miles from Quebec, for the purpose of utilizing the large quantities of white birch which grow in that district. The enterprise will be quite an important one, furnishing employment to about 150 men, and affording a considerable traffic for the railway.

Col. Shaw, U. S. Consul at Liverpool, and President of the Hanlan Club, Toronto, in his report of the meeting called to close the Society, thus speaks of the effect of Hanlan's success: "Hanlan's victories in England have done more than all the advertising and emigration agents in the past combined, to make known the position and power of the Dominion of Canada. Moreover, I trust that the great public will now unite in presenting Hanlan a home-stead. He deserves it, and he should receive it."

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Campbellford people are agitating the opening of a branch bank in that village.

The western channel at the mouth of Belleville harbor, is to be dredged to a depth of 12 feet, with a width of 70 feet, and at its upper end a basin will be formed of a size sufficient for turning the largest vessels which trade out of the port.

Arthur Baxter, of the Ferry Hotel, Belleville, and Mrs. Annie Mitchell, keeper of the house of ill-fame just out of Belleville, known as "The Farm," have been arrested for bigamy at the instance of the former's wife. Both were drunk when the license was procured and the ceremony performed!

There seems to be no speculative demand for barley, this year, the market opening at the low figure of 50c., at which rate there has been a few sales of good samples, also a small quantity of rye. What the prospects of the future are it is not possible to say, but present opinion is that prices will rule low.—*Intelligencer.*

The Napanee *Standard* says:—"The Ottawa city bonus by-law granting $200,000 to the Toronto and Ottawa R. R. will be voted on on October 5th. In the construction of this road the rear townships of this county are deeply interested, and for that reason we hope the people of Ottawa will carry their liberal offer."

The formal opening of the Grand Junction Railway, took place on Thursday, 7th inst., by a free excursion given by the Directors of the Company over the road from Belleville to Hastings. Invitations were sent to the City officials and other citizens of Belleville, to the Warden and Members of the County Council, and to the Reeves and members of the various Corporations along the line. The party in all numbered over 200 persons.

Measures are being adopted, with the sanction of the Dominion Government to test the practicability of reviving the construction of the Trent Valley Canal. A Government engineer is now inspecting the line from the Georgian Bay to Trenton, and reports that a canal by way of Mud Lake and Lakefield would be a feasible scheme, and would considerably shorten the distance as compared with a former survey of the project. There is every prospect of the work being commenced on this canal forthwith.

The work on the P. E. Railway is now being pushed on steadily. In a previous issue we said three or four weeks of valuable time was lost by a sub-contractor; but since Mr. Haney has taken charge of the track-laying and ballasting, it is almost incredible the amount of work performed. Yesterday the track was down as far as Wellington; by the end of the present month we expect to see the locomotive at the Picton station, and if no unforseen delay takes place, the road will be ready for traffic by the first of October.—*Gazette.*

The Bobcaygeon *Independent* says:—The American gentlemen who purchased the right of quarrying the bed of lithograph lime stone on the Harvey shore of Pigeon Lake have hired a gang of men in Lakefield, and will this week commence quarrying. Great hopes are entertained that the quarry will prove equal to the expectations formed of it, in which case the quarrying and export of lithographic stones will become a regular and remunerative industry. It will probably employ a gang of from 8 to 12 men regularly, both summer and winter, and possibly even a much greater number.

Referring to the vacancy caused by the death of Bishop O'Brien, and his probable successor, the Kingston *News* says:—"While not making any pretentions whatever to knowledge in regard to the Priest likely to be raised to the Episcopacy, we will not be at all surprised if the Very Rev. Vicar General Farrelly, of Belleville, be the recipient of that expression of confidence from the Holy See. Father Farrelly is well and favorably known throughout the Diocese of Kingston, and throughout the Province of Ontario as a faithful and energetic worker, and as one who will fill the important office of Bishop with becoming firmness and dignity.

The Napanee *Standard* says:—"The barley crop is now safely housed, and the threshing machines have plenty of work and are running to their fullest capacity, some doing big work. From all accounts the barley, at first over rated, and afterwards under rated, will be nearly an average crop in this district, although its color is not what could be desired. Spring wheat is below the average, but whatever fall wheat has been sown, (the amount is small), there is a good return. Rye is good. Roots are looking well, and potatoes will show a large crop. If prices are fair there will be no real cause for complaint."

Some time during the hours of darkness—it is supposed about 2 o'clock Thursday morning last—the dwelling of Mr. Alvey Hagerman, in the village of Foxboro, was entered by burglars, who made off with clothing and money to the total value of about $20. Although the burglars entered Mr. Hagerman's sleeping apartment, they did not disturb either he or his wife, although they had apparently made a search for valuables there. They entered the premises by the parlor window, which they succeeded in prying open with a chisel stolen from Ashley's carriage factory near by, after unsuccessfully attempting to get two other windows open. It is to be hoped that they will be captured and the stolen articles recovered.—*Intelligencer.*

The Campbellford *Herald* says:—"It is authoritatively stated from official sources that negotiations for the running of a daily train on the Grand Junction have been completed between Mr. Bickford and the Grand Trunk authorities, and that service between the city of Belleville and Hastings will begin in a few days. This is an agreeable disappointment to many, as it was feared that there was a lack of energy, push, enterprise or something else, upon the part of the Company, or some one; and there were those who had their doubts of a train running at all this year. The impetus which will be given to traffic, and the convenience to the public, will quickly assert itself; and it is the desire of the community to see an increase of freight and travel result from the working of the road which will in time necessitate the running of two or three trains daily."

There is very little news from the war in South Africa, further than the confirmation of the recent success contained in an official telegram from Sir Bartle Frere, under date July 8th. In the engagement the Zulus were utterly routed and about 800 slain. On the 4th of July the British forces had fully 1,200 prisoners, and the numbers being captured and giving in their submission to the superior forces of the troops, almost hourly add to the number. Lord Chelmsford has resigned and has received permission to proceed to England. A number of important chiefs had surrended and been captured, and although the King, Cetewayo, was still at liberty, it was thought that the war was virtually over.

NEWS SUMMARY.

The bush fires in Battersea are still burning.

The cholera is still raging among the troops and natives in Calcutta.

Miss Julia Holman, the operatic actress, died in London yesterday evening.

A goose with two pair of wings is one of the wonders of the County of Victoria, Ont.

The recent failures of Montreal banks have not affected Canadian credit in England.

The Duke of Argyll arrived at Roseneath on the Clyde, July 26th, from his visit to Canada.

The news of Lord Dufferin's succeeding Sir Austin Layard at Constantinople is confirmed.

It is estimated that 200 bank clerks will be thrown out of employment by the recent bank suspensions.

Hon. M. Bowell, Minister of Customs, left Ottawa on the 12th inst., for Prince Edward Island.

Four more practical farmers will shortly be sent to the North-West to instruct the Blackfeet Indians in farming.

River pirates are practising their nefarious arts on the Detroit river in the vicinity of Amherstburg, Ont.

Reports from all portions of Northern New Jersey indicate a most pronounced revival in the iron trade.

A fire has been raging on the Macaulay Estate, Picton, for over a week. An area of 200 acres has been burned over.

Phosphate mining in the Ottawa district is improving, and quite an impetus has been given to the production of late.

Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise recently laid a joint contribution of $500 on the plate for the relief of the distressed citizens of St. John.

More than twice as much coal has been shipped from Pictou since the first of January this year as during the corresponding period last year.

A boy thirteen years old, son of Geo. Roberts, Scotland, Ont., caught his clothes on the tumbling rod of a threshing machine and was killed.

Consolidated Bank bills are being bought by brokers at from 90 to 95c. Exchange Bank bills cannot be purchased from brokers at less than 99c. They pay from 95 to 97c. for them.

The Colonial Secretary stated in the British House of Commons last week that no applications had been made by the Canadian Government for a guarantee of the Pacific Railway loan.

A London East man made a desperate attempt to destroy his life on Friday night with a dose of Paris green—the favourite poison now-a-days. His life was saved through taking an overdose.

A violent thunder storm raged at Middleton, Annapolis Co., on Thursday night last, during which a barn owned by Geo. Dodge was struck by lightning and destroyed with all its contents, other damage was also done.

Coal is reported as having been found in the interior of Newfoundland, starting from the Bay of Islands towards Green Bay. Boring has been commenced, but the quality of the vein has not been stated.

The woman named Burton, of Margaree, C. B., who was struck on the head with a horse-shoe by her husband some time ago has died from the effects of the blow. Her husband is in gaol at Port Hood.

A little boy named Geyetche was killed by lightning at Cape Anqui, C. B. His brother was severely injured. A man named McDonald was also killed at Margaree, and a woman named Morrison at Middle River, and two men are reported killed at Lochmond. A large railway bridge, 90 feet long, at Bailey's Brock, Antigonish Co., was blown down by a gale.

Certain editions of the Bible, owing to the errors they contain, have received many odd names. What is known as the "Breeches Bible" (Geneva, 1560) was so called because Genesis iii. 7, was translated, "They sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves breeches," instead of "aprons," as is in the English version now used. In the "Treacle Bible," (1858), Jeremiah viii. 22 was made to read: "Is there no treacle in Gilhead," etc., instead of "balm," and in 1609 the word was changed to "rosin," "balm" was first used in 1611. The "Vinegar Bible" printed in Oxford, in 1717, by John Basket, derives its name from the heading of Luke xx, which was made to read "The parable of the vinegar." The book had many other errors from which it derived its name of "The Basket of Errors," after the printer's name. In 1631 a Bible was printed in England, and in 1732 another appeared in Germany, both of which made the seventh commandment read, "Thou shalt commit adultery," the word "not" being omitted. It was very appropriately called the "Wicked Bible."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

ALL PARTIES are hereby forbid buying or negotiating a Note drawn by me in favor of John Conley, or bearer, as I have not received any value for the same.
JAMES FOX.
Madoc, Aug. 17, 1879. 125-4t

WANTED!
POPLAR WOOD
And Basswood Heading Bolts, delivered on the line of the B. & N. H. Railway, for which the highest price in cash will be paid. For particulars apply to
A. MOON,
125-2 Moon's Hotel, Madoc.

FOR SALE.
WEST HALF of Lot 29, 2nd Con. Madoc, West Half of Lot 27, 1st Con. Madoc. Apply to
A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc,
or to the undersigned proprietor,
JNO. C. T. COCHRANE, Esq., Brockville.
Brockville, August 9, 1879. 124-3m

NOTICE.
ALL parties are hereby cautioned against purchasing a note of hand, made by me in favor of McNeill & Shaw, machine agents, dated June 6th, 1879, for the sum of Seventeen Dollars, as I have not received value for the same.
GEORGE SMITH.
Millbridge, Aug. 12, 1879. 124-3t

Land for Sale.
WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-3m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

TEACHER WANTED.
FOR S. S. No. 2, McClure; holder of Third Class Certificate or Permit. A liberal salary will be given. Apply at once.
SAMUEL MITCHEL, JOHN HEWITT, WM. DWIRE, } Trustees,
Maynooth P. O.,
Or to P. S. Inspector, Madoc.
McClure, Aug. 9th, 1879. 124-4t

VOTERS' LIST, 1879.

Municipality of the united Townships of Tudor, Wollaston, Limerick, and Cashel.

COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "The Voters' List Act" the copies required by said section to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Millbridge, (Tudor), on the 12th day of August, 1879, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and, if any omissions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated at Millbridge this 12th August, 1879.
CHAS. DONALDSON,
Clerk of the said Municipality.
124-2t

MORTGAGE SALE
—OF—
Farm Property!
UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage made by John Wolfe, and by assignment thereof to the Vendor, which will be produced at the time of sale, and in payment of which default has been made, there will be offered for sale by public auction
AT THE TOWN HALL,
IN THE
VILLAGE OF MARMORA
IN THE
COUNTY OF HASTINGS,
At the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of
Tuesday, 26th day of August, 1879,
the following lands in the Township of Marmora, namely: The north-west quarter of lot number Nine in the seventh Concession, and the east quarter of lot number Fourteen in tenth Concession of said township, each parcel to contain Fifty acres more or less. The Vendor will produce such title deeds as he has, and for further particulars apply to
GEO. A. SKINNER,
Vendor's Solicitor.
Stirling, Aug. 7th, 1879. 124-2t

MADOC
MODEL SCHOOL.
All Books Required at this Institution for sale,
At Publishers' Prices,
AT
C. G. WILSON'S,
Drug Store.

This Space Will be Occupied
BY
Gray & McGregor,
DEALERS IN
STAPLE & FANCY
GROCERIES!
ETC., ETC., ETC.
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c.
Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

REGULATIONS

Respecting the Disposal of certain Dominion Lands for the purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Ottawa, July 9th, 1879.

"Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:

"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A;

"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt A, to be called belt B;

"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt B, to be called belt C;

"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and

"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the Railway, adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.

3. "The Dominion lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.

4. "The lands in belt B shall be disposed of as follows: The even-numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads on the even-numbered sections, to the extent of eighty acres each, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty-acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the easterly halves of westerly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper, being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held at five dollars per acre.

5. "The even numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each in manner as above described; the price of pre-emptions similarly to be $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be $3.50 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.

5. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emptions shall be at the rate of $2 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in belts B and C, of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of $2 (two dollars) per acre.

7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands respectively, to be as above, and the prices of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of $1 (one dollar) per acre.

8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D and E shall be as follows, viz.: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows, viz.: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments, either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

10. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz.:

a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.

b. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

11. "The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next, up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.

12. "Claims to Dominion lands arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.

13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.

14. "The above regulations it will, of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.

"Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

By order of the Minister of the Interior,
J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
LINDSAY RUSSELL,
Surveyor General.
122-4t

TO BE LET.
A GOOD FARM of 100 acres, composed of the north half of Lot 7, 13th concession of Huntingdon, nicely situated on Moira Lake, and near the Village of Madoc. Well cleared. Present tenant will cease to occupy next October. Apply to
CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,
Or to Gream & Henderson,
Solicitors, Madoc. 167

FOR SALE.
A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.
Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.
SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf. Madoc

THIS SPACE
RESERVED FOR
JOHN ROBERTSON.

Just Received,
AND OPEN FOR INSPECTION:
Black Turquoise Silk,
Light Blue do. do.
Seal Brown Glace do.
Olive Glace do.
Steel Glace do.
Drab Glace do.
Bronze Glace do.
Slate do do.
O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

NEW GOODS!
We are now receiving a full stock of Spring and Summer Goods, being our second purchase for this season, to which we would invite attention.
SYDMER ROSS & Co.

ANOTHER LARGE STOCK OF
DRY GOODS!
Boots and Shoes, &c., has arrived at the
NEW STORE!
WRIGHT'S BLOCK, MADOC.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 167

JORDAN HOTEL.
THE undersigned begs leave to say he keeps a first-class country Hotel in the Village of Millbridge. The mail stage stops at noon at this house. Careful hostlers always in attendance and satisfaction guaranteed. Give the boys a call and satisfy yourselves.
ISAAC B. POTTER,
Proprietor.
Millbridge, July 2, 1879. 119

BONES WANTED.
GOOD wages can be made by collecting and shipping bones and horns to us.
Bags loaned. Prompt remittance. For further particulars address
PETER R. LAMB & CO.,
Manufacturers,
TORONTO.
115-4t

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 15th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Fancy and Toilet Articles,

BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,

STATIONERY,

CONFECTIONERY

LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 26

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The great Eng-TRADE MARK.

lish remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence. Before Taking. After Taking.

of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

☞ Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST

OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 2070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425, Held on the first Tuesday in each month. FRANK H. GAGES, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285, Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 32. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN MCCOY, Jr., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 33. Meets first Friday in each month. E. KERR, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1387, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE. M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O. JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, Sept. 4th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Sept. 1st,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall, On Tuesday Evg., Sept. 30th, at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

Single Fare.

To-morrow (Thursday) is Belleville's civic holiday. The B. & N. H. Railway will carry passengers from this station at single fare for the round trip. This is an exceedingly liberal inducement.

Fall Show.

The West Hastings Agricultural Society and the Belleville Horticultural Society have determined to hold a joint show, on the 11th and 12th of September next, on the Agricultural Grounds, Belleville.

Statutes of Canada.

We have received from the office of the Queen's Printer, at Ottawa, a copy of the Statutes of Canada, containing all Acts passed at the last session of the Dominion Parliament, besides Orders in Council, &c.

Madoc Model School.

Teachers who propose attending the coming session of the Model School in this village, are requested to put in an appearance on Friday, Aug. 29th, at 9 o'clock, a. m., instead of the 30th, as announced in our last issue.

Piscatorial.

Last week Mr. S. B. Burdett and Judge Lazier, of Belleville, after attending court at L'Amable, indulged in a little fishing excursion, a few miles from that place, and, we are informed, succeeding in catching about 120 fine trout.

Had it Out.

Two would-be pugilists, on Saturday evening last, wandered outside the village corporation to settle an old grudge. They fought a round or two and then gave up in disgust,—whiskey, the party of the third part, having evidently had the "bulge" on both the others. Nobody hurt.

Fever and Ague.

The amount of sickness in this vicinity during the past month or so, from the above cause, has been unprecedented in the history of this neighborhood, so old residents tell us. Almost every other family has been afflicted and the large number of deaths this season is no doubt due to this malady. Our village doctors have been kept busy, but we are glad to learn that the fever is now considerably abating.

Entertainment.

The Church of England entertainment on Saturday evening last was, financially at least, a success, about $40 clear of expenses being realized. Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works were on hand, and, under that lady's personal supervision, acquitted themselves as all good, well-conducted wax works should—after being wound up. They differed materially, however, from Artemus Ward's "wax figgers." Mr. Lee recited "The Scotch Drummer Boy" in an excellent manner. The "complicated piece of obscurity" charade was all that was claimed for it, and on the whole no doubt the audience were satisfied.

Too Often True.

A Lindsay contemporary says:—"One of our leading manufacturers called the other day with a $40 job to get our tender. We tendered. For about $4 less he could get the same work done in a regular city jobbing office where attention is given exclusively to such work. He accepted the latter. But when he was informed that the city office could give his business no 'local' notices at any time, and that we certainly would not give them either if we were to be passed in that sort of way, the man actually looked hurt. He positively thought us unjust! Such is life. We have had church managers, &c., also call upon us and unblushingly request local notices of this, that, and the other thing—literal advertisement of the very best kind, in fact—and that was the last of them, not even a "complimentary" ticket to secure our own attendance; and yet they felt sore if we omitted a full account of the proceedings. Is this fair; is it courteous; is it gentlemanly; is it *honest*.

Game Laws.

The following are the dates of the opening and closing of the seasons under the game laws:—Deer opens 15th September, closes 15th Dec.; Partridge opens 1st Oct., closes 1st Feb.; Woodcock opens 1st Aug., closes 1st Jan.; Snipe opens 15th Aug., closes 1st May; Hares or Rabbits opens 1st Sept., closes 1st March; Ducks—black, wood, grey and teal—opens 1st Sept., closes 1st Jan.; all other kinds of ducks opens 1st Sept., closes 1st May.

Canada Thistles.

The law against allowing Canada thistles to go to seed would appear to be a dead letter, from the quantities that now infest the fields and roadsides. Overseers of highways, in some townships at least, surely overlook or neglect their duties, in this matter. The statute provides "That occupants of land shall cut down all thistles growing on their land as often as necessary to prevent them going to seed, or be subject to a fine of not less than $2, nor more than $10; and that the overseers of highways shall cut down all that grow on their highways or road allowances; that overseers shall notify occupiers to cut thistles liable to go to seed, and if the notice is neglected, go and do it themselves; and that they shall look after non-resident lands and railway property for the same purpose." For neglect or refusal of these duties, overseers are liable to be fined not less than ten, nor more than twenty dollars.

Cheese Market.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 18.—Twelve thousand cheese offered, 10,000 sold; 3,500 on commission; balance at 3c @ 5¼c; leading price 5¼c, average 5¼c.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 18.—Market ½c lower. Six thousand boxes factory-made cheese changed hands; of these three thousand were consigned. Quotations are:—Extreme, 5c @ 5¼c; ruling price, 5c. Five hundred and eighty-six boxes dairy sold at 4½c @ 5¼c; sales, 30 packages butter at 12c @ 15c.

WOODSTOCK, Aug. 18.—The cheese market of late has presented a very dull appearance, and the market on Saturday proved to be no exception. The first half of August make are not yet ready, and therefore were not boarded. About 600 boxes of July make were registered on the Board, but no sales reported owing to the drop of the cable report to 30 shillings, which has cast quite a gloom over the factorymen.

Attempted Train Wrecking.

On Friday morning last a dastardly attempt was made to wreck the regular train, on the B. & N. H. Railway, by the placing of obstructions on the track, by some fiend, who thereby endangered the life of every person on board. The section men passing over the road that morning in the vicinity of Crookston station, in Huntingdon, discovered and removed a quantity of boulders which had been placed on the track, but when the morning train from this village approached a crossing a little north of where the section men commenced their work the engineer, Mr. Jas. Gray, noticed something wrong ahead and had the brakes immediately applied. The heavy train, however, could not be stopped in time to avoid striking the obstruction, which was found to consist of a tie placed on end in a cattle guard and a number of large stones wedged in between the rails. The intention was undoubtedly to throw the engine off the track, but in this the attempt, fortunately, was a failure. The engine was so delayed that it was unable to proceed further than Smithville, when another was telegraphed for to take the disabled train to the city. Considerable hard feeling appears to exist in this township against the Railway, and the calculating point was reached a day or so previous when orders were issued for all stations to be closed up and no trains to stop within the township, in consequence of the refusal of the ratepayers to grant the bonus asked for, the by-law for which was withdrawn a couple of weeks ago, when it was seen that to submit it to the people would be useless. With this matter, we, of course, have nothing to do. The owner of the road has, however, an undoubted right to run it as he pleases, and any attempt like the above to retaliate, especially when not only private property but human lives are endangered thereby, cannot be otherwise than severely condemned, and demands the severest punishment of the scoundrel guilty of such a crime. It is to be hoped the guilty party or parties will be discovered and punishment adequate to the enormity of the offence meted out to them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR.—Did it ever occur to you that the *Intelligencer* takes particular delight to pick up any items of news derogatory to the proposed Toronto and Ottawa Railroad, as it the latest production copied from the Bobcaygeon *Independent*, with a little advice added thereto to the electorate of Ottawa. I should wish that the report of the proceedings, taken to get an extension from Peterboro to Bobcaygeon, would also be published, it would show the anxiety they have for railway communication in that village, but it depends upon the spectacles used. The Magnate of the *Independent* don't like the Ottawa Line, because it don't touch at Little Bob. The *Intelligencer* man living on the line of the Grand Trunk, and expecting all the traffic of the Great West to pass, via their harbor, over the almost outward Grand Junction, don't want those people living in North Hastings to have railway communication, and who feel that the Toronto & Ottawa is just what they want, and that they are willing to assist the Road by taxing themselves for its erection. It is all very fine to say the Government can never grant a bonus to this line—the people would not stand it, &c. I have not the figures, but an inquiry at the Crown Lands Department, at Toronto, will show whether this section have any claims on the Government or not; viz: the amount of dues received on timber cut and from land sales, adjacent to the line. And what has that vast territory from Ottawa to Peterboro' received, cut out the Colonization Roads, the Kingston and Pembroke, and Belleville & N. H. R. (the latter only a short line) but both important to the particular localities in which they run, and what else have we? Force out the opposition to the Ottawa Road, and you will find it to be *selfishness*, whether it comes from Belleville, Bobcaygeon, the Grand Trunk or elsewhere. My advice to the *Intelligencer* is to allow the ratepayers of Ottawa or of that part of North Hastings who wish to cast their votes in favor of the Toronto line to do so as they may deem best and do not get the idea that Belleville is the axis-tree of the county—for it is too south on one side, either in opinion or geographically. I trust the people of Ottawa will not be influenced by rumors of the Grand Trunk, but will give a decided vote in favor of the line which will insure its building, and open a direct route to the West, and when we want to visit the Capital of our country not have to trail all around Robin Hood's Barn to get there.

Yours truly,

WELL WISHER OF THE T. & O. R.

Aug. 14, '79.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

The *Illustrated Journal of Agriculture*, published by the Department of Agriculture for the Province of Quebec, is responsible for the following.

Subjoined is a dark and disagreeable picture, doleful to the mind of every lover of his country, but a picture the truthfulness of which it would be difficult to find anyone hardy enough to dispute.

Table of the production (average) of wheat per acre of different countries—in bushels of 64 lbs:

	Bushels.
England	29
Prussia (Pomerania alone)	26
Belgium	24
Holland	19
France	16½
United States	11
Canada	10½
" Nova Scotia	11½
" New Brunswick	10½
" Ontario	10½
" Quebec (60)	8½

We were under the impression that the entire Dominion, averaged about 12 bushels and Ontario 15 or 16, but presume the editor of the above named periodical, Mr. Barnard, having access to the public records, must be correct. As far as Canada is concerned he refers to the returns of the year 1871. So low an average, he rightly says, can only be attributed to ignorance of the elementary principles of a sound and profitable agriculture. Somewhat impressed by the figures in the above extract, I examined the census returns of 1871, and find the following to be the facts, so far as this and neighboring counties are concerned:

In 1870 Sidney had 2,258 acres in wheat, yielding 34,158 bush., or about 10½ bush. per acre.

In 1870 Thurlow had about 2,835 acres in wheat, yielding 29,661 bush., or about 10½ bush. per acre.

In 1870, Rawdon had 3,206 acres in wheat, yielding 36,104 bush., or about 11 1-8 bush. per acre.

In 1870 Huntington had 1,740 acres in wheat, yielding 17,873 bush. or about 10½ bush. per acre.

In 1870 Madoc had 2,027 acres in wheat, yielding 22,885 bush., or about 11 1-20 bush. per acre.

In 1870 Marmora had 676 acres in wheat, yielding 7,308 bush., or about 10 5-6 bush. per acre.

In 1870 Tyendenaga had 5,192 acres in wheat, yielding 57,493 bush., or about 11¼ bush. per acre.

In 1870 Hungerford had 1,569 acres in wheat, yielding 22,190 bush., or about 14¼ bush. per acre.

In 1870 Tudor, et al., had 386 acres in wheat, yielding 3,774 bush., or about 9 5-6 bush per acre.

In 1870 Carlow and Mayo had 75 acres in wheat, yielding 1,078 bush., or 14 1-3 bush. per acre.

In 1870 Herschel and Montcalm, et al. had 208 acres in wheat, yielding 2,601 bush. or about 12½ bush. per acre.

In 1870 Faraday & Dungannon had 146 acres in wheat, yielding 1,573 bush., or about 10 6-7 per acre.

Or, throughout the whole county, an average of 11 bush per acre.

The following table will show the yields of some of the most famous counties in the Province, for the above year, with which our own, as will be seen, compared most favorably:

County.	No. of Acres.	Yield of county.	Yield per Acre.
Lennox	9,402	86,906	9¼
Addington	8,581	78,291	9¼
Frontenac	6,774	59,379	9
Prince Edward	12,819	111,080	8¾
Peterboro'	37,711	360,578	11½
Northumberland	43,727	479,870	11
Victoria	38,028	350,276	9¼
Wellington	84,229	728,162	8½

The celebrated township of Mariposa, in the County of Victoria, having 8,823 acres of wheat, and yielding 85,326 bush., being only an average of 9¾ bush. per acre.

The above will give us a very fair knowledge of the wheat products of Ontario. It seems to me, Mr. Editor, that there are two points in the above to be noticed and to be profited by. 1st. Why should not the soil of Canada be as productive as the soil of England, Prussia, Belgium, or Holland? Is not the difference caused by a want of proper cultivation—or, in other words do we not cultivate too much land? 2nd. As compared with other counties, in this Province, Hastings, as to yield per acre, stands well and the township of Madoc has a better average yield than the celebrated township of Mariposa, there being a difference in favor of Madoc of nearly two bushels per acre.

"Far off hills look green," and instead of gazing hopelessly at them had we not better turn our attention to earnestly and practically develop the fertile soil at our doors. "He who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before," said the celebrated Jefferson, "is a benefactor to his country." The census from which I quote was taken in 1870. The total population north of Tudor was 2,189. It is now estimated to be over 4,000. The population has not increased to the same extent all over the county, but it has largely increased, and no doubt the average of cultivated lands in proportion, and if the farmers could be induced, by careful and scientific tilling of their land, to increase the average of their wheat per acre just one bushel it would add to the cereal wealth to the extent of 20,000 bush., or if increased to 5 bush additional—and why not? it would be 150,000 bush.

Yours truly

A. Y. WOOD.

Aug. 17, '79.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next sitting of the Council application will be made for the road allowance crossing Lot No. 10, between the 4th and 5th concessions of Madoc, in lieu of the road now travelled.

J. R. KETCHESON,

Township Clerk.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122-8t

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

LOW PRICES

JUST ARRIVED,

A LARGE STOCK OF

DRIED APPLES,

Which will be sold at $1.25 a bushel.

Clover, Timothy, and Hungarian Seed.

A general assortment of choice

FAMILY GROCERIES,

and a large stock of

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,

Confectionery, &c., &c.

—ALSO,—

AUTHORIZED SCHOOL BOOKS

AND STATIONERY.

N. D. PETERS.

Madoc, April 16th, 1879.

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

IT WILL be remembered that some time ago I gave notice through the REVIEW, that all debts of what kind soever due and to become due to Thomas Cross, Esq., had been placed in my hands for collection, and asked for immediate payment. Through my intercession to wait until the harvest was in, collections were not then forced. No longer stay can now be given, and all debts due and unpaid of the nature above, on the 1st day of Sept. next, will positively be placed in Court. I have no alternative, and this is the last call.

E. D. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, Aug. 1st, 1879. 123-4t

$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $9 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

☞ Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE north east part of Lot 8, 7th con., Township of Madoc, containing 75 acres. The property is well fenced, well watered, first-class out-buildings, and in a good state of cultivation. Three miles from the village of Madoc.

122-5t JOHN COLVIN.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to

H. HOLDEN,

95-6m Shannonville.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY

FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,

JAS. O'HARA, Jr.

Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Calcomia, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.

April 7th, 1879. 106

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Village Lot for Sale.

LOT No. 1, on the East side of Durham Street, as laid down on the plan of the Village of South Hastings, for Charles Kirk. This lot is most eligibly situated for a dwelling-house, as it commands a fine view of the whole village of Madoc. For terms apply to

Renfrew, Ont.

108-13w ALBERT SMALLFIELD,

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

☞ KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these INSTRUMENTS.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,

Manufacturer,

21 Mitchell, Ont

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future **EGGS** will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stock These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut free of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Shops in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

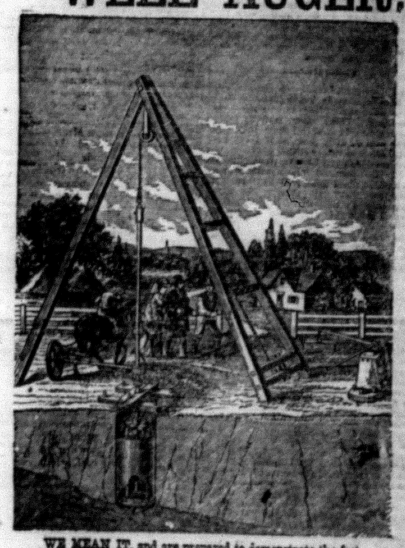
MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!



WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

☞ OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required.

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable!

The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

☞ MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement from fact.

ADDRESS **GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,**

☞ Please to Mention Paper you saw this Advertisement. ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Charms and Countercharms.

"Handsome is as handsome does," an article in childhood's creed, is taught admonishingly to the wayward beauty, encouragingly to the ill-favored little girl, who is happy in spite of her ugliness, until years broaden the vision and observation teaches that the preference and favoritism which are beauty's prerogatives are something to be prized and coveted. When a young girl finds herself forsaken for fairer friends; when even her own glass tells her she may wait in vain for one admiring glance, disappointment must needs follow and sometimes envy, ill nature, sarcasm and jealousy fill up the measure of an unlovely life, and a discontented, unhappy soul marks its lasting impress on the uninteresting countenance of an ill-tempered woman. Even Beauty's Self will lose her charm unless beautified by a loving, kindly heart, while the outshining of a noble soul will glorify the plainest countenance. Nature may have dealt niggardly by many of us so far as personal graces are concerned, but she has forbidden none to seek for themselves the ornaments of meekness and charity, a lofty purpose and a noble life.

Care of the Complexion.

Cleanliness is a necessity to a clear skin, but may sometimes be observed as religiously as by ancient Jews and Mohammedans without producing the desirable result, and recourse must be had to medical treatment or external applications. Even such a condition of affairs does not warrant the indiscriminate use of drugs and lotions. If one must employ any but simple remedies it is best to use them understandingly and with a physician's advice. Barley-water, oatmeal, bran, etc., will not injure the softest skin; sweet cream has been found very soothing to blistered noses, and mutton suet and castile soap excellent for chaps and excoriations. In the latter case fuller's earth made into a paste with water is a painless application and possesses wonderful healing properties. A mixture of lemon-juice and borax is as good a "tan and freckle lotion" as can be found, but even it should not be used to excess lest it injure the texture of the skin. If one must use powder—and there are many who consider it indispensable to both comfort and comeliness—the ordinary laundry-starch so far from proving harmful, will produce the most satisfactory results if used in the following manner: Wash the face invariably previous to powdering it, then rub it vigorously with a coarse towel. Put some of the powdered starch into a coarse cloth, rubbing it well over the surface, and apply to the face as rapidly and persistently as time and muscle will permit; this treatment may seem severe, but it is sensible and efficacious too, and that is more than can be said in favor of applications that clog and close the pores of the skin, even if they do no greater harm.

Table Etiquette.

There are some vegetables and pastry which it requires some management to eat gracefully. Let us mention a few things concerning the eating of which there is sometimes doubt. A cream cake and anything of similar nature should be eaten with knife and fork, never bitten. Asparagus—which should always be served on bread or toast, so as to absorb superfluous moisture, may be taken from the finger or thumb; if it is fit to set before you the whole of it may be eaten. Peas, and beans, as we all know, require the fork only. Potatoes, if mashed, should be mashed with the fork. Green corn should be eaten from the cob, but it must be held with a single hand. Celery, radishes, cresses, and all that sort of thing are, of course, to be eaten from the fingers; the salt should be laid upon one's plate, not upon the cloth. Fish is to be eaten with the fork, without the assistance of the knife; a bit of bread in the left hand sometimes helps one to master a refractory morsel. Berries of course should always be eaten with a spoon.

Care of the Hands.

A handsome hand is a charming object in itself, and seems to indicate refinement in its owner. To be perfect, the hand should be delicate and somewhat long. The back should be just plump enough to prevent the veins from being too prominent. The fingers must be long and tapering, forming little graduated columns of perfect proportion. When the hand is open there should be little dimples at the knuckles, which ought to be slightly prominent when the hand is closed. Much of the beauty of the fingers and hand depends upon the proper care of the nails. These, if cut too close, deform the finger ends, rendering them stubby. The upper and free border of the nail should always be left projecting a line or so beyond the extremity of the fingers, and should be pared only to a slight curve, without encroaching too much on the angles. Soap and the finger-brush are all that is necessary for cleaning and polishing the nails. The habit of biting the nails is as ugly as it is fatal to them. When the skin of the hands is hard and rough, they should be kept almost constantly gloved, and washed frequently (but not too often) with luke-warm water and fine soap, to which may be added a little bran. A little cold cream before going to bed is a common and useful application. The skin of the hands should always be soft and flexible.

Habits of Order in Children.

One of the first and easiest lessons for a child is orderliness, and if rightly taught soon becomes a confirmed habit as well as a source of pleasure. But, if we would make our children orderly, we must see that they have a place in which to put everything, or all our teaching will be thrown away. Then having allotted a proper niche to all their childish belongings, require that they return each one to its place when not in use, and you will save yourself many weary steps, besides laying the foundation stone of methodical habits, which, once formed, will never be forgotten. Of course, there is a decided difference in children—one is naturally careless and requires constant admonition, while another develops orderliness in the very beginning—but still, much may be done by precept (well weighted with example), and the charm and comfort of an orderly home is the most potent of all lessons.

Useful Recipes.

Iron Rust from Linen.—To remove iron rust from linen, apply lemon juice and salt; expose to the sun. Make two applications if necessary. Then, when perfectly dry, rinse in clear cold water. Lemon juice can only be used on white goods, as it takes out printed colors as well as stains.

Scouring Balls to Remove Grease from Cloth.—Soft soap and fuller's earth, of each half a pound; beat them well together in a mortar, and form into cakes. The spot, first moistened with water, is rubbed with a cake and allowed to dry, when it is well rubbed with a little warm water, and afterwards rinsed or rubbed off clean.

To Renovate Silks.—Sponge faded silks with warm water and soap; then rub them with a dry cloth on a flat board; afterwards iron them on the inside with a smoothing iron. Old black silks may be improved by sponging them with spirits. In this case the ironing may be done on the right side, thin paper being spread over to prevent glazing.

Stains from Dresses.—Stains from fabrics may be removed by moistening the spot with a solution of Epsom salts in a few drops of hot water. Rub it in well the first time, and then moisten again. Next fill a tin vessel with boiling water, and set it on the stained place for a few minutes, and afterwards wash out in soft water. It is advisable to have articles thus treated washed immediately.

How to Clean Soapsuds.—Housekeepers who are limited in their supply of good washing water can make it do double duty by dissolving alum in hot water, and throw it into the tub of soapsuds. In a moment the soap will curdle, and accompanied by muddy particles will sink to the bottom leaving the water perfectly clear and devoid of the smell of soap. This water can be used for washing a second time if poured off the sediment. Where water is scarce, this fact is invaluable.

Chili Sauce No. 2.—Four quarts tomatoes four large onions, six peppers, six cups of vinegar, six tablespoons of sugar, then a tablespoon of salt, one tablespoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and ginger. First take the skins from the tomatoes, peel the onions and then chop fine, add all other ingredients and boil about twenty minutes, and bottle while hot.

Walnut Catsup.—Choose young walnuts tender enough to be pierced with a pin. Prick them in several places and lay in a pan with a handful of salt to every twenty-five and water enough to cover them, break them by taking a potato masher or any hard piece of wood. Let them lie in this pickle about one week stirring them every day. Drain off the liquor into a saucepan for after use and cover the shells with boiling vinegar to extract what juice remains in them. Crush to a pulp and strain through a colander. Allow for every quart, one ounce of black pepper and one of ginger, half and ounce of cloves, half an ounce of nutmeg. Take a half a teaspoon of cayenne pepper, one spoonful of celery seed, one shallot, or onion, tie in thin muslin and throw in, boil together for one hour—let cool before bottling. Tender butternuts can be used in the same way.

Pickling Beans.—Boil the beans until half done for table use; pack in small jars and cover with salted vinegar. I prefer the wax or butter bean for pickling.

Mock Oysters.—Grate from the cob about six ears of green corn; beat two eggs, stirring into it flour and milk, each one tablespoonful; season with a little salt and pepper. Have your spider ready and hot, with a little butter or drippings, drop in your mixture of corn one spoonful in a place, turning them so as to fry brown on both sides and serve hot. If it were any season but the month of July, you could easily pass your corn cakes off for fried oysters.

FARM AND GARDEN.

SEASONABLE INFORMATION FOR TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Sowing Winter Wheat.

There will undoubtedly be a large area of wheat sown this fall. It is foreshadowed by letters we are constantly receiving, and patent from the fact that the full crops of last year, and especially the extraordinary yield both in quantity and quality of this season's crop will set many farmers "agog" on wheat sowing. We do not advise farmers to rush headlong into wheat. While it is an undoubted fact that Europe will require year by year large drafts of wheat from the United States, yet we may not expect that succeeding years will show successive failures there nor extraordinary yields here. That the present crop, large as it is, will be taken at good prices there is no doubt; the wheat producing countries have not given anything like their normal yield, and in some of them the shortage has become a very serious matter. Yet succeeding good weather may very materially influence the state of the crops in England and France, our two greatest buyers. What we set out to say was this. No person can expect to succeed year by year in getting large or even fair crops of wheat by slack cultivation, and especially where the crop is sown wheat after wheat, except in those localities where the soil is not only virgin but especially adapted to the crop.—*Chicago Prairie Farmer.*

Disinfecting Stables.

Disinfection of stables, drains, sheds, cesspools and outhouses should now be attended to, says a writer. The value of disinfection is no longer a subject of discussion. All malignant maladies have been stayed in their ravages by a free and constant use of the potent agents of disinfection. The walls of stables should now be whitewashed. In every livery stable there should be a bucket of sulphate of iron (copperas). Take a handful every morning, dissolve in a bucket of water and throw into the drain. It is cheap and effective. So is the chloride of zinc (butter of zinc); dissolve an ounce in two gallons of water. Where there are sick animals the sheds and stables should always be fumigated with sulphur at least every other day. If mixed with tar the gases generated are very active disinfectants. Take flower of sulphur half a pound, wood tar one quart; mix with tow; burn at one or two spots and this will disinfect a large stable. Carbolic acid is a powerful disinfectant and should be applied to doors, walls and troughs. It is disagreeable to flies. Blankets should be wet with a weak solution of it to destroy all disease germs. Chloride of lime is another popular disinfectant. Disinfecting powders, preparations of carbolic acid, are sprinkled daily throughout the stables of London and Liverpool at an annual cost of only $1 for each horse. They keep the flies away and the atmosphere pure.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

Milking.

The faster and more gently a cow is milked, the greater will the amount be given. Slow milkers gradually dry up a cow, and for the reason that if the milk be not drawn about as fast as it is given down it will subsequently be withheld, and that withheld is as a matter of course what is known as the strippings, in fact, the upper surface of milk in the udder. This should never be allowed; it irritates the cow, and often injures the bag. Fill the teat and with a firm pressure of the last three fingers empty it, drawing slightly on the teat and udder at the same time; so proceed alternately with each hand until the milk supplied is exhausted. Many milkers get the habit of slow milking because steady, firm quick milking tires the fingers and wrists, until by practice the muscles get used to the work. Until this use comes naturally the individual should only milk such a number as they can without severe cramping of the hand; what are milked should be milked fast, increasing the number until at last there is no tiring whatever. Five minutes is about the limit that should be allowed for milking a cow. There is another thing well worthy of being remembered. Cows should be milked as nearly at a given hour morning and evening as possible, undue distention of the udder is always injurious.

About Bees.

It is poor economy to let a hive full of comb remain all summer with only a corporal's guard of bees; better put back all swarms but the first, after cutting out queen cells; if this cannot be done, put in some new swarm. We know of a bee-keeper who hives his after-swarms in small boxes and piles them on such a hive to mark the location, and when he has leisure, empties them before the hive, which they will enter peaceably—sometimes putting in as high as seven after-swarms.

How to Conquer a Balky Horse.

I would prepare myself with a good strap—I want no whip; perhaps he has got a taste of that already, and still he is master. But some fine day when I was at peace with myself and all around, I would hitch him to the buggy, turning his head to the village. He goes half the way very well indeed; then he begins to consider he has gone far enough in that direction and stops. I step down; he expects me to use the whip; he is mistaken. As a criminal I treat him on the silent system. I push him back a little out of the way. I show him the strap putting it up to his nose. I go to the off side and buckle it to his off fore leg, close up to the breast, throwing the other end over his shoulder; I then raise his near foot and fix it with the hoof nearly touching the belly. This done, I say to him, "Now, old chap, you stand there." I don't smoke, so I take a paper from my pocket, and finding a place where I can sit down and he see me, I begin to read. This is something he did not bargain for, and the novelty of standing on three legs somewhat diverts his mind from the cause that stopped him. I think this is the chief point to be gained and the most humane. He now shows signs of a wish to go, but that does not suit at the time, as I have yet to look over "John Caldigate." When the strap is taken off I show it to him, caress him a little, and we move on without irritation. The strap will now become a part of the harness for a month or two, till at last the sight of it will act as a talisman.

Farming Pays.

Farming does pay, and pays well on the capital actually invested, with such general intelligent management as is necessary in any other business. There is no other business which offers as good security for the investment; there is no other business which brings more contentment and less wearying anxiety of mind. The man who owns his farm and has three or four per cent. at the end of the year on the paid up capital, after supporting his family, is actually in better condition than nine tenths of the men in any other calling.

Shorthorns for the Dairy.

Mr. Harris Lewis says he preferred thorough-bred cows of the Princess family to any other or all others for the dairy. He concluded with a summary of the good qualities of the shorthorns, saying they have good teats and bags; are quiet and docile; utilize all food consumed; assume flesh when not milking; can be readily and cheaply turned into beef; yield a large quantity of milk well fitted for butter and cheese, and they are good looking.

A POISONOUS MYRIAPOD.

James Ryan of Brushton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., was awakened by the cries of his little daughter, aged six years, who sleeps near him. He went immediately to her bed, when he found her in great agony. Her face, lips and tongue were so badly swollen that she could not speak. Calling Mrs. Ryan, Mr. Ryan made an examination as to the cause, and found under the lower lip, lying along between the lip and the gum a large thousand-legged worm which had in some mysterious manner found its way there during the night. Dr. Wardner was called in. The child continued in great agony and pain. Vomiting and spasms commenced soon after and continued so violent that the doctor thought she would die. He remained with her till he succeeded in checking them, when the child appeared better, and is now thought to be out of danger. Her face is a frightful looking sight yet.—*Buffalo Express.*

—A petite, blue-eyed maiden, who was nursing her fifth Christmas doll, and listening to her mother and some female friends talking about domestic broils and divorces, created rather a pleasant sensation by remarking, "Well, ma, I'm never going to marry, I'm going to be a widow."

—The katydids are serenading, so we shall have frost in six weeks.

FASTING FORTY DAYS.

A Reading Girl Obeying a Desire to Imitate Christ in the Wilderness—A Strange Case.

Reading, Aug. 8.—The strange fasting of Miss Sarah Root, aged 28, of No. 314 South Sixth street, this city, is attracting unusual attention, not only among the medical fraternity, but among the citizens in general. She is a tall young lady, with dark hair and dark eyes, and of excellent character. Herself and sisters are respectable dress-makers, serving some of the best people in Reading. A few years ago Miss Root was an acknowledged belle. She dressed in exceedingly good taste, and always made a very fashionable appearance. Suddenly she became very devout and pious. Her attendance at Rev. Dr. Schmucker's St. James' Lutheran congregation was almost constant. She became deeply interested in Sunday-school affairs, and up to last 4th of July was in good health. She then discontinued eating, and commenced a long period of fasting.

From July 4 to 11 she ate but a few berries. Then she stopped eating altogether. On the 14th of July Dr. F. R. Schmucker was called in. Miss Root turned her back and said she was not in need of his professional attention. She persistently refused to take any nourishment, and throughout all the hot spell she drank no water at all. Finally she was threatened that food would be administered by force. She was growing pale, thin and emaciated. Her former rosy cheeks had faded, the sparkle had left her eyes and she became moody, thoughtful and silent. She became frightened at the doctor's threat, and taking an ordinary cracker she held it under the hydrant and thoroughly washed it. On the 18th of July she ate that cracker, but took no other nourishment.

Dr. Schmucker undertook to convince her that it was her religious duty to eat and not kill herself; that instead of it being her religious duty to fast, she was slowly committing the great crime of suicide. She paid no attention to this. Basin after basin of water was used in bathing her hands. First, she would fill a basin with pure water and wash her hands; then she would empty it, get another basin full and again wash her hands. She would continue this washing for half an hour. She has been known to have spent five hours on her knees, reading the Bible and praying. She has a desire to fast 40 days and 40 nights, "the same as Christ did in the wilderness," she said. All efforts of mother and sister failed to induce her to eat and drink. Finally Dr. Schmucker says he stopped calling on her, because he could do nothing for her. Dr. Martin Luther was next called in. Miss Root was very weak, but still able to be about. She persistently refused to eat or drink, and her people thought she was dying. It was finally resolved to resort to force in the matter and a spoon was inserted in her mouth between her teeth. Nothing could be done because she would not swallow. Finally Dr. Luther inserted a silver tube through her nostrils and injected gruel and milk into the gullet and thence to the stomach. Only a small quantity was injected. The membranous lining of the stomach was greatly inflamed, and too much food administered would have killed her instantly.

The young woman is now being kept alive by forcing food through her nostrils into her stomach. She is laboring under a religious hallucination, and fears are entertained that she cannot live long. She is said to be quite intelligent and she has no fears, saying that she guesses it will end all right. To-day she made no resistance to the tube being inserted in her nose, but she positively refused to take any food or water.

"THE DEVIL'S MASS."

A French Attack on the Free Masons.

(Paris Letter.)

Before the debate on article seven of the Ferry Bill closed, M. Baudry D'Asson made a violent attack on the Free Masons. It may be that the French Masons are different from their brethren in other countries, and there is no doubt that they have always inspired jealousy on the part of the Jesuits, who cordially detest all secret societies save their own. In 1875, when the educational question was brought before the Chamber under the protection and guidance of Monsignor Dupanloup, the Freemasons were attacked in the most violent manner; and a Liberal writer called attention to the fact that among some devout books sold by hundreds of thousands, and approved by archbishops and bishops, he had come across a work entitled "The Free Masons—What are They?" In this book the faithful were informed that the Free Masons had established "the devil's mass," which is thus described:—"On an altar lighted by the black candles a ciborium is placed. Each person, after having spat on the crucifix, brings and places in the ciborium the holy water which he has received at some church in the morning, or has purchased from a beggar for so many pieces of silver, like Judas. Then commences a diabolical ceremony, which terminates by an order given to every one to draw a dagger, to mount on the altar, and to stab the holy sacrament. The mass finished, all the lights are extinguished." Further on the author assures us that there exists a company of female Free Masons, and that there are banquets at which Masons and Masonesses attend, where the greatest disorder prevails. What most irritates him, however, is that there is a secret which he has been unable to penetrate; and this fact reminds one of the bull of Benedict XIV., called by Macaulay the best and the wisest of the two hundred successors of St. Peter, who declared that there existed an impenetrable secret, and that it was immoral. That a Bonapartist should have attacked the Free Masons was very rash, considering that Napoleon I. and his three brothers, Joseph (who was Grand Master), Louis and Jerome, were all Masons; also Napoleon III. and the following Marshals: Junot, Kellermann, Davoust, Lefevre, Lauriston, Soult, Massena, Macdonald, Oudinot, Serurier, Moncey, Mortier, Magnan, Canrobert. In addition to the above were Murat and Kleber. Pius XI. was also a Mason, and so was Cardinal Maury, Frederick the Great, Louis XIV., George III., and George the IV. of England, Charles X., Louis Philippe, Leopold I. of Belgium, Princes of Rohan and Conde also belonged to the brotherhood in the last century. Royal and other Dukes, men of such high character as Berryer and of such renown as Marshal Saxe.

AN HONEST SALE.

A day or two ago a motherly-looking woman of 45 entered a Woodward avenue clothing store having a man's linen duster on her arm, and when approached by a salesman she said:

"Some one in here sold this duster to my son yesterday."

"Yes, ma'am, I sold it myself," replied the clerk as he looked at the garment.

"Did you tell my son that this duster could be worn either to a picnic, funeral, bridal party or a quarterly meeting?"

"I did madam, and so it can."

"Did you tell him it made a good fly blanket when not otherwise needed?"

"I did."

"That it could be used for a boat-sail, stretcher, a straw-bed and a bed-spread?"

"Yes ma'am. I did."

"And many people use them as table covers?"

"I did."

"And that they would last for years and then make excellent stuff for a rag carpet?"

"I did."

"And you only charged a dollar?"

"Only a dollar, ma'am."

"Well, when John came home last night and brought the duster and told me all you said I made up my mind that he must have been drunk, and I was a little afraid he stole the garment. I am glad it's all right."

"It certainly is all right, ma'am, and since he was here yesterday we have discovered that the duster is a great conductor of sound, a preventative of sunstroke, and that no man with one on his back ever dropped dead of heart disease."

"Land save us," she gasped as she waited for the bundle; "but who knows that they won't fix 'em so 'fore long that they'll raise a mortgage off the farm?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A COLONY OF RATS.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Ferry Company have a force of men employed in tearing down the old ferry house at the foot of Cortlandt street, New York. On Monday, says the *Sun*, the workmen began tearing up the floor, and uncovered hundreds of rats. The nests were discovered in every nook and cranny, and rats of all sizes, ranging from three to ten inches, scampered about. The rats were fierce, and in some cases the men had to beat them back with clubs. The rats when cornered fought hard, and it would have been dangerous for a dog or cat to have been let loose among them. At night the rats were very bold. The passengers who go through the hall of the ferry house which is still standing are surprised to see the rats scamper past them, or dodge between their legs. It is laughable to notice the effect that a piece of bread has when thrown upon the floor at night. A hundred rats will rush from their holes and fight for the food, which disappears in an incredibly short time.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Latest Notes from Musicians and Actors.

One New York paper declares that by actual computation, 343 persons have been announced as "engaged for Mr. Boucicault's new play at Booth's" for next season.

Miss Florence Coplestone, the American pianist, is meeting with great success in the English provinces. She recently appeared at Darlington and gave recitals from Liszt, Chopin, Bach, Blumenthal, Schumann, Haydn and Heller.

Mme. Marie Roze has made a decided impression in London by her *Mignon*.

Miss Annie Louise Cary is engaged for the Worcester Festival in September.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers and Charlotte Thompson will go into dramatic partnership next season, and "do the legitimate."

The Philadelphia correspondent of the *Chicago Times* writes that managers there regard Fanny Davenport's marriage as her professional funeral.

An instrument described as a combination of the pianoforte and harmonium on the same manual, and called "the orchestral pianoforte," was recently tested in London with some considerable success.

Stagedoor-keeper to youthful admirer—"Will I give the bouquet to Miss Montmorency? Well, this is her husband, p'raps he'll take it for you." (Youthful admirer does not laugh.)—*Judy.*

After a love episode nothing follows more naturally in the theatrical life of to-day than a divorce. The profession is absolutely covering itself with opprobrium by the way in which its members, one after another, are making a spectacle of their contemptible marital relations.—*Ex.*

The *Scientific American* notes that Mr. A. J. Stafford, of Brushton, N. Y., has obtained a patent for a "transposing key-board for pianos and organs, whereby the music can or may be all written and played in the key of C natural, and yet will sound in any one of the twelve keys to which the finger-board has been adjusted."

Mr. Arthur Sullivan, while on his way to visit Prince Metternich at Johannisberg, has been detained in Paris by severe illness.

Miss Thursby continues a prominent favorite with our English cousins, and her engagements for this and next month are both numerous and flattering.

Gounod has at length found a purchaser for his new opera, "Tribut de Zamora." The Paris publishers, Choudens, are to pay him 100,000 francs for it.

Miss Genevieve Ward, whose French is as good as her English—and that is saying very much—has been asked to put herself in nomination for an engagement at the Comedie Francaise. It would, I believe, be the first instance of the kind on record, and it might be expected to flutter the dovecots of French theatrical society as a further proof that the Comedie can, if necessary, live on foreign support.—*London World.*

Ole Bull has brought over one of his nephews from Norway to teach in the Wisconsin State University.

The following was a recent programme at the London Lyceum Theatre: The first act of "Richard III," with Irving as *Richard*; the fourth act of "Richelieu," with Irving as the *Cardinal*; the fourth act of "Charles I," with Irving as *Charles*; the third act of "Louis XI," with Irving as *Louis*; the third act of "Hamlet," with Irving as *Hamlet*; and "Raising the Wind," with Irving as *Jeremy Diddler*.

Alice Oates, the opera singer, now Mrs. Watkins, was dining with her husband in a Philadelphia restaurant. A United States naval officer, described as "a near relative of Poker Schenck," sat with a party close by. Watkins sprang up and asked, "What do you mean by looking at my wife?" "We certainly did not look at her with any disrespect," replied the officer. "Then what did you look at all for?" cried the enraged husband, flourishing a bottle. The officer thereupon struck Watkins, and there was a brief fight, during which the singer let out her voice in screams.

Charles Albert Fechter, the distinguished actor whose death has been announced this week, was born in London, Oct. 23d, 1824. His father was French and his mother English. He was taken to France when a small child, and as he grew to youth decided to be a sculptor. He studied for some years in Paris, and evinced considerable talent for his profession, but suddenly abandoned it for the theatre, for which he had conceived a passion. He met with success in Berlin and London, and personated, when he was 30, the part of *Armand Duval*, in "La Dame aux Camelias," at the Vaudeville. He was greatly applauded in the character, and may be said to have created it. He was slight and handsome then, and had a grace, eloquence and passion that delighted Paris. The younger and elder Dumas were both charmed with him, and for some time he was the rage. He made his first appearance in an English speaking character at the St. James, London, as *Ruy Blas*. He soon became a favorite with English audiences, and a personal friend of Dickens, who more than anyone brought his talents into American notice. His unhappy disposition continually impeded his success, and he is said to have had "a genius for quarrelling." His strong accent was also against him, though in the portrayal of strong passion and dramatic feeling he had no superior in his day.

PERSONAL.

Talmage is paid $100 a letter by a New York story paper.

Charles Barnum, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, England, is in Detroit.

John I. Blair, the Iowa railroad king, is reported worth twenty millions. He is now 80 years old.

President Grevy is as fond of sport as MacMahon, and intends to rent a part of Rambouillet forest. His daughter is his sporting companion.

Mr. Gladstone has written—on a postal-card, as usual—that the subject of flogging in the army will have his careful consideration in the House of Commons.

A small two-room house was built especially for Jefferson Davis near the dwelling-house of "Beauvoir." He is said to have there an unequalled library of reference for his work on the Rebellion.

The late Robert Argyle, of Gold Hill, Nev., one of the first settlers of the Comstock, has left $10,000 to the City of San Francisco to build a foundation. He has ordered the foundation to be made of refuse quartz from each of the Comstock mines.

Prince Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte has a Museum of Napoleonic relics. There is the sabre worn by the Emperor at Marengo, a silver dressing-case which he gave to King Jerome, the little three cornered hat, and the field glass with which he watched his battles.

The Prince of Wales' young sons, Albert Victor and George Frederick, have finished their education on the school-ship Brittania. They have both passed first-class in seamanship and conduct, thereby gaining six months' time, which will entitle them shortly to become midshipmen.

Maria Theresa, ex-Dutchess of Parma, died a few weeks ago at the Italian residence. She was the daughter of Victor Emanuel I., King of Sardinia, the great aunt of King Humbert, and with the exception of the ex-Empress Marianna, of Austria, the only surviving representative of the elder branch of the House of Savoy.

The ex-Empress Carlotta has improved greatly in health since her removal from Tervueren to Bonchant. She has of late been absolutely free from her former painful and distressing attacks of illness. The poor woman has not thrown off her habitual melancholy, but she evidently feels more at ease.

The Rev. Dr. Crosby expresses, in the *Christian at Work*, his protest against the nude in art. "God has clearly shown us," he says, "that the human body is to be covered. Art comes forward and declares in direct opposition to God that the human body shall be stark naked. Christians leave God and follow art. Then when we tell these Christians that they are aiding vice, they ridicule our verdancy, and call on the world of culture to join them in the laugh."

King Humbert is reported to work so very hard that he is nearly always late for dinner, and the food which is already half-spoiled from being brought some distance shut up in tin boxes, gets to be almost uneatable. But nobody complains, since Queen Margaret, like her husband, cares nothing for a dainty or a well-cooked meal. What she really enjoys is a little dry cake, like savoy biscuit, which a Roman baker prepares for her; he sends forty-eight a day for the use of the Queen and the Prince, and also a small brown loaf which she eats with butter at the 12 o'clock breakfast.

It is facetiously related that on the door of his Greek class room, Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, had occasion a few weeks ago to put up this notice: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his classes." A waggish student spying this scraped out the initial letter of the last word of the sentence, and made it appear as if the Professor was regretful at his inability to meet those fair specimens of humanity familiarly known outside the college quadrangle as the "lasses." But who can joke with Blackie? The keen-eyed old man, noticing the prank that had been played on him, quietly erased another letter, and left the following to be read by whom it might concern: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his asses."

The celebrated bust of Sir Walter Scott, by Francis Chantry, R. A., which was exhibited in the English Royal Academy in 1821, has been brought over to this country and is now on exhibition in New York. At the time of the bust's appearance at the Royal Academy, the novelist was in his 50th and the sculptor, who was made a member of the Royal Academy in 1818, in his 39th year. The bust, which is of life-size, is life like and simply, yet powerfully, modelled. The head is turned to the left and the half smiling, reflective expression is admirable and eminently pleasing. The eyes and mouth are especially good and the modeling of the neck very fine. Over the shoulders is a plaid, arranged in large and effective folds and secured by a buckle. The squares of the simple pattern are indicated. The neck is entirely bare.

PICTURES BY A SWISS ARTIST.

There is exhibiting a collection of twenty-seven paintings at 33, Piccadilly, interesting not only as representing some of the more characteristic scenery of Norway, Canada, Hungary, Switzerland, and other distant lands, but also as the result of ten years' labour by an artist of note from Switzerland, Mr. Alfred Schoeck, who has exhibited at the Salon, Paris; at Christiania, where he showed a number of sketches made during his foreign tours; and at Basle, whilst he has also been awarded the Vienna Art Medal. Perhaps the finest of the works, both in size and subject, is Cape Madou on the coast of Nova Scotia—a grand view of towering cliffs, with a sea setting down after a storm, and the sun shining upon the rocks from behind the clouds. Very solid in execution, this picture is also evidently a laboriously faithful and exact imitation of the scene.

In direct but not unattractive contrast to this rugged coast view, "The Lake of Lucerne" introduces the spectator to the artist's own beautiful native land—the deep blue waters of the lake, graceful outline of the high snow capped mountains, and the luxuriant foliage, being pictured under the attractive influences of a pure, bright sky and clear atmosphere.

"The Wilderness—Canada" (No. 7) represents the landscape after a desolating prairie fire has burned down the woods and left bare the trunks of the great trees, whilst two brown bears watch a couple of moose drinking at an adjoining lake, the scene lighted up by a glowing sunset.

Curiously interesting also are the artist's "Midnight Sun in the Islands of Loffoden, Norway," (a solemn scene, with eagle perched upon a great rock; of this work Mr. Schoeck tells us that for five weeks he had the sun at midnight before him, and could paint the whole night through); "Moonrise in Dobrudscha," (No. 10); and "Home of the Wild Swans, Dobrudscha," (No. 15), picturing great beds of reeds from twenty to thirty feet high, which, it appears, grow upon floating islands.

A large lake surrounded with snow-covered mountains, those in the distance illuminated by the golden light of the morning sun in summer, the artist entitles "The Reindeer's Home," (8), and terrible indeed in its arid desolation is this scenery of the Arctic Regions.

In artistic quality there is, perhaps, nothing finer in the collection than a small study made "In the Islands of Norway, Holstman," (20), the rocks being tenanted by innumerable gulls, a red sunset making glorious a strangely picturesque and beautiful scene.

These are a few of the leading works in the exhibition: but others, like "A Snowstorm, Norway," "At Dawn in the Dobrudscha, Turkish Watch," and "Snowing in Dowerfield, Norway," will assuredly not be passed unnoticed by the visitor.

BURDETTE'S MUSHERY.

(From the Burlington Hawkeye.)

"Gerald."—You grieve that your passions are so strong, do you? All right, mix in a little of your morals, which are weak enough to thin them down.

"Little Buttercup" writes:—"How can I mend a crystal goblet that has got a hole punched through its side?" You can't repair it permanently, but if you stick your thumb in the hole when you are using the goblet, it will answer for all practical purposes.

"Mary Ann" says she is "a-weary," and complains that "woman's work goes on forever." So it does, and we are glad of it. But that doesn't affect you. Bless your soul, you don't go on forever; you don't have all the work to do, not even while you live. Man's work goes on forever, too, we hope, but that doesn't fret us a particle. We are not going to stay here and do it all. Bless you, no; we are not going to do our own any longer than we have to. Brace up, Mary Ann, and don't you fret about the work that "goes on forever." You're not going on with your work more than forty or fifty years longer, Mary Ann, and don't you forget it.

"Mrs. Blodsoe" wants to know "which is the quickest way to make ice cream without a freezer?" Buy it in one of those little paste-board boxes they sell at the ice cream factories.

"Gentle Annie" is in a desponding mood this week. She begins her sad plaint by asking "Will they forget us when we are gone?" You may bet your sweet life, gentle Annie, they will. They will forget us so completely they won't even be positive where we have gone.

"Marguerite" asks if "a woman should marry a man whom she respects and esteems, but does not love, for his money?" Oh, no, Marguerite, n-no; not exactly that. You should not marry him for his money, unless you can't absolutely get it any other way. But if you really "respect" the man, you might love his money, and then you would have all the ingredients for a happy match, anyhow. We wouldn't advise you to marry a man for his money alone; nor, on the other hand, Marguerite, would we advise you to marry a man merely for the sake of his poverty; there is neither merit nor novelty in that. But you should marry him, even though he is rich as Croesus, because—by the way, Marguerite, you didn't say that this rich man asked you or wanted you to marry him? How is that, by the way?

"Baby Mine" says "she is just crying her eyes out because she is not pretty, and she sels lonely and nobody loves her, and she longs for some sympathetic heart that can feel for her troubles and drop words of sympathetic-like healing balm into her lovely life, and——" "Baby Mine," hush it right up; not another line of it; not a whisper. You scare us to death and we haven't a line of sympathy for you. We are a married man, with a boy old enough, or at least smart enough, to go to college; we are the busy head of a pleasant, happy household, and we are not going to be decoyed off into any sympathetic streaks, not even by the lonely women in America. Dry it up, and the next time you write to this department, tell how to make water crimps that will last all night and won't straighten out in one hot afternoon. "Lonely," are you? Then why don't you go to the sociable, where you will meet so many other lonely people that you will feel happy? "Lonely?" Great guns, and a new circus billed on the fence every week!

SHOAL LAKE SETTLEMENT.

(Winnipeg Times.)

In April last, six young men, John Baer, James Schneider, Adam Thompson, Matthew Thompson, Arthur Lawrence and Walter Lawrence left Greensville, a village about eight miles northwest of Hamilton, for the purpose of taking up land in Manitoba, or in some other portion of the Northwest. The result of their search for homesteads was that they selected the vicinity of Shoal Lake, about 20 miles east of Bird Tail Creek, as the most desirable location which they could find. Mr. Baer is now in town, having come to meet his father, Frederick Baer, of Greensville, who will proceed with him to his new home. Messrs. G. M. Carpenter and R. Thompson, from the vicinity of Hamilton, are likewise on their way to Shoal Lake. Mr. Baer, jr., reports that he and his companions are, in all respects, well satisfied with their farms, and would on no account return to Ontario. They have been actively employed during the past three months, in erecting houses, breaking up the prairie, etc. The breaking which they have done amounts to an average of twenty acres each. Mr. Baer sowed 40 acres of grain and planted 21 bags of potatoes, on shares, upon land which had been broken up by a previous settler, last fall. When he and his companions first went to Shoal Lake, they found but three settlers in the vicinity; they estimate the present number as over forty. They describe the soil as a sandy loam with a clay subsoil, and pronounce it to be of excellent quality. The water in the lake is pure, and the creeks furnish spring water of a good quality. Fish abounds, and pike weighing from 1 to 20 pounds are caught. The settlers thus far have enjoyed good health, and have been able to endure without injury an unwonted degree of exposure. The majority of the present inhabitants are from the counties of Bruce and Huron.

THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI.

Forbes's Account of the Final Victory Over Cetywayo.

The Grimly Firm Square that the British Opposed to the Zulu Rush—The Charge of the Lancers—British Soldiers Scalped by the Zulus.

(From the London Daily News.)

The combat at Ulundi was singularly unvaried by striking incidents. There was a big hollowed square, and men in red coats on the back, rifles in hand. For half an hour this square stood doggedly pouring the sleet of death from every face. Outside this square, mostly at a respectful distance, surged a furious throng of savages, brandishing shields and assegais and firing heavily but fitfully from their jagged front. Presently these black men wavered, then bolted, sent in flight by the steady administration of canister. The square, still grimly firm, gave one ringing cheer that was heard in the laager behind; the bayonets wavered in the air for a moment; then the business recommenced. The infantry betook themselves for a few minutes to long shots. A centrifugal whirlwind of horsemen sped from the square as the lightning bursts from the thundercloud, and dashed hot and fierce after the flying foe. Before the cavalry had concluded their innings the infantry were placidly lunching, and the corks were popping off long hoarded champagne bottles. Inside the square a few dead Britons lay, who had spent their lives for their Queen and country. The green sward outside was littered thick with dead Zulus, who, not less than our dead, have fallen for their sovereign. There is nothing more to tell, save of the general fire and smoke that seethed in the bosom of the beautiful valley as we marched from it. I have no manoeuvring, no elaborate tactics to recount. The affair was simply a struggle, reduced to the first principles of ding-dong fighting, with the natural advantage to the Zulus in numbers; to us in the character of the armament.

The only manoeuvring was done by Buller's men, whose horse work was superb, clearing the front, making the division while in the rows of formation in square, stinging the enemy into opportune reprisals, and finally chevying the fugitives many miles. Buller's men had the score of Zlobane to settle with the Zulus; and vengeful fury raged in their hearts because of the spectacle which met their gaze yesterday. In the long grass they found three comrades who had fallen in a reconnoissance the previous day—mangled with fiendish ingenuity; scalped; their noses and right hands cut off; their hearts torn out, and other nameless mutilations. Strange to say, the battle was fought on semi-sacred ground, the soil of a mission station. The ruins of a Norwegian mission and house were a few paces off. They were pulled down to open the range, but before this was done these dead men were brought into the precincts, a grave was dug, and the Chaplain, hastily donning his surplice, read the burial service, to which the shell fire gave stern responses, while the bullets whizzed round the mourners. I never wish to see soldiers steadier. Constant laagering had been threatening demoralization. Apprehension was unquestionably felt lest the sudden confront of the men with the fierce Zulu rush should shake their nerves; but the British soldier was true to his manly traditions when he found himself in the open, and saw the enemy face to face in the daylight. Lads of new regiments, who had never seen a shot fired in anger, were as cool as the seasoned veterans of the Thirteenth and Eightieth.

Lord Chelmsford's soldierly coolness and decisive clearheadedness in action go far to redeem the passiveness and peevish vacillation which are his characteristics when no battle is raging. One might wish him a military Rip Van Winkle, only wakening to direct a battle. Evelyn Wood's face was radiant with the rapture of the fray as he rode up and down behind his regiment, exposed to a storm of missiles. All the officers of the headquarters staff and all Newdigate's staff were unscathed, save Lieut. Milne of the first, who was slightly wounded, and Capt. Cotton of the Second, whose temple was grazed by a bullet. Owing to the conformation of the ground, the dressing place in the centre of the square was peculiarly exposed. The surgeons worked under a heavy double cross fire with coolness and skill. The Lancers had their good day at last, and lost several horses. Col. Lowe was knocked temporarily senseless by a shot in the back and fell from his horse, but regained consciousness, recovered, and led his regiment in the charge. Lieut. Jenkins had his lower jaw broken. It was bandaged, and he could not be restrained from accompanying his regiment in the charge. The Zulus squatted thick in the long grass and fired venomously. The Lancers spitted them in a manner reminding one of pig sticking. Indeed, Keevil Davis killed six *ipse manu*. Young James, of the Scots Greys, was blazed at point blank by two men. The two turned on him. They missed. He ran the right hand man through. The man on the left dropped his musket and inflicted an assegai wound on James's bosom. The latter extricating his sword brought it round to the left with a swift swing, and all but severed his antagonist's head.

ACRES OF PERFUME.

Some idea of the magnitude of the business of raising sweet-scented flowers for their perfume alone may be gathered from the fact that Europe and British India alone consume about 150,000 gallons of the handkerchief perfume yearly; that the English revenue from French eau de cologne itself is $40,000 annually, and the total revenue of England, from other imported perfumes is estimated at $200,000 each year. There is one great perfume distillery at Cannes, in France, which uses yearly about 100,000 pounds of acacia flowers, 140,000 pounds of rare flower leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms and 20,000 pounds of tuberose blossoms, together with an immense quantity of other material used for perfume. Victoria in New South Wales is a noted place for the production of perfume-yielding plants, because such plants as the mignonette, sweet verbena, jasmine, rose, lavender, acacia, heliotrope, rosemary, wall-flower laurel, orange and the sweet-scented geraniums are said to grow there in greater perfection than in any other part of the world. South Australia, it is believed, would also be a good place for the growing of these perfume producing plants, though they are not yet cultivated there to much extent. The value of perfumes to countries adapted to their production may be gathered from the following estimate of their growth and value per acre, as given in the London, England, *Journal of Horticulture*: An acre of jasmine plants, 80,000 in number, will produce 5,000 pounds of flowers, valued at $1,250; an acre of rose trees, 10,000 in number, will yield 2,000 pounds of flowers, worth $375; 100 orange trees growing on an acre will yield, at ten years of age, 2,000 pounds of flowers, valued at $250; an acre of violets, producing 16,000 pounds of flowers, is worth $800; an acre of cassia of about 300 will, at three years of age, yield 900 pounds of flowers, worth $450; an acre of geranium plants will yield something over 2,000 ounces of distilled otto, worth $400; an acre of lavender, giving over 3,500 flowers for distillation, will yield a value of $1,500.—*Boston Cultivator.*

CHANGE OF TIME.

Just before sundown the other evening a young farmer came in on the Grand River road with horse and buggy, and meeting a policeman near Twentieth street asked him to drink. The officer explained that it could not be done and the farmer continued:

"All right—no harm done. The harvest is over, the crops are safe, and I've come to town to get drunk and lick a man!"

About two hours later a horse and buggy obstructed the car track near Twelfth street, and when the conductor got down he found the young farmer lying around loose at the bottom of the buggy, feet and hands sprawled every which way. His face was so badly pounded up that it was first thought he was dead, but after being lifted out and straightened around he opened his eyes and called out:

"The harvest is over, the crops are safe, and I've licked a man all I want to for fifty years to come!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Maternal Scorpion's Love.—There is a species of stinging scorpions found in the river bottoms of western Texas. Immediately after the birth of her young, the female places them in a basket-shaped receptacle on her back where they at once attach themselves, and begin sucking her blood. Of course the mother soon succumbs to this unfilial treatment and begins to droop. The young ones are by this time sufficiently nourished to demand more substantial food, and they kill their mother and devour her. Should one of the young ones become detached from the living nest it is at once killed and feasted upon by its mother. Thus it seems that while the female willingly sacrifices her life to her offspring, yet she does not hesitate to kill them should they be so devoid of instinct as to refuse to remain where she places them after birth. While this is going on the male parent stands around, evidently bossing the job.—*Hannibal (Mo.) Courier.*

WORLD WIDE NEWS.

—Take your ear of green corn in one hand or both—the main point is to get away with the corn.

—It is proposed to convert Manchester, England, into a seaport for the largest steamers at a cost of $16,000,000.

—Shelly shot at Dougherty, at Rye, Ind., and hit a dog. Then, with like marksmanship, Dougherty shot at Shelly and hit a horse.

—A well-dressed young man, believed to be a German, threw himself from the Arc de Triomphe, Paris, on July 7, and was dashed to pieces.

—Since July, 1878, no gold has been coined at the London Mint. This is due to contraction of trade and influx of gold from Australia.

—A curiosity dealer at Dijon, France, has for sale a fossil molar as big as two fists. It is labelled in his window, "Half of one of Adam's teeth, found in his tomb at Hebron."

—"If you want a pug dog, madam," said a dog fancier to a would-be purchaser, "this here one's the dog; why his nose is just a turnin' somersets 'atween his eyes all the time."

—Nearly every one of those newspapers opposing Talmage, says the Detroit *Free Press*, are cordial supporters of Moody, and yet both men seem to be saving souls on the same principle.

—A hole cut in the boot of an Ohio farmer made it fit easier, but it also gave an opportunity to a copperhead snake that he stepped upon in his barn. He was bitten upon the exposed spot and killed.

—A part of the consumptive hospital at Brompton, London, is called the Nightingale Wing, being built from the proceeds of a concert by Jenny Lind. A new wing has just been added on the site of Tom Moore's old home.

—Three rival lovers of Miss Hudson, at Lakey Bend, Ill., pooled their issues in a combination against a fourth and more favored suitor. They seized him as he was going to call on her, threw him into a pond and let him drown.

—Notwithstanding the example of Chastine Cox, a negro entered Mrs. Kelly's house at Evansville, Ind., gathered some plunder in her room, and then, thinking that she was about to awake, killed her with a big stone that he had carried in for a weapon.

—The importation of American leather into Europe has increased one hundred per cent. since 1873. In that year Europe received 659,912 hides, and to judge by the exports from the United States thus far this year it will receive at the close over 1,500,000.

—The Grand Hotel, Paris, is to be sold in August; the upset price is 19,000,000 francs, plus 6,700,000 francs for the good will and furniture. The Hotel Scribe and the Grand Cafe will likewise be sold at the upset price of 5,000,000 francs, plus 500,000 francs for the good will and furniture.

—Two young women were protesting to a Hartford court their desire to reform. Their lawyer turned to them, and said in a whisper audible to a *Courant* reporter: "Stop your noise, and sling in your tears." Then the prisoners lifted up a loud wail, the heart of the justice was overcome, and he let them go.

—The *Kronstadt News* reports that during the naval exercises, a pyroxiline submarine mine was exploded, when six Russian mariners approached it in a boat. The boat and the men were instantly torn to pieces, and except the mutilated body of a mariner, not a fragment of the victims could be found.

—Some of the victims of the Glasgow Bank swindle pine and die, and the papers occasionally refer to those who have met an untimely grave. R. Callwell, of Iverness, was a year ago worth $850,000. His thirty shares in the bank made him penniless at 70 years of age, and he was lately found dead in his bed.

—Attention has just been drawn in England to Miss Dick of Ventnor, who has voluntarily stayed abed for twenty years. She was prevented by her parents from marrying the man she loved, whereupon she went to bed, declaring that she would never get up again, and has kept her word. She is now said to have been the original *Miss Havisham* in Dickens' "Great Expectations."

—A suicidal passenger leaped from a British Channel steamer, and the mate instantly plunged after him. The crew laboriously cut away the canvas covering of the lifeboat, only to find the craft half full of water, and when partly lowered she broke in two, dropping out the occupants, one of whom was drowned. The passenger had in the meantime succeeded in his suicide.

—An aged couple of negroes had lived as husband and wife thirty-five years at Oglethorpe, Ga., without ever being formally married, when the old man eloped with a frisky yellow girl. He soon returned and obtained the old woman's forgiveness; but she insisted that they should be reunited by a marriage ceremony, as she was convinced that something stronger than their former union was necessary. The wedding was made notable by a great gathering of colored people.

—The *Almanach Mathieu*, a great favorite with the French farmers, has been unusually successful this year, as to which it predicted: "The rains will be of such a nature as to cause great danger to the roads and railroads both in France and throughout Europe. The seasons will be subject in the course of the year to periods of quite exceptional gravity. For the month of July, flying storms at the full moon, which will begin the 3rd and end the 11th." For the British Isles, France, and Belgium, this has all proved entirely correct.

—At the close of a prayer meeting in a Methodist church at Acton, Ind., Brother Hamlin, superintendent of the Sunday school, announced that the services on the following Sunday would be held in a grove near by. This was really the result of a division in the congregation. Pastor Weaver said that, on the contrary, the usual services would take place in the church, and at once pronounced the benediction. The two then met in the aisle, quarrelled fiercely, and then had a fight, in which the clergyman whipped the superintendent.

—In contrast with the extreme and fanatical opinions of Mr. Gough are the well-weighed and judicious views of Mr. Gladstone. Having been recently requested to speak at a meeting convened for the purpose of closing the public houses, he replied that he thought the early closing of the beer houses had already proved a great evil; that the mechanic unable to get his beer at a late hour, when tired out with work, had recourse to drugs of an injurious kind, and that he believed beer was a proper, as it had always been a national, drink.

—At Derby, England, last month a man and woman were arrested for furious driving. The woman violently resisted, when the man, exclaiming, "We will have no more of this," fired thrice with a pistol, wounding one policeman and killing another. He gave the name of Jeremiah Jerusalem, but proved to be Gerald Mainwaring, son of a county magistrate of ancient family. Originally intended for the church he fell into dissolute habits. Eight hundred rounds of pistol ammunition were in the wagon he was driving. His companion was the dissipated wife of another man.

—Religious revivalism in England has taken a curious form, outside the established church. The converts join what they call the Salvation Army, the leader of which is styled a General, and the idea of a warfare against sin is carried out in numerous ways. The different congregations are "corps," and are designated by numbers; the word "soldier" takes the place of "brother" and "sister;" and before each meeting a procession moves through the streets of the neighborhood with drums fifes and banners. The meetings are of the American camp meeting sort, the fervor being so demonstrative as to startle staid John Bull.

—Here is an incident of railroad travel in Hungary. A mail train came to a sudden stop in a tract of open country. The passengers thrust their heads out at the windows to see what had happened. A pig had leaped from a van and was skurrying away. The train employees joined in a pursuit, and the fugitive was hotly chased for twenty minutes. Then all returned to the waiting train except the official who had charge of the baggage van, and the delay was prolonged, but in vain, for him to come back. At the end of the journey the passengers could not get their trunks until next day, when the voucher man arrived.

—A Jewish gentleman has lately written to the London *Express* commenting upon the erroneous ideas prevalent as to the Jewish Sabbath. Intelligent recreation, and even amusement is, when innocent, deemed perfectly permissible. Reading rooms, galleries, and museums are all places of lawful resort. On the other hand he says: "We are punctilious in regard to servile work. We would not, for instance, permit our servants to remain outside listening to the neighing of carriage horses, while the devout congregation inside were listening to the Bishop eloquently reminding his absorbed listeners that the rest of the Sabbath must extend to all."

—Jerusalem is becoming daily more and more German, and that language is very generally spoken there. The German settlers are both Jew and Christian, and recently a magazine, to appear once in three months, has been started, giving an account of all that is interesting "down in Judea," and bearing especial reference to the archæological researches made in the district. The conductors of this periodical will pay particular attention to the various moot points as to topography in and around the Holy City. Mr. Trollope, in one of his novels, depicts his characters enjoying a picnic near Jerusalem, and it is quite on the cards that the Mount of Olives has been marked down as the site of a lager beer garden, for, where Germans are, lager and gardens must soon follow.

—The north of England to-day is strewn with wrecks. In June an auction sale took place at Gunnergate Hall, Yorkshire, the magnificent residence of Mr. Vaughan, which was furnished in a style of fabulous splendor. His father made a vast fortune out of iron, and the collapse of that industry has ruined the son. The present is a fine time for persons having money to invest in the English manufacturing districts, where houses can be purchased, with their contents, for less than the bare frame cost. Probably there has never been such a change from affluence to penury since the West Indian Emancipation Act. During the cotton trouble, while the working class suffered heavily, to the manufacturer the trouble was only temporary; but in the case of these iron people the prevalent feeling is that the trade is gone.

—A gang of sharpers in Philadelphia have for more than a year been swindling visitors from the country in a novel way. They have a stable ostensibly for the purchase and sale of horses. When a country man enters to look at the stock, a practically valueless horse is offered to him for $150. A bystander offers $200, but the dealer angrily says that he will not sell to this man at any price, having had a previous quarrel with him. The bystander draws the countryman aside and says: "Buy the horse for $150, and I'll take him off your hands for $200." This seems to offer a chance to make $50 without risk; but the victim, after paying the $150 for the beast, does not see any more of the promised purchaser with the $200.

—A young lady member of a wealthy Jewish family was about to be married recently in Koenigshutte, Silesia, and all the arrangements for the wedding day had been made, when the historic stage character of the last act, an old peasant woman, entered the house and begged that consent be refused to the match. Twenty years ago she was a nurse in the house, and one night in her sleep she smothered the Jewish child. In fear of punishment, she got rid of the dead babe, and placed in its stead her own daughter of a similar age. She was a Christian, and her babe had been baptized. She, therefore, insisted on her right to prevent her child's marriage with a Jew. Authorities have been called to investigate the case.

—Bismarck loses no time in turning to account the increased revenues provided by the new tariff. The Berlin correspondent of the *Standard* (London) states that the long meditated raising of those regiments which are numerically defective to the numbers required on a peace footing will not be further delayed. To furnish the requisite numbers, giving each battalion the minimum strength prescribed—namely, 664—a further levy of 35,401 men is necessary. Besides this, about one hundred regiments require more workmen, and other additions, making a total accession to the army of 37,325 men. This will involve an augmentation of army expenses of about 28,000,000 marks annually. The Government is also seriously considering the proposal for the formation of fifteen new batteries of four guns.

—Rev. Daniel Isaac was an eccentric itinerant preacher. He once alighted at an inn to stay all night. On asking for a bed he was told that he could not have one, as there was to be a ball there that night and all the beds were engaged. "At what time does the ball break up?" inquired Mr. Isaac. "About three in the morning, sir." "Well, then, can I have a bed until that time?" "Yes, certainly; but if the bed is asked for you will have to move." "Very well," replied Mr. Isaac. About three in the morning he was awakened by a loud knocking at the chamber door. "What do you want?" he asked. "How many of you are in there?" inquired a voice. "There's me and Daniel and Mr. Isaac and an old Methodist preacher," was the reply. "Then, by Jupiter, there's plenty of you!" and the applicant passed on leaving Mr. Isaac to finish his night's slumber.

—An extraordinary conspiracy, by which a number of boys determined to set fire to a training ship in order to run away, has been unearthed on board Her Majesty's ship Arethusa. Six lads made arrangements to burn the vessel, but, in consequence of some methylated spirits being missed, and other circumstances that came to the knowledge of Captain Walter, the plan was discovered and frustrated, or the most serious consequences might have ensued. When the prisoners were apprehended they did not seem to have made any secret of their intention, and some lucifer matches which the boys were not allowed to have, were found in their possession. They were asked by Captain Walter whether they really intended to set fire to the ship, and they at once replied that they did, their object being to run away.

—A nervous woman applied for assistance and protection of a London Police Court a fortnight ago. She said she was feeling continually mesmerized and magnetized by her husband and his two English servants. They could mesmerize her at a distance, and she was dying miserably by it. The magistrate said he was afraid it was not a matter of which he could take cognizance. "If death ensues," asked the timid creature, "is not that enough? I am gradually dying and the substance of my body is being taken away. I have had thirteen doctors during the year. Cannot you have my husband before you, and question him about it?" The magistrate observed that he could not. The applicant replied: "You are an English magistrate, and you connive at private murder. Good morning."

—The other day the St. Petersburg papers announced the death from sheer starvation of Prince Serge Michaelovich Galitzin, employed as a censor of books, and removed by "supreme orders" to Odessa, where he took lodgings in the house of a carpenter, occupying a dark, damp room, of such limited dimensions that his coffin could not be got into it. An inquiry elicited the fact that for months he had subsisted on dry bread with occasionally a morsel of cheese or an apple. He left no effects, save the rags on him, when he died. His mother is a wealthy dame, resident in Moscow, where she owns several houses, a fine mansion surrounded by a park and a fashionable nunnery. His wife, for the unfortunate nobleman was married, hastened from Moscow to attend his funeral, but was too late.

—Experiments in the inoculation of horse-pox have been made by some French savant. In the early part of this year there was an epidemic of horse-pox in some parts of France. A white horse having been selected for the experiment, its virus was carefully collected, and seven young soldiers who had never been vaccinated were inoculated with it. Upon six of these subjects it proved successful. Four of these were made use of for the inoculation of sixty-four other men, [illegible] of whom had never been vaccinated. The result was that in forty cases characteristic pustules were obtained. Then a number of calves were inoculated, and their virus was used for vaccination; but in this case there were only 48 per cent. of successful cases, and in the former experiment there were 64 per cent. This seems to show that the horse-pox virus is weakened by passing through the calf system.

MAKING THIMBLES.

The process of making thimbles is described as follows:—Bright new silver coins are reduced to ingots by melting in crucibles. They are then rolled into the required thickness and cut by a stamp into circular pieces of the required size. These circular disks are placed under a solid metal bar of the size of the inside of the intended thimble, which, moved by powerful machinery, descends in a cotton-lined mould of the size of the outside of the thimble and presses the metal into the desired shape at a single blow. The remaining operations of brightening, polishing and decorating are performed by means of a lathe. First, the blank form is fitted with a rapidly revolving rod; a slight touch of a sharp chisel takes a thin shaving from the end; another does the same on the side, while a third rounds off the rim. The polishing is done by a round steel rod, which is dipped in oil and pressed upon the surface. Small revolving steel wheels held against the revolving blank pierce the indentations of the lower half and end of the thimble; the ornamentation is done by a similar process. All that remains to be done to the thimble is to brighten and polish the inside, boil them in soapsuds to remove the oil, brush them up and pack them for the market.

North Hastings Review.

["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."]

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors.

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MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you."—*Old Song.*

"I do not think I should feel it quite so much," says Molly, in a low, miserable expiring stolen voice, "if I could only see him now and then. No, not in the flesh—I do not mean that—but if I could only bring his face before my mind I might be content. Hour after hours together I sit, with my hands clasped before my eyes, trying to conjure him up, and I cannot. Almost every casual acquaintance I possess, all the people whose living or dying matters to me not at all, rise at my command; but he never. Is it not curious?"

"Perhaps it is because your mind dwells too much upon him. But tell me of your affairs," says Luttrell, abruptly but kindly, leading her to a sofa and seating himself beside her, with a view to drawing her from her unhappy thoughts. "Are they as bad as Mrs. Masserene says?"

"Quite as bad."

"Then what do they mean to do?" In a tone of the deepest commiseration.

"They? We, you mean. What others, I suppose, have learned to do before us—work for our daily bread."

An incredulous look came into his eyes, but he wisely subdues it.

"And what do you propose doing?" he asks, calmly, meaning in his own mind to humor her.

"You are like Mr. Buncarlet—he would know everything," says Molly, with a smile; "but this is a question you must not ask me—just yet. I have a hope—perhaps I had better say an idea; and until it is confirmed or rejected I shall tell no one of it. No, not even you."

"Well, never mind. Tell me instead when you intend leaving Brooklyn."

"In a fortnight we must leave it. Is it not a little while?—only twenty short weeks in which to say good-bye forever to my home—(how much that word comprises!)—to the place where all my life has been spent—where every stone, and tree, and path is endeared to me by a thousand memories."

"And after?"

"We go to London. There I hope to work out my idea."

"You have forgotten to tell me," says Luttrell, slowly, "my part in these arrangements."

"Yours? Ah, Teddy, you put an end to our engagement in good time. Now it must have been broken, whether we liked it or not."

"Meaning that I must not throw in my lot with yours? Do you know what folly you are talking?" says Luttrell, almost roughly. "Once, I am assured, in our engagement that cannot be broken. Not all the other words that could be spoken—that have been spoken"—is a low tone of reproach—"have power to sever us. You are mine, Molly, as I am yours, forever. I will never cease to love you. And now—now—in the hour of your trouble—" Breaking off, he gets up from his seat and commences to pace the room excitedly.

She has risen too, and is standing with her eyes fixed anxiously upon him. At length, "Let me finish what I have to say. Misconceptions and doubts," he says, stopping before her. "Your manner that last evening at Revet, your pleeting to-day, have led me to hope again. I would know the truth, further delay whether I am wrong in thinking you care more for me than for any other man. Am I? Speak Molly, tell me now—here—if you love me."

"I do—I do!" cries she, bursting into tears again, and flinging herself in an abandonment of grief into his longing arms. "And that is why I have made my life so hard. That is why I have not allowed myself to see you all these past days. It was not coldness, Teddy, it was love. I dared not see you, because all must be at an end between us."

"Do you think, with you in my arms like this, with the assurance of your love fresh upon your lips, and now"—stooping—"upon mine, I can do anything but laugh at such treason as that?"

"Nay, but you must listen, Teddy, and believe that I am earnest in all that I say. For the future I shall neither see you nor hear from you; I must even try to forget you, if I would succeed in what lies before me. From henceforth I shall do my best to regard you as a stranger—to keep you at arm's length."

"Never," says Luttrell, emphatically, tightening his arms around her, as though to enforce the meaning of the word and show the absurdity of her last remark. "You talk as though you meant to convince me, but unhappily you don't. The more you say the more determined I am to have you to myself—happily you don't. The more you say the more determined I am to have you to myself—happily you don't. The more you say the more determined I am to have you to myself—happ

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THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

The courts have decided that if a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the post-office or not. Also, action for fraud can be instituted against any person, whether he is responsible in a financial view or not, who refuses to pay for a publication. Some forget this, and think by merely refusing to take the paper from the post-office settles the matter.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUG. 27, 1879.

THEORIES OF EDUCATION.

At the Educational Conference, held at the Thousand Island Park, during this month, Dr. Malcolm McVicar, Principal of the Normal School, at Potsdam, N. Y., and brother of Principal McVicar, Presbyterian College, Montreal, gave a very interesting lecture on the Philosophy of Education. The lecture had many things that were new and some not so new, but all delivered in a racy and impressive manner, showing not only a clear headed thinker, but also a man thoroughly imbued with his doctrine. A lively discussion was evoked by the paper read by the doctor, and many objections made, particularly to his definition of education. We have heard from our youth up education defined as the "drawing out" and the "pouring in" system ridiculed by gentlemen who professed to be authorities on the science. We have also heard dogmatic and learned discourses and lectures on the subject, but Dr. McVicar's lecture, as reported, seems to us to have caught the right theory. He believes Education to be neither a "drawing out" nor a "pouring in." We dare say the doctor's lecture will create a wide criticism when published, in fact a wider criticism than it received at its delivery but we shall be glad to see them. In the mean time we may be permitted to say that our judgment is strongly in favor of the theory. It not only convinces our reason but impresses itself upon our common sense. We are glad to know of men who dare think out loud occasionally, even though their ideas do not run in the acknowledged orthodox channel. In our young days a birch twig was supposed to have wonderful properties in "imparting" or "drawing out" knowledge. This theory is not so popular as it used to be, or at any rate not so much practiced, perhaps to the injury of our schools. We remember when the doctrine "you must," enforced by a proper application of the principle by Madame Birch, was most efficacious in bringing about desired results. Moral suasion is loudly advocated at the present day. We believe in it, but in this way, first have your power to compel. Try your doses of moral suasion if you have time, but make sure of having what you want done even at the expense of ignoring moral suasion for the time. We believe the doctor when he says "It is necessary to be brought into proper relations with other things in order to produce a thorough development." The lecture is reported as follows in the *Mail*:—"He started out by defining education to be the course of training by which a human being obtains the command of body and mind, and systematic knowledge of such an extent and kind as shall fit him to prosecute in an intelligent manner any kind of mental, moral or physical work. He ignored the theory of education as a drawing out, or the opposing one, of pouring in. He said that the body and mind were both germinal at the outset; and that the process of education was that of placing this germinal power in proper relations with the outside world. He illustrated what he meant by a reference to the mineral, the vegetable and the animal world, instancing in the first place the union of hydrogen and oxygen to form water when brought together in proper relations; in the second case the production of the mighty oak from the acorn by placing its germinal power in proper relations with other things; in the third case to the young animal in which the same law held good. In each of these cases the power was potential, but it had to be brought into proper relations with other things in order to produce a thorough development. The same reasoning will hold good in regard to the mind: the power is there in the germ and it has to be developed by bringing it into proper relations with outside things. The mind of the infant is related to that of the man as the acorn is to the oak. The future of the mind depends as much on its relations as does the future of the acorn on its surroundings. In regard to the equality of the mind the same considerations held as in seed; there is a difference in acorns and there is the same difference in the germ mind. Circumstances do not make men, but men make circumstances. He then gave a classification of the different organs of the body from an educational standpoint; and laid down a carefully elaborated scheme for developing those organs.

THE Industrial exhibition opens at Toronto, on the first of September, and will continue until the 19th. His Excellency, the Governor General and the Princess Louise will be present at the opening ceremonies. Immense preparations are being made by the citizens of Toronto to give them a fitting reception. Among the attractions during their stay will be a grand Military Review, to take place on the 9th, which will bring together several thousands of the different branches of the Militia force of the Dominion. The Dominion Exhibition opens at Ottawa on the 22nd of September and continues during the week.

OUR BANKS.

The Banks and Banking system of the Dominion have assumed such a variety of phases, as to their management—as shown in the late developments of the Mechanics', Exchange and Consolidated Banks, that it is time to consider what interest the general public have in such institutions. We may at the outset state that in our opinion the Banking system of Canada is a failure and we want no better evidence than that of the professed leading financiers. Some years ago the Commercial Bank failed. Hon. Richard—now Sir Richard—Cartwright was the President. Afterwards, while the financial policy of Sir John and Sir Francis Hincks was being criticised very severely in Parliament by Mr. Cartwright he was reminded by Sir John that his management as President had proved disastrous to the Commercial Bank and it did not look well for him to set up as an authority. Since then Sir Francis Hincks and Hon. Alexander Campbell, both members of the Macdonald Government then, have become Presidents of the now famous and failed Bank—the Consolidated, and we suppose they are responsible from their own showing. Now, is any banking system a right one that risks the currency of the people into incompetent or dishonest hands. The Exchange Bank may pay its bill holders in full and so may the Consolidated, but it is well-known that the Mechanics' Bank will not, and a large amount has already been lost by the depreciation of Consolidated and Exchange Bank bills, even though they do eventually pay in full, which is not certain. The truth of the matter is, our banks, like our insurance companies, are considered safe or otherwise according to the names of the persons who appear as President, Directors, etc., and experience has shown us that such dependence is not always trustworthy. Sir Francis Hincks is President of the Consolidated, and according to the statement of the Directors, signed by himself, six months ago the bank was safe, and had over three million of capital in hand; a three weeks later report reduced it to something over a million, and is is questionable now if the stockholders will receive ten cents on the dollar, and the enquiry made into the management of the bank has shown that the failure is attributable not to the improper management of agents generally throughout the country, but to bad management at Montreal — the very point most directly under the supervision of the President and Directors. There has always been a narrow supply generally at the different branches in Ontario, even on the most unexceptionable paper, and yet half millions could be lavished on more than doubtful paper in Montreal. As a speculation it is for the Stockholders to look into it, but when the promises to pay of these institutions becomes the current circulating medium of the country, then it is for the people to have something to say on the subject. The development of investigations into these institutions shows us plainly that the names of the most prominent statesmen are no guarantee against bad management. Sir Francis or Sir Richard or Sir this or that do not appear to be the poorer for the failures, but the country suffers. There is a general loss, even though the banks should pay in full, by the want of confidence feeling created, the interference with business arrangements, and the loss on the bills in the mean time by holders who cannot afford to wait. Now, what is the remedy? We say give us a national currency. Let every bill allowed to be in circulation be as good as the ones and twos now in circulation, back by the Dominion. It may be called copying after the Americans. So much the better we say, for they have tried and tested it, and our adopting it will, require no experimenting. It may interfere with a few monopolists, so much the better. As a rule they have been a curse to the country. How long ago is it that Mr. King, then the Manager of the Bank of Montreal, risked more than its capital in gold speculations in New York? To be sure he made money for the Stockholders at a rapid rate, and the stock of the Bank rose to over 200, but it was done by withdrawing from circulation millions of dollars that had been in regular and legitimate use in Ontario. And so may any Bank Management when it suits their purpose, and bring about like results which was serious injury to business men, and, through them, to the country. Let us have a currency that will not be affected by the whims, resignations or incompetency of Bank officials. Only the other day Mr. Angus is reported as resigning the Presidency of the Bank of Montreal, and down goes the stock. Why? Because there is a want of confidence in our present Banking Law and the resignation of a President may mean the closing of the doors of the Bank. With a national currency the bills would always be safe. Men of small means could invest in banking operations as well as men with a large capital. Our village could as well have a bank as Belleville, with facilities suited to its wants. Under the present system the safety of bills depend on the Stockholders of a bank. Under a national currency, the Government of the Dominion would be responsible. The Americans had formerly a system similar to ours—it failed. They substituted the present one—It has been a success. We cannot do better than follow their example.

Garonizi, the Italian gambler, is dead.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

The ladies of the Bible Christian Church, Belleville, have organized a sewing society. A Bazaar on a large scale will be held about Christmas.

The Belleville *Free Press* last week reported Police Court news under the heading "City Council." Is this a take off on the Aldermen or the Police Magistrate, which?

Messrs. Sutherland and Blair, two Belleville oarsmen, took part in the double scull race at the late Barrie regatta, but only got fourth place. In the four oared race the Peterboro' crew took first money.

The *Echo* says the air was so full of large black bugs in Mill Point one evening last week that a merchant had to close his store on account of them. If the veracity of our *extra* can be relied on there must be an awful lot of bugs in Mill Point.

On Wednesday afternoon last whilst Mr. William Cockins, a farmer, residing in the 8th concession of Tyendinaga, was assisting attending a threshing machine which was at work on his premises, the fly wheel burst and a large piece of it struck him on the side of the head with tremendous force. The unfortunate man was fatally hurt, and without gaining consciousness died on the following day.—*Intelligencer.*

Mr. David Jones, who, it will be remembered, had one of his eyes severely injured by the explosion of a fog-signal on the first of July, had an operation performed on the injured organ last week in Montreal. The eye was removed, and a piece of iron half an inch in length was found in it, which had penetrated the membrane. The operation was very timely, as, if it had been delayed, he might have lost the use of both eyes instead of one.—*Free Press.*

A fire occurred at Stirling on Saturday afternoon about 2 p.m. in a tenement building occupied by the widow Cotter and Mr. Richards, and owned by Mr. Jerome Conley, which was entirely consumed. Also, the dwelling house of Mr. Robt. Pinnock, the carriage shop of Mr. J. V. Hough, and a small barn belonging to the Potts' estate—the barn was filled with hay which was a total loss. Most of the furniture in the dwellings was saved, but in a damaged condition. The only insurance was on Mr. Pinnock's house, in the "National" for $300. Total loss about $3,000.—*Intelligencer.*

On Saturday night Stephen Collins, a young man who has been for some years employed by Messrs. Lake & Jenkins, livery stable keepers, to drive commercial travellers to localities in this vicinity not accessible by rail, returned from a trip of this nature. The team which he drove having been placed in the stable, Collins proceeded, without taking a lantern, to feed the animals. He proceeded to one of the stalls, without speaking, when thy horse kicked out viciously, its iron shod heels striking the unfortunate man in the abdomen with terrible force. The injured man on feeling himself severely hurt, walked into the office and told those there of the occurrence. He was taken to Dr. Murphy, but the doctor did not consider the injuries as being apparently sufficient to necessitate medical aid. Two hours later Dr. Wilson was called in, and found the injuries to be of so grave a character that he could hold out no hope of recovery. The unfortunate man was still alive at 1 p.m. to-day, but evidently sinking fast. Collins was a quiet, sober man, and highly thought of by his employers and all who knew him. It is believed that had he spoken to the horse, which he had driven for two years, the animal would have recognized his voice and the lamentable accident would not have occurred.—*Intelligencer.*

ACCIDENT ON THE GRAND TRUNK.

ONE MAN KILLED.

A sad accident occurred on the Grand Trunk Railroad, near Brighton, at a place called "the Dangers," at about ten o'clock, on Saturday night. While two freight trains were proceeding east from Colborne, and three and a half miles west of Colborne, the train in front broke loose from the engine and proceeded at a terrific rate back towards the approaching train, which was running at a fast rate. The conductor of the detached train at once took in the situation and proceeded with full speed after the retreating cars in order to signal the approaching train, but before the engine of the train in question could be successfully reversed, the detached cars struck with such force as to cause its own cars to double up from the rear to the engine—demolishing one cattle car and badly damaging ten other cars with their contents.

The Engineer, Edward Gannon, escaped; but the fireman, Charles Gardiner, was found dead under the wrecked cattle car. It is supposed that he saw his danger and ran to assist in putting on the brakes. Mr. Gardiner was formerly of Oswego. He has been living here and in the employ of the Grand Trunk for several years, about two years as fireman. He leaves a wife and one child.—*Intelligencer.*

A VEGETABLE CURIOSITY.—A remarkable freak of vegetation has appeared in the grounds of R. B. Tatman, of Worcester, in the shape of a potato vine that bears tomatoes. It appears to be a mixture of the two vegetables, and is accounted for by the fact that a strong tomato vine, from chance sown seed, grew in the same hill with the potatoes, and the pollen of the two plants got mixed. Unfortunately the vines were pulled up before the peculiarity in the growth was noticed. Some of our agriculturalists may derive a valuable suggestion from this. As both the potato and the tomato are of the solanace family, it is not impossible that the one should be fertilized by the other, and a remarkable economy of labor effected if careful and scientific cultivation should produce a plant which would bear good potatoes at the roots and good tomatoes on the top.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

VOTERS' LIST, 1879.

Municipality of the united Townships of Carlow and Mayo.
COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "The Voters' List Act" the copies required by said section to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Carlow, on the 8th day of August, 1879, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and, if any omissions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated at Carlow this 8th August, 1879.
WM. H. MURPHY,
Clerk of the said Municipality.

BOY WANTED!

A SMART, intelligent boy wanted to learn the printing business. One able to read manuscript, and good scholar preferred. Inquire at
REVIEW OFFICE.
Madoc.

N. D. PETERS

Will, in a Few Days,

REMOVE!

TO

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

WANTED!

POPLAR WOOD

And Basswood Heading Bolts, delivered on the line of the B. & N. H. Railway, for which the highest price in cash will be paid. For particulars apply to
A. MOON,
125-2 Moon's Hotel, Madoc.

FOR SALE.

WEST HALF of Lot 29, 2nd Con. Madoc, West Half of Lot 27, 1st Con. Madoc. Apply to
A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc,
or to the undersigned proprietor,
JNO. C. T. COCHRANE, Esq., Brockville.
Brockville, August 9, 1879. 124-3m

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby cautioned against purchasing a note of hand, made by me in favor of McNeill & Shaw, machine agents, dated June 6th, 1879, for the sum of Seventeen Dollars, as I have not received value for the same.
GEORGE SMITH.
Millbridge, Aug. 12, 1879. 124-3t

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM of 100 acres, composed of the north half of Lot 7, 13th concession of Huntingdon, nicely situated on Moira Lake, and near the Village of Madoc. Well cleared. Present tenant will cease to occupy next October. Apply to
CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,
Or to Gream & Henderson,
Solicitors, Madoc. 107

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.
SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf. Madoc

MADOC

MODEL SCHOOL.

All Books Required at this Institution for sale,

At Publishers' Prices,

AT

C. G. WILSON'S,

Drug Store.

This Space Will be Occupied
BY

Gray & McGregor,

DEALERS IN
STAPLE & FANCY

GROCERIES!

ETC., ETC., ETC.
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

IT WILL be remembered that some time ago I gave notice through the REVIEW, that all debts of what kind soever due and to become due to Thomas Cross, Esq., had been placed in my hands for collection, and asked for immediate payment. Through my intercession to wait until the harvest was in, collections were not then forced. No longer stay can now be given, and all debts due and unpaid of the nature above, on the 1st day of Sept. next, will positively be placed in Court. I have no alternative, and this is the last call.
E. D. O'FLYNN.
Madoc, Aug. 1st, 1879. 123-4t

$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

☞ Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE north east part of Lot 8, 7th con., Township of Madoc, containing 75 acres. The property is well fenced, well watered, first-class out-buildings, and in a good state of cultivation. Three miles from the village of Madoc.
122-5t JOHN COLVIN.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,
JAS. O'HARA, Jr.
Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,
For Less Money
—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

THIS SPACE

RESERVED FOR

JOHN ROBERTSON.

Just Received,

AND OPEN FOR INSPECTION:

Black Turquoise Silk.
Light Blue do. do.
Seal Brown Glace do.
Olive Glace do.
Steel Glace do.
Drab Glace do.
Bronze Glace do.
Slate do do.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

NEW GOODS!

We are now receiving a full stock of Spring and Summer Goods, being our second purchase for this season, to which we would invite attention.

SYDMER ROSS & Co.

ANOTHER LARGE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS!

Boots and Shoes, &c., has arrived at the

NEW STORE!

WRIGHT'S BLOCK, MADOC.

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 147

JORDAN HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to say he keeps a first-class country Hotel in the Village of Millbridge. The mail stage stops at noon at this house. Careful hostlers always in attendance and satisfaction guaranteed. Give the boys a call and satisfy yourselves.
ISAAC B. POTTER,
Proprietor.
Millbridge, July 2, 1879. 119

BONES WANTED.

GOOD wages can be made by collecting and shipping bones and horns to us.

Rags bought. Prompt remittance. For further particulars address
PETER R. LAMB & CO.,
Manufacturers,
TORONTO.
116-6t

BUSINESS NOTICE !

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Fancy and Toilet Articles.

BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,

STATIONERY,

CONFECTIONERY

LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

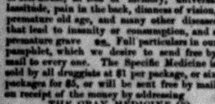
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as sequence of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. TRADE MARK.



Before Taking. After Taking.

☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

☞ Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST

OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there,—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1¼c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 2070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 32.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN McCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 33.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 387,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc,

On Thursday Evening, Sept. 4th,

at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Sept. 1st,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday Evg., Sept. 30th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

A Day Later.

In consequence of the civic holiday falling on our usual publication day next week, the next issue of this paper will be on Thursday, 4th prox.

Civic Holiday.

A requisition to the Reeve, asking that Wednesday next, Sept. 3rd, be proclaimed a public holiday, has been circulated. In the absence of the Reeve a majority of the Councillors gave the required assent. The next question is what are you going to do with yourself on that occasion?

Cheese Market.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 25—The sales of factory made cheese to-day were 9,200 boxes. The bulk sold at 5c. Prices ranged from 5 to 5⅜. Dairy made cheese from 4 to 5½c, 791 boxes changing hands. 30 packages of butter sold at 12½ to 15c.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 25.—12,000 boxes of cheese were sold at 4¾ to 5⅜, leading price 5½c, average 5¼; market active and lower.

S. S. Parliament.

We notice the name of E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., of this village, among those who were to deliver addresses at the Sunday School Parliament which commenced at the M. E. Camp Grounds, near Brockville, on Monday last. Dr. Jacques, of Albert University, and Rev. Messrs. Burton and Lane, of Belleville; Rev. Dr. Poole, of Toronto; Bishop Carman, Rev. I. B. Aylsworth, Philip Phillips, and Mrs. Youmans were also present. The "Parliament" will conclude on Thursday night.

Model School Terms.

The following circular has been issued by the Educational Department: 1. The first term in the County Model Schools will begin on Friday, Aug. 29, and end on Saturday, October 25. The closing examination will begin on Thursday, October 23, or Friday, the 24th, at the option of the several Boards. 2. The second term of the Model Schools will begin on Monday, October 27, and end on Saturday, December 20. The closing examination will begin on Thursday, Dec. 18, or Friday, the 19th, at the option of the several Boards.

Picnic.

On Wednesday last, the 20th inst., a picnic was held in the grove at Glanmire, (Beaver Creek.) The day was beautiful, and the small party assembled together on that occasion enjoyed themselves immensely. The usual good fare was spread, and the organ was well used by those who presided. One interesting feature in the day's entertainment was that the children took a leading part in the musical performance with an astonishing ability. The old flag, same as last year, served as a landmark to the grounds. The most interesting incident of the day will be seen in another column of this paper, as "baptism in the bush."—COM.

The Local Press.

Mr. Blue, lately editor of the St. Thomas *Home Journal* on retiring from that paper to take a position on the staff of the Toronto *Globe*, was entertained at a farewell dinner, at which he is reported to have made the following appropriate and disinterested (from his changed position) remarks with regard to the benefits of the local press: "It is your local paper that writes your local history, and advocates your local interests, that promotes your local industries, that educates the people in the politics of the country. What interest have the city papers in the interior towns? Every citizen in the country should feel it his duty to support, at least, one of the local papers, and every man who has a sense of gratitude in his breast will feel that it is his duty to advertise. While the newspapers are writing up the town and striving to make it a business centre, there are business men who profit by the enterprise of the newspapers, and boast that it never cost them a cent! The newspapers deserve other patronage, and he was pleased to observe that the services of the press were better appreciated during the past ten years. The country press was now independent and outspoken, and not dependent for its inspiration upon foreign sources."

WELCOME.

"The people gladly received him, for they were all waiting for him."—Luke 8, 40.

Why tarry so long on Gergesa's strand,
Great teacher, kind and true?
We wait for the touch of thy healing hand,
Oh! Come with blessings new!

We watch for the ship to heave in view,
We watch for the gleaming oar,
We watch for the hardy fishermen crew,
To bring thee to our shore.

"Sail ho," is signalled from the height,
"Sail ho," with answering cheer,
Is given by men with a new delight,
On the pebbly beach so pure.

Full larger it grows, the swelling sail,
Fresh breezes follow fast,
Hark to the generous, joyous hail,
"She's in the bay at last."

Oh! welcome to thee on the western strand,
Welcome thy healing power,
Welcome thy strong, uplifting hand,
To touch and bless the poor!

H. T. MILLER.

The Manse, Eldorado.

Magistrates' Court.

John Bailey brought up George Smith, of Huntingdon, for abusive language. Fined $1, and costs $3.60. George thinks talking loud and strong is rather expensive.

Levi Taylor, mechanic, brought up Alex. S. Robertson, of Bridgewater, for non-payment of wages. Mr. Robertson did not deny the indebtedness, but thought Taylor unnecessarily harsh in pushing it. Taylor pleaded necessity. Robertson raised some technical objections that were overlooked by the Justice, and was ordered to pay the wages, $14, and costs $4.80.

Paul Alloe, of Huntingdon, laid a complaint against James Trotter for non-payment of wages. Paul worked 6 days, he says, and then asked for pay. Trotter told him he had better trot off, as he did not earn his board, and if he stayed longer he might get something more than his board that would not be so pleasant. Paul objects to this, and the Justice is to settle it on Saturday at 10 a. m.

Baptism in the Bush.

A most interesting ceremony took place at Glanmire, Beaver Creek, on the 20th inst., at a picnic held there by some of the leading inhabitants and their invited friends. The "ceremony" for its picturesqueness and prettiness I have seldom seen equalled in the grove. On the hill to the left going north was the Union Jack floating in the breeze high and alone, facing the village of Glanmire, and heralding the way to the grove where a festivity was being held. The scene on reaching the spot was extremely pleasing, if not imposing, under the long canopy of boughs; and at the head of the table on a carpet spread on purpose for the occasion stood Rev. M. G. Poole in white surplice, and facing him were the parents and sponsors holding four babies about to be baptised, and beyond was the organ presided at by Mr. Adzehead, who responded by the instrument. The assemblage all kneeling under the blue canopy of the sky breathing the prayer, same again as in time of old,—although thank a kind Providence,—not on "mountain cold," and free to pray as each one thought proper. The babies with their long white and scarlet robes making the picture quite complete.—COM.

North Hastings Grain Warehouse.

Messrs. Wood & Ross have so far completed their Warehouse at the Station, as to be in a position to give notice that they are ready to receive, store and ship grain. This is the first one erected with any capacity on either of the two Railways, and is highly creditable to the enterprise of these two gentlemen. As might be expected from the proprietors this warehouse has been admirably fitted up for the purposes required. The building is 36x60, and is three stories high. The lower story has about one half arranged with bins, the other half for general storing purposes. A tramway runs the full length of the building, with a turntable in the centre, connecting with a tramway at the south door. To this is fitted a car so arranged that it can be used with or without a hopper, that holds about 30 bush. This is for the purpose of shipping grain into the cars, or removing heavy goods to waggons. The second story is entirely occupied by bins, the capacity of which must be very large. At the third story the grain is received at the front of a platform some thirty feet in length. From this, through the entire building runs another tramway, fitted as below with a car. The grain will be received from the side of the wagon on this car and distributed in the bins on either side which are connected with the lower floor by spouts. On the inside of the door on the third story is a large Gurney platform scales of 3,500 lbs. capacity, over which the car passes in order to weigh the grain when received. On the first story, near the east door, are similar scales, over which the car passes, in order to check the weight when shipping. This warehouse is a very great addition to the place and must add materially to business facilities. We might add that this warehouse is for all parties who either wish to buy grain, ship, or store for convenience of selling.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The hay crop here has been enormous, the fall wheat and oats up to the average; peas, a heavy yield, but the spring wheat has not "stooled out" properly, and stands thin on the ground. The straw also is short, but appears, however to be well headed.

The Division Court was held at L'Amable last week. There were nearly two hundred cases, which were disposed of in two days by Judge Lazier. Quite a large number of lawyers from Belleville attended, also Mr. Henderson, Major Rawe and some others from Madoc. Judge Lazier and Mr. Burdette drove over to Bronson's Farm with Mr. A Riddell, on Friday, and had a day's fishing. They caught over 100 trout and returned in the evening, and started for town on Saturday.

Mr. Pusey paid us a visit and inspected the iron mine near York River, and I believe some other deposits in the neighborhood, and seemed to be well pleased with the quality of the ore.

The old bridge crossing the York Branch River, a mile south of York River Mills, has for some time been in a dangerous condition. We are to have a new one, and Mr. J. Aylsworth has the job of building it. He is now a few miles up the river with a gang of men making the timber, which will be floated down to the site of the bridge.

A poll was held here some time since for the process of deciding whether the electors would pay the amount awarded for right of way for a new piece of road from Umfraville to L'Amable and was carried by a large majority. It was felt by many that the price was rather high, but the old road was in such a dangerous state, and consisting as it does of rock it was thought impracticable to repair it, and it was believed to be better to make a new road, than to go on tinkering for an indefinite period at the old one. A grant having been given by the department, Mr. D. Kavanagh got the job of making the road. He has been working at it for some time and will have it finished in about a fortnight. I have been over it and must say it is the best piece of work ever done on the Hastings Road, but of this more anon in my next.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, August 25, '79.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Antiquity of Man.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—In my last it was assumed that what is known as the "glacial period" was not universal, but that whilst some parts of the world were subjected to the rigors of an arctic winter, other parts were enjoying temperate and tropical climates, and that the oscillations in climate which must have occurred in certain portions of the earth were the result of geographical changes in the relative positions of land and water and not in our relations with the sun. No astronomers give us any reason for supposing that our relations with the great central orb were ever different from what they are at present. The laws which regulate the movements of these great bodies of matter are eternal, unchangable and uniform but local changes may take place in any or all of them, producing great changes in their local conditions. When the drift deposits first began to attract attention and their glacial origin was fairly conceded it was a favorite theory with some astronomers to suppose that, as the sun with his whole retinue of planets are known to be moving through space in the direction of the constellation Hercules, our system must have been at some distant period, passing through regions sparce with stars, and where stella radiation of light and heat would be much less than in regions rich in stars. But careful investigation has exploded that theory, because had that been the case the glacial action would have been nearly universal all over the earth, which we know was not the case, and it would be very likely to interfere with the planetary movements. The distance between our sun and the nearest fixed star is so enormous that all the heat we derive from it is scarcely appreciable, and to bring us within an appreciable distance might bring us within their attraction For instance, if the solar system were brought near enough to the star Sirius (a star known to be fully fourteen times as large and bright as our sun) to effect the temperature of our terrestrial climate our outer satellites would be brought within his attraction, and Neptune would cease to be a member of our solar system. There is no need for going so far from home to look for causes which exist within our own sphere, and which are at work even at the present day. What is comprehended in the glacial epoch must have occupied a very great cycle of time. Dr. McCollough (the very highest authority on such subjects) has estimated that the carboniferous, or coal-forming age, could not have been less than 200,000 years, and by a parity of reasoning the glacial epoch must have occupied a similar amount of time. During the vast interval of time whilst vast continents were settling down in some places and rising in others, the inhabitants could and would move from the regions of increasing cold to milder zones, just as the Icelanders are doing at the present day, and so preserve the species. Then, when the wheel of destiny has performed its mighty revolution, the sunken continents and submerged islands rise again, the climates change, and the descendants of these primeval emigrants may go back to the same latitudes as those occupied by their far distant ancestors; but geologically and geographically everything will be changed; new formations of rock will be elaborated, and new mountains and valleys formed during the long, long period of submersion. Then again with regard to man, there has been so many different races of the genius homo, that we cannot reach the oldest. In all countries explored by all Archaeologists, traces have been found of extinct races of men. In Ireland a pre-celtic race existed called by the old chroniclers "Tirbolzhs," and in England and Scotland Archaeology has brought to light the buried remains of a race older than the Druids. Their peculiar mode of Sepulture showed them to be different from the celtic Britons, and comparative anatomy has clearly proved them to be a different type of mankind. English writers call them the "boat headed race" their skulls were long, low and narrow; something resembling a small punt, turned bottom upwards with the small end foremost. I once saw a boy with just such a head, he had a stupid, idiotic look, and the shape of his skull, fixed my attention. Can it be, thought I, that this lad has a distant strain of the ancient Firbolgh in his blood? It may be so; that wonderful and mysterious law of similia similibus might show itself after lying apparently dormant for thousands of years.

I may take up this subject again when more at leisure.

Yours always,

W. H. PALMER.

Eldorado, Aug. 17th.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me through your valuable paper to state a few facts in reference to the last and most fatal blow our Beautiful Province has received at the hands of the Dominion Government. I refer to the Pacific Railway Land reserve. You will have observed ere this the regulations issued from Ottawa reserving the Dominion Lands for 110 miles on each side of the Canada Pacific Railway, which is assumed in the meantime to be on the 4th base line, from the Red River westerly to the confluence of the Shell and Assiniboine Rivers. The reserved division is in five belts. The first belt is five miles on each side of the R. R., in which land will all be held for R. R. purposes, the price to be $6 per acre. The second belt is five miles on each side of the first belt, for sale at $5 per acre, (we are now 20 miles away from any possible chance of a market.) The third is to be a belt 20 miles outside of the second, for sale at $3.50 per acre. The fourth, to be a belt 20 miles outside of the third, at $2.50 per acre. There are to be five belts more outside of these of 10 miles each, where we may be able to homestead 80 acres in even-numbered sections only. You may also pre-empt 80 acres in these outside belts at the rate of $1 per acre. Terms of pre-emptions, four-tenths of the purchase money at the end of three years, the remainder spread equally over six years, with interest at 6 per cent. The terms for lands in belts 1, 2, and 3, one-tenth cash at time of purchase, the remainder spread equally over 9 years. These regulations came into force on the first of the month. These do not effect School Sections or Hudson Bay Company's Lands. Now, sir, in what position do we find this much landed country, as a field for the struggling surplus of the old world, placed in? We are obliged to pull down the banner bearing the invitation "Free homes for a free people," and hand it over to our neighbors. "Uncle Sam" seems fated to draw the last drop. He has up to this time had our all, and now the universal cry here is "Ho, for Minnesota;" and already the immigrants' trains are turning their heads from the west to the south. One party bound from Winnipeg to the Little Saskatchewan County, upon reaching Portage La Prairie, heard of these arrangements, but before giving any credit to the report, sent one of their number back to Winnipeg to make sure. Result: they are now between here and Pembina bound for Dakota, and others are preparing to follow in their track. American land agents, who are ever on the alert, have already arrived in our Province, and are promised with an exceptional rich harvest. Just look at the conditions of affairs here to-day, the great extent of lands reserved for this purpose and that, locking the farmer out altogether, because 110 miles south of the 4th base line sends us 26 miles into Dakota, and 110 miles north of the 4th base line sends us away up into the swamps, 80 miles north of the northern boundary line of our Province. The Province of Manitoba comprises 9,907,200 acres, including lakes, rivers, and swamps. But how is it cut up by reserves! There is the famous Halfbreed Minor Grant reserve of 1,400,000 acres of the best lands in the choicest location of the country, only lately (after being seven years locked up) placed in the market; then there is the 4 mile limit on each side of the rivers, forms averaging 4 chains in width and 4 miles long, a good road. 460,800 acres are taken up in this way; then there is the Mennonite reserve of 714,600, Indian reserves 230,400, heads of family Halfbreed Scrip Lands, 253,560 acres, all in the hands of speculators; Soldiers' Bounty Warrants located on 46,080 acres more; English Colony reserve, that no person knows anything about locking up, 230,400 acres more; the Hudson Bay Company's reserve, just placed upon the market, of 353,560 acres; School reserve, 237,440 acres; and all wood lands reserved by Government, amounting to 1,429,200; Canada Colony reserve of 253,000, a grand speculating fizzle; then there are estimated by the best authorities 250,000 acres outside of all these reserves in the hands of speculators. Creeks and rivers cut out about 125,500 acres; Lake Winnipeg, 138,240 acres; Lake Manitoba, 368,640 acres; Shoal Lake, 69,120 acres; Big Grass Marsh, 69,120 acres; minor swamps and muskegs, 188,240 acres. Giving us a grand total of lands reserved, cut up by swamps, lakes, &c., not taking into calculation church reserves, of 6,838,040 acres, a nice slice out of the 9,907,200. It is needless for me to tell you that the balance, or 3,069,140 acres, is away far back from settlement or what remained that was or has not been settled upon during the past 8 years to be gobbled up by a R. R. Company. During the past seven years that immigration has been coming into this country, the Dominion Government left the immigrant unprotected on his way to this Province through the United States, and the result has been that thousands of Canadians have been induced to seek homes under the Stars and Stripes. It has justly been remarked that Minnesota is the most Canadian State in the Union. It will not soon be forgotten by the hundreds of women and children who were stowed away like so many heads of cattle on board the steamers of the immigrant killing Kittson Line. No Dominion officer to give advice or information. Nothing to break the monotony of the long tedious trip on the river but the vile curse of the mate abusing a deck hand, or huddling the immigrant child with an oath away from him. How many, too, were obliged to remain over at such places as Fisher's Landing invested by the scum of the tramp, dead-beat, and gamblers of the United States. Just for the want of proper advice. Any of your readers who have been obliged to remain over night at such a place can imagine a mother with half a dozen little ones alone and unprotected in such a place for days waiting a boat, but being interviewed by the dandy American land shark almost hourly. But, sir, those are days of the past. Then we could find in this glorious country a home for those who escaped and reached us. We craved for railroad communication; we have it; but we can offer you now no inducements to come and secure free homes. If your purse is well lined, come on; but to those who have failed in life and without means, but who would make our best and strongest arm, we cannot say come. The thousands of dollars expended in publishing and circulating pamphlets telling you of this country and its millions of acres waiting the plow, free, would far better have been devoted in furnishing the poor, hard-working men of our own country with a passage and home out here. We expected better things at the hands of the present Administration. Under the present policy, if the Government contemplates purchasing the States in Minnesota and Dakota, all is well; if not, then the proof of the pudding will lay in the eating of it.

We are now in the midst of the barley and oat harvest, both of which will turn out a fair crop. The heavy rains have injured all crops on low, flat lands. We are preparing to make a grand display at the fall show in Ottawa, and would advise all that can of your readers to go and see what we can do. Reports from the west are rather mixed yet. The Indians are mixed pretty much themselves. Moreover, it will not surprise us very much if the bayonet will have to go to the grindstone. Buffalo has run out and the poor red man is starving. It is a notorious fact, however, that he will keep right at starving so long as he is provided for by the white. Sitting Bull has made a raid across the line and brought back a good many horses and white money. He is reported to have said to one of our big guns in the west that he did fear the blue-jackets a little, but did not fear the red-coats. He is a bad sitter. Water has been high in the Red and Assiniboine rivers all summer. The boats have made several trips up the North Saskatchewan to Edmonton, and report good water. The Marquett made a wonderful trip to Fort Ellice. The weather has been remarkably cold all summer.

I had almost forgotten the remarks of my friend, Contract 15, in reference to my illustration of a muskeg. I have been ten years here now, and I ought to know something about these bottomless wastes. However, I will take advantage of the first opportunity to inform myself. In the meantime, I will send you a slip from one of our local papers of the road bed of the C. P. R. playing hide-and-seek with the contractor a little nearer the habitation of Contract 15 than he would like to admit. Some of your readers are acquainted to their sorrow with the famous Julious muskeg on section 14.

"An enormous quantity of filling is required in one of the gullies west of Cross Lake. Every night the roadway sinks three or four feet. The earthwork slides away from below and piles up an embankment about forty feet to the north. The fill across the bay at Cross Lake keeps sinking down, trestle work and all. A new arrangement is being tried. Timber binders are being put across on the earth already in, and extra precautions are being taken to prevent further sliding away of the filling." Bay is another word for muskeg.

I receive your paper regular, and am proud to keep it on file.

W. A. S.

Winnipeg, Aug. 4th, 1879.

"Blunt and Fair Dealing."

Nothing takes better with the public. For a nation or for a man, it is the best motto. In trade, high-sounding advertisements won't do; it must be backed up by something better. Fair Dealing and One Price is, we understand, the mainspring and firm rule of the New Store (Dry Goods and Boots and Shoes,) at Wright's Block in this town. Acting on these principles, we cordially wish the new firm success. We feel certain that the manager, Mr. Ivers, will not be wanting in his usual polite, unflagging, and kind attention to all customers, rich and poor alike.

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL,

87-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

TEACHER WANTED.

FOR S. S. No. 2, McClure; holder of Third Class Certificate or Permit. A liberal salary will be given. Apply at once.

SAMUEL MITCHEL,
JOHN HEWITT,
WM. DWIRE,
} Trustees,
Maynooth P. O.,

Or to P. S. Inspector, Madoc.

McClure, Aug. 9th, 1879. 124-4t

NOTICE.

ALL PARTIES are hereby forbid buying or negotiating a Note drawn by me in favor of John Conley, or bearer, as I have not received any value for the same.

JAMES FOX.

Madoc, Aug. 17, 1879. 125-4t

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Caledonia, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.

April 7th, 1879. 106

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Village Lot for Sale.

LOT No. 1, on the East side of Durham Street, as laid down on the plan of the Village of South Hastings, for Charles Kirk. This lot is most eligibly situated for a dwelling-house, as it commands a fine view of the whole village of Madoc. For terms apply to

108-13w Renfrew, Ont.

ALBERT SMALLFIELD,

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

ORGANS!

ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

☞ KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,

21 Mitchell, Ont

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future **EGGS** will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stocks These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut free of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children's wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

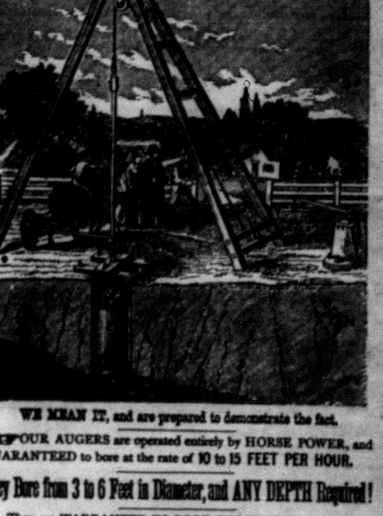
MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!



WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

☞ OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable! The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

☞ MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement *bona fide.*

ADDRESS **GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,**

ST. LOUIS, MO.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

The Fair Season.

Another week will inaugurate the fair season. September and the first half of October will see them crowding each other, or, in the several states, following in quick succession. It is a season when the farmer and family seek by attending, to combine pleasure with profit. It may always be done, not only by the farmer, but by everybody who is interested in the agricultural industry of the country. Fairs have in years past accomplished a noble work, and this they continue to do every season. They have given an impetus to improved live stock, and by the exhibition of superior products and improved machinery, to improved farming as well. It has been claimed that our fairs are mere money making machines. In isolated instances the proposition may be partially true. In the majority it is not, and the history of our agricultural societies will show that the officers, as a rule, are actuated by motives for the public good, and they have done good as one of the most important of many integers in the development of the countries and states where held. Let us say then to our readers, make preparations to attend your respective fairs this fall, and go prepared to learn as well as to enjoy. Examine the stock, machines, grains, seeds, plants and flowers with a critical eye and with a view to improvement when you get home. Make notes of what you see, for future reference. Learn everything you possibly can about the different articles shown and you are sure to be benefitted by the knowledge.

About Breeds of Sheep.

Medium sized sheep with plenty of lean, is what is prized by city butchers. South-downs possess this qualification. Lincoln, Cotswold and Leicester sheep are large and carry much fat. The Lincolns have long, rather coarse heavy fleeces. The wool of the Cotswold is medium in length of staple and in firmness of fibre. The Leicesters have long stapled wool. Oxford-downs are heavy, carry much fat, with medium wool in length of staple and fibre. Hampshire-downs have short strong wool and make good mutton. Shropshire-downs are smaller than the Hampshire, have finer wool and make better mutton, and rate next to the South-downs, which make the best mutton, at least to the English taste, and they ought to know. They have rather fine wool, and wherever mutton is eaten no fault can be found with their meat.

Taking Care of Calves.

When calves have been weaned, there is more danger of overfeeding than of starving them; too often with a desire to hasten their growth they are supplied with a meal when their stomach is not capable of digesting it; as soon as the calf will eat grass, there is nothing better than that, with one ounce of linseed meal, or crushed oats and bran daily, for a week; the allowance of meal may be gradually increased until four ounces are given, which will be sufficient for a four or five months' old calf; the ration may be enlarged by degrees until, at six months, a pound per day of meal is given; it will pay to feed a good calf in this way and the trouble will be well repaid; salt should be given in very small quantities and with caution; it acts on young animals as a purgative.

How to Keep Eggs.

Oftentimes it is a matter of importance to keep eggs for a time. When prices rule low they may be preserved in comparative freshness for several weeks, even in July and August, if care be taken to place them on end as soon as brought in from the nest. One not accustomed to the handling of eggs can form an idea of the shortness of time required for the yolk of an egg to settle on one side, where it adheres to the shell and quickly spoils in warm weather. Always place the egg on the big end. I have tried both ends, and have decided in favor of the former position. Eggs should be gathered from the nest every day, and, where there are many hens kept, twice a day. It matters not for what purpose we desire eggs, the hens that produce them should always be young and healthy. Eggs that are to be kept for any length of time should always be those from young hens, or, if two years old, only from those in perfect health. If this rule is closely observed by breeders who export eggs for hatching, from one locality to another, there will be better satisfaction given. It is of much importance that the eggs have perfect shells, and a hen not in perfect health may drop her eggs regularly, yet the shells may possess imperfections that render them unfit either for keeping or hatching.

Seeding Weedy Spots.

The difficulty with fall-sown clover is that it is apt to freeze, or heave out the first winter, and from the fact that its tap root does not penetrate below the frost. Hence it is not usual to sow in the fall. If you can mulch the spot sown, you may save it. If so, the earlier it is sown, the better. It will, in any event be but the labor of sowing, since, if killed, it may be re-seeded in the spring. When sown, use plaster in the areas sown, at the rate of one and a half pounds per square rod.

Dealing in Milk.

Milk is the cheapest article of food at its present prices. A family of eight persons can procure a large portion of their subsistence from six quarts of milk per day, with bread and oatmeal porridge. I need say nothing about the healthfulness and agreeable character of this food, or its indispensability for children. These go without saying, and no thoughtful person will dispute the truth of them. With milk at five cents a quart, the cost would be 30 cents, which is the average price of two pounds of beef. Thirteen pounds of milk contain a much larger quantity of solid food than two pounds of beef, of which 75 per cent. is water, and perhaps 10 per cent. of the solid matter is useless bone. For these reasons there will always be a demand for milk in the neighborhood of cities, towns and villages; and the better the quality supplied, the greater will be the demand. At four or five cents a quart, milk can be produced and delivered with a good profit; and it will be surprising to many who are interested, how large a demand may be found, if it is looked for and encouraged, even in a rural locality and in the neighborhood of small country villages. There is undoubtedly a large opening for profitable business in this way, which will find occupation for many industrious men who have small farms of from ten to fifty acres.

Setting Out Strawberries.

The best time for setting out strawberries is the present month or early in September. Currants, gooseberries and raspberries are best planted in the spring. The most popular strawberries are Wilson's Albany, Triomphe de Gand, Jucunda, Monarch of the West, Champion, Sharpless, Crescent Seedling and Cumberland. The four last mentioned are new, but very promising, and all will thrive on a clay soil. The best currant is Versailles; the old red Dutch, with good cultivation is excellent; white grape is a good variety, and cherry currant is large, but a poor yielder. There is no gooseberry which will stand our hot summers without mildewing. The English varieties are the worst in this respect. A good American variety is Houghton's seedling. Of raspberries the Philadelphia, Clark, Antwerp and Highland Hardy, all American varieties, are good, but need laying down in the winter for protection.

Getting Eggs in Winter.

First procure a good breed for laying. White Leghorns are the best; light Brahmas come next. Then provide a warm house; one sunk three feet below ground, and covered with earth, and having a few hot-bed sashes in front in the south side, will scarcely freeze in the coldest weather. Then feed warm food; boiled potatoes, mixed while hot with barley meal, or wheat bran, with a little salt and plenty of pepper, should be the staple food. Wheat, barley, oats, chopped turnips, cabbage and onions should be added, not forgetting plenty of pure water.

Lame Horses.

Although the horse is one of the most powerful, ambitious and sensible of all our domestic animals, yet, in a certain sense, it is far from being a very hardy one. In this respect the horse is not equal to the rough-and tumble usage which the mule or even the ox can bear without exhibiting marked signs of the severe discipline to which it has been subjected.

In observing the many horses daily thronging the streets, the number of defective ones can hardly fail to arrest attention. Some are ailing in the fore limbs, others in the hind ones, and not a few in both. This is not necessarily the result of age, defective blood, or even breeding, nor of special hard work, though in some instances it may be so, but much oftener it is the consequence of careless handling or positive cruelty. The horse is a very delicate animal, and if pounced upon in a passion while encumbered with the harness, and possibly with a load too heavy for easy movement, the chances are that efforts to escape punishment will result in such an over-tension of the muscles as to produce permanent lameness. Every one familiar with the rough and tumble work of the farm, the lumber forests, the stone quarries, the docks and the like, will have encountered many difficulties in which both teams and teamsters have their tempers and powers sorely tried, both become excited and fractious, and whatever the fault, if fault there be, the horse is likely to receive pretty severe treatment if not permanent damage. Not a few horses are lamed under such circumstances, while others are injured from want of a proper consideration on the part of those having them in charge—not from positive ill-treatment, but by carelessness in placing the animals in such situations as to cause unwonted exertion to escape from an apprehended danger.

Feeding Straw to Cattle.

To feed straw alone is unprofitable. It does not furnish sufficient nutriment to maintain animals in a growing condition, and the manure is of very little value. If the straw is cut in a fodder-cutter, wetted and mixed with three quarts of corn meal, bran or crushed oats, for each cow, it will furnish the basis of nutritious food, and the manure will be greatly enriched. In the winter the cut straw may be moistened with hot water and covered with a blanket made of sacks to contain the heat, until it is cool enough to feed.

Bran and Meal Feed.

The cream from the milk when the cows were fed on a peck of buckwheat and bran each, was light colored and thin. Now when they are fed four quarts of corn meal, the cream is thicker and more yellow. This means more butter. Bran of all sorts is better for young animals, as it makes muscle, but meal is best for cows, as it makes fat, and milk is fat; that is, milk which will make good butter contains a large per cent. of fat. The bran will make the best manure, because there is more of it which goes into the manure pile, and this furnishes the supply of nitrogen. The farmer, then, who feeds plenty of bran, will have a rich manure heap, and so it is cheaper to buy bran, and feed it liberally than to stint one's animals and buy commercial fertilizers. Commercial manures do not furnish much nitrogen. This must come largely from the grain, and the bran is the nitrogeneous part, and without nitrogen there will not be a perfect plant growth. The lesson we would teach is to save all of the bran for the growing animals, and the meal for the fattening ones and the cows. To make them all healthy and to utilize and assimilate both bran and meal perfectly, roots should always be fed. This is an important part of the system, and helps to make perfect digestion.

General Farm Notes.

Water your stock regularly.

Have your milk perfectly cooled to free it of animal odor.

It is a good plan to burn potato vines after the tubers are dug. That will dispose of the potato-rot fungus, if there is any upon them.

Turnips are healthful for horses. They should be cut into thin slices, or, what is better, pulped finely and mixed with a little meal and some salt. Rutabagas are better than white turnips.

The *North British Agriculturist* says the wool clipped this season from five long-wooled Lincoln rams, owned by Mr. Bell, Wintersheugh, gave the large average of over 20 pounds for each ram.

A little dry sand covered over potatoes, when they are first put into the cellar, will destroy any unpleasant odor they may have. A sprinkling of dry air-slaked lime will mitigate a tendency to rot.

A few rubbing-posts set up in pastures will save injury to the fence. Cattle will use these conveniences very often, if provided for them, and it is worth all the trouble to witness the enjoyment of the animals in the use of them.

A Michigan lady says that one teaspoonful of kerosene to a gallon of water, sprinkled on plants with a hand broom, destroys green flies, currant worms and other pests, and has been used without injury on fuchsias, geraniums, callas and other plants.

Ten years ago, with wool 25 per cent. higher than now, sheep men throughout the United States lost their nerve and, without sense or shame, killed their sheep for pelts and tallow. Large valuable flocks were neglected and abandoned to disease and death. Now they are the very best paying stocks either as a factor in mixed husbandry or in the vast pastoral regions.

When butter will not all "come" at the same time that is in the cream, scientists tell us that it is owing to sweet and sour cream being placed in the churn together. See that all the cream has attained the same degree of acidity before churning and the butter will all appear at the same time. Cream when churned at a temperature above 62° is too warm and part of the butter is destroyed.

The farmers in the vicinity of St. Albans, Vt., are encouraged by the destroyer of the potato bug, an insect known as the "potato beetle parasite"—a striped bug similar to the cucumber bug, but larger. He follows the potato bug and eats its eggs after they have been laid upon the vines. This will probably be the last year of the operations of the Colorado beetle to any considerable extent, as this parasite has appeared in large numbers in the vicinity.

Le Cultivateur remarks that rats, mice and insects will at once desert ground on which a little chloride of lime has been sprinkled. Plants may be protected from insect plagues by brushing their stems with a solution of it. It has often been noticed that a patch of land which has been treated in this way remains religiously respected by grubs, while the unprotected beds round about are literally devastated. Fruit trees may be guarded from from the attacks of grubs by attaching to their trunks pieces of tow smeared with a mixture of chloride of lime and hog's lard, and ants and grubs already in possession will rapidly vacate their position.

A WONDERFUL GEORGIA WOMAN.

The following particulars, says the Albany, Ga., *News*, we get from Mr. George C. Watson, living near the home of the subject of the sketch: A lady of the seventh district of Worth county has become insane on the subject of religion. Her dementation was first noticed about a month ago, soon after the close of a protracted meeting at Union Baptist church, near her home. She attended the different services very regularly and seemed deeply impressed and troubled from the first commencement. A short while before the meeting closed she joined the church. Going back home, her incoherent, maddened and rambling conduct was noticed by her husband and children, and they became terribly excited and wrought up about it. She went raving about the house and yard with a bucket of water, baptizing everything in her pathway. She baptized her husband and each one of her children, and while doing this sang the most beautiful songs that she had heard but once or twice. Although an unlettered woman (her husband will swear this), she reads any chapter in the Bible readily, pronouncing correctly and distinctly, paying attention to punctuation points, etc. She preaches nearly all the while, and, our informant says, uses the choicest words and displays great wisdom and knowledge in the handling of different subjects. Although not a Mason, she knows all the mysteries of that mysterious craft by heart. Dozens of Masons have gone to see her, and they all came away dumbfounded. Her husband has come to the conclusion that she is a witch. She has attempted acts of violence, but as yet done no harm. He, with outside assistance, tried at one time to incarcerate her in one of the rooms of the house, but the doors became unmanageable and wouldn't stay locked. She hasn't slept in eighteen days and nights, and during that time has taken but few morsels of food. This is one of the strangest cases we have ever heard of. Hundreds are flocking to see the frenzied woman.

WHITE AFRICANS.

"Are they then really white?" asked a Paris reporter of Major Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese explorer of Africa, with reference to his widely-published story about a white race in the dark continent. "Absolutely white," replied the Major. "I have seen a young girl who was whiter than I am." They are not Albinos, for they have black hair. They resemble the ugliest of negroes. They are hideous, and the most savage people I ever met with. In order to see them I was compelled to seize two of them by force. I kept them for some days and loaded them with attentions. Then they consented to take me into their camp, but on condition that I should go entirely alone, because they were afraid of my escort. I went there and passed two days with them. They are poor devils without industry, living by the chase and have no fixed habitation. Their hair is wooly, their forehead retreating; their eyes resemble those of the Chinese, the cheek-bones are prominent, and their lower lip hangs down. They are very strong and can bury an arrow into the body of an elephant." The reporter expressed the opinion that the Major's countrymen must be proud of his success. "Ah," said the explorer sadly, "would you believe that I had enemies at Lisbon, who have spread the report that all my stories are fiction?" The Major is thirty two years old, but appears to be only twenty-five, slightly built, of medium height, with luxuriant black hair, straight nose, light moustache, an "expression of distinction and intelligence," and—still further to quote from the reporter—"the general expression of a gentleman, with the amiable Southern vivacity to boot."

—The body of a Jew has been cremated at Gotha, in Germany, where the practice is becoming common, under influential encouragement.

THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

How the Work is Progressing on Section A.

(From the Thunder Bay Sentinel.)

The unsatisfactory state of communication between the older Provinces of Canada and the Northwest Territory, by which at present every traveller and every pound of freight transported to and from our new territories must pay heavy tribute to the Americans for passage across the State of Minnesota, makes the question of the early completion of the Thunder Bay and Selkirk section of the Canada Pacific Railway, by which this communication will be made possible within our own boundaries, a matter of national interest and importance. A brief account, therefore, of the present condition of the work on the eastern or Thunder Bay section of the road, the construction of which is proceeding from this end, will be of general interest, and from it our readers will be pleased to learn that the work is being pushed with energy and dispatch; and that, from present indications, railway communication from Lake Superior to the Red River will be an accomplished fact much sooner than many good authorities deemed it possible.

As is moderately well known, the railway at the date of Mr. Mackenzie's resignation of office, had been contracted for and was in course of construction from Fort William to English River at the eastern end, and from Selkirk to Rat Portage on the Winnipeg river at the western; but upon the intervening portion of the line, from English river to Rat Portage, no movement towards securing construction had been made, nor could it be inferred from Mr. Mackenzie's statements of policy when there would be. The government of Sir John A. Macdonald, realizing the urgent necessity which existed for the early completion of this "missing link," called for tenders almost immediately upon taking office, and early in the present season the contracts for its construction were awarded—that for the western section, known as "B," from Rat Portage to Eagle river, to Messrs. Frazer, Grant & Pitblado, and that for the eastern section of 118 miles—"Section A"—from English river to Eagle river, to a company composed of Messrs. Marks, Purcell & Co. The terms of contract with this firm were that the work should be completed at a total cost of $2,202,000; the construction of the road to be completed in 1882, and the ballasting to be finished by July 1883; the contractors, however, to be entitled to a bonus of five per cent. upon the contract price—say an "extra" of $120,000—upon condition of their having the work completed one year within the time; that is to say the construction to be finished and the rails laid to the end of the work by July of 1881, and the ballasting completed by July of 1882. In addition to this undertaking the new firm assumed the completion of forty miles of ballasting yet to be executed upon the contract of Messrs. Purcell & Ryan. The reader who considers the position for a moment will readily understand that the company had undertaken what the late Abraham Lincoln would have called "a big job." The route of the railway runs through a desolate and uninhabited country, where nothing in the way of supplies can be procured, and where the contractors have either to import or manufacture on the grounds every separate item which enters into their requirements; the work is heavy, needing an immense supply of material and labor, and the season of navigation, during which alone communication can be had with the outside world, lasts for only seven months in each year. Nevertheless, the contractors made up their minds that that five per cent. bonus could be captured; and at once proceeded to shape their measures towards that end. Just as soon as the contract had been awarded Messrs. Marks and Purcell started for the scene of operations, in the latter part of March, leaving Messrs. Ryan and Ginty in Ottawa to complete preliminaries. Sub-contracts for sectional parts of the work were at once let, supplies imported, all the men who could be procured were sent up to the work, and the red man of the interior was astonished to see his solitudes invaded by an army of railroaders, who straightway proceeded to assault the primeval forests, and gouge out the everlasting hills, with axe, pick and shovel.

At the present time, work is proceeding along the first or eastern forty miles of the section, which has been sublet in small contracts ranging from half a mile to four miles to reliable sub-contractors, and on the forty miles there are at present about fifteen hundred men steadily employed. The country along this forty miles is broken and rough, with some stretches of good tillable land interspersed with other stretches of sandy, rocky or swampy country. The work is as a consequence difficult, two-thirds of it being heavy cutting, the remainder sand, boulders rock and muskeg; but notwithstanding these drawbacks work has been so vigorously pushed that already the embankments are completed ready for the rails on seven and a half miles adjoining the old contract; and the intention is to have the whole forty miles completed, and the rails laid, thus opening railway communication to a point one hundred and sixty miles from Lake Superior, by the 1st of next December. At this point—twelve miles beyond Gull river, if the reader desires to locate it on the map—the contractors will put up their winter quarters, and establish their distributing point for supplies for the next portion to be undertaken; a stretch of fifty miles further, carrying the line to within twenty-eight miles of the end of the contract, and to a point where water communication becomes practicable for the 28 miles and also with a section B, by way of Waubegon and Eagle lakes. This fifty mile stretch will be vigorously attacked next winter; the rock and earth cuts will be taken out, the muskeg embankments constructed, and the bridge timber prepared and the bridges erected, so that the opening of the spring of 1880 will find only the light work to be done on this fifty miles. By August it is expected that this light work will be finished, the track laid and the trains running to Waubegon Lake, within twenty-eight miles of the end of the contract. Even at this stage of the work—August 1880—a practicable through route could be established as water communication exists, by way of Waubegon and Eagle Lakes, with the line of the railway on Section B. There are as yet no more seaworthy craft on these lakes, it is true, than the birch bark canoe of the native, but the Dominion Government has on the Savanne River three tug-boats, part of the plant of the now unused Dawson route, which could be taken out of the river, loaded upon flat cars, deported to Waubegon Lake, and used to open communication with and forward supplies to the work on Section B. They might be made of a good deal of use in that service, and they are certainly of none whatever where they are. From August 1880 the contractors will have to July 1881 to complete the construction of the remaining twenty-eight miles; which is not considered as presenting any great difficulty. The country along this portion of the line presents a large proportion of good land, heavily timbered with pine, birch and poplar; which will yet undoubtedly be the seat of a thriving and populous settlement; and the work of building the railway through it offers less difficulty than other portions of the line. The construction completed and the rails laid, railway communication will be at once established with Section B, the contractors upon which will then be able to procure their supplies directly from Ontario, instead of, as now, having to bring them by a costly and circuitous route through Minnesota and Manitoba. The facility thus given for the more rapid pushing on of the heavy work on Section B will not be among the least of the advantages accruing to the country through the energy of the contractors on the eastern section. From the date fixed for the running of the first train the contractors have another year to complete the ballasting; when, if all goes well, it will be their pleasing duty to call round on the Department of Railways and collect that bonus.

This programme doubtless appears simple enough on paper; but only those who know something about railway construction; and especially railway construction through a wilderness without roads or inhabitants, or who have taken notes for themselves, can appreciate the vast outlay of capital, the immense requirements in the way of plant and supplies, and the tireless energy and consummate skill of management necessary to start so huge an enterprise, or keep it properly in motion. In the way of plant, for instance, the company owns and employs five locomotives, and about one hundred flat cars, most of the latter being new; a steam shovel of the largest capacity, which is now employed ballasting the last forty miles of Purcell and Ryan's old contract, and horses, wagons, carts and minor plant and material almost without end. A temporary machine shop is established near the end of the track, where five machinists find constant employment keeping the plant in proper repair; and the headquarters which the contractors will have to erect at the end of the track this winter will be of itself a respectable village. As no supplies exist in the country and as no communication can be had with the outside world from the close of navigation till its opening next season, the contractors have to face the problem of provisioning and maintaining an army of from fifteen hundred to two thousand men during a five months' winter campaign, at a distance of hundreds of miles from the base of supplies. This fall, for instance, the contractors will find it necessary to lay in provisions and supplies to the value of $100,000 to carry them through the winter, a heavy investment, but one which must be made if the work is to go on. This enormous outlay shows the necessity of the work being in the hands of a company financially strong as well as experienced in the business; and justifies any precautions which the government might deem it necessary to take, to prevent the contract getting into the hands of unreliable and irresponsible persons, from whom it might eventually have to be taken, after the waste of years of valuable time—a case in which delay would be nothing less than a national misfortune.

The contractors are not only constructing a railway, but operating one. Twice a week a train comes down from the end of the line, for supplies, going up with its load next day. Theoretically Fort William town plot is the end of the line, but practically the terminus so far has been Prince Arthur's Landing; the contractors running their train over the six miles of the Prince Arthur's Landing and Kaministiquia Railway to the splendid railway dock of Messrs. Marks & Bro. in deep water on Thunder Bay, where the large steamers of the Sarnia and Collingwood lines unload their freight directly to the railway cars, and go on their way rejoicing at their escape from the trial of essaying the narrow and tortuous channel of Hon. Mr. Mackenzie's pet river, the Kaministiquia. This season, no endeavor has been made by any of the heavy draught steamers to go up the river; and such light draught boats as have gone up have in each case experienced about four hours delay by the attempt. As the distance is just six miles, the reader who knows how long it takes a train to travel that distance on a railway can figure up how much time is saved by taking freight up the river on a steamboat. The Government should end this farce of maintaining an imaginary Lake Superior terminus of the Canada Pacific Railway half a dozen miles away from the lake up a wretched creek, by acquiring the Prince Arthur and Kaministiquia Railway from its present owners, incorporating it with the Government line, and thus giving the C. P. R. a practicable terminus in deep water where any boat which sails the lakes can call and land its cargo directly on the cars, with speed and safety. The wild "yarns" which were floated for a purpose about the insecurity of Thunder Bay as a harbor have long since ceased to excite anything but a smile among sensible men, who need no further argument than the undisputed fact that for seven years past no steamer has ever had to omit her regular call at the Landing, from any stress of wind or weather, to convince them that a harbor with such a record is not a harbor to which any sound objection can be taken. Let the Government, therefore, accept the teachings of experience and common sense, by placing the terminus of the railway in theory where it is in practice, in navigable water at Prince Arthur's Landing?

EXECUTION OF A WOMAN.

The Hanging of Kate Webster in London for the Murder of Her Mistress—She Makes a Confession—Scenes at the Scaffold.

(From the London Globe, July 29.)

By the execution this morning at a few minutes past nine o'clock of Catharine Webster, for the murder of Mrs. Thomas, at Richmond, on the 2nd of March last, the curtain has fallen on the final act of the tragedy. Kate Webster will be remembered as "the Richmond murderess," who, having killed her mistress, named Thomas, cut her body up, and having failed to destroy it by boiling, placed it in a box, which she threw in the Thames. At eight o'clock last night the Rev. Michael McEnery, the Roman Catholic chaplain of the jail, was with her two hours, during which she unreservedly confessed that she was solely concerned in the murder, and that the previous statements made by her, and which have been made public, were untrue. Her statement, or rather confession, was reduced to writing, and, instead of being handed to her solicitor, it was sealed and forwarded to the Home Office.

YOUNG GIRLS NEAR THE SCAFFOLD.

Contrary to the general expectation the crowd outside the prison was comparatively small, as up to eight o'clock only about two hundred persons had congregated in the avenue leading from the main road to the entrance of the prison. Shortly after seven o'clock the Rev. Father McEnery arrived, and was soon followed by Mr. Abbott, the under sheriff, and the doctor of the prison. Gradually the crowd increased, and by the time the black flag was hoisted about four hundred people had assembled. At ten minutes to nine o'clock the prison bell commenced to toll, and simultaneous with its sound a warder appeared on the bell tower. As the clock struck the hour for the execution about a foot of the black flag appeared above the parapet of the tower, and evidently some short delay was caused, judging from the signs made by the warder to those below. When the flag went up a cheer arose from those in the immediate vicinity of the gates, and it is due to those who were present to mention that it came principally from young girls who formed the major portion of the crowd. A little before ten o'clock, Mr. Abbott, the under sheriff, left the jail, and on our representative inquiring whether the convict had made any confession he stated that she had acknowledged no one else had participated in the murder, and that she had gone to the scaffold entirely repentant. There was no scene, the prisoner throughout the terrible ordeal behaving herself with remarkable fortitude.

HER CONFESSION.

Kate Webster made a confession to her confessor, Father McEnery, and subsequently to Major Colville, the governor of the prison, that she alone committed the murder, and that all the other persons whom she has at previous times implicated in the affair were entirely innocent. The statement has been taken down in detail, and has been transmitted to the Secretary of State. It will be recollected that it was proved at the trial that the deceased lady, when she was last seen in the chapel on the evening of the 2nd of March, appeared to be very excited, and the prisoner seems to have stated that she and the deceased lady had had some words before she went out on this evening. On her return the altercation was resumed, and she herself having been drinking, was very excited and struck the deceased, who fell, and upon looking at her she found she was dead. The prisoner appears to represent that upon seeing that her mistress was dead the thought came into her head to endeavor to get rid of the body and to possess herself of the property of the deceased. The rest of the statement is virtually in accordance with the evidence that was given at the trial, and the culprit admitted that she alone was the person who was guilty, and that all the other people whom she has falsely accused are entirely innocent. Through her confessor she expressed at different times a hope that these persons would forgive her the injury she had done them by accusing them falsely of such a terrible crime. At a quarter to twelve o'clock Mr. Hall the coroner for the western division of Surrey, held an inquest at the prison, and the usual formal verdict was returned. About a hundred people lingered around the prison for an hour after the execution, but with the exception of the cheer on the raising of the black flag, the behavior of the people was extremely quiet.

HER LAST DAYS ON EARTH.

There was never an execution within the precincts of the Wandsworth jail until last year. The room in which Kate Webster has lived from the day of her condemnation is situated near the infirmary, and is much larger and more comfortable than a cell, which indeed would hardly have afforded healthy accommodation for the prisoner and those in charge of her. Two female attendants have always been with her day and night. The priest has been untiring in his efforts to comfort the prisoner and to administer the consolations of the church in which she believes. Catharine Webster's demeanor, especially during the past few days, has been such as to suggest that she was neither insensible nor indifferent to her future. That she had personally strong hopes at first of being spared the gallows there is little doubt. Physically her confinement had not materially altered her appearance. She occupied a large and well-ventilated apartment, and had been allowed to take daily open air exercise in the prison garden. She had slept well and regularly, even up to yesterday morning, and had taken adequate nourishment. She had seen no visitors, with the single exception of her solicitor.

—The British revenue returns reflect the times. Unmanufactured tobacco fell off nearly two million pounds; tea increased by six and a-half million pounds; wine decreased one and a-half million gallons; brandy, nearly one hundred and [illegible] million gallons. The consumption of tea and cocoa has largely and steadily increased of late years.

—Tobacco can be grown in every one of the States of the Union. The annual production is now 40,000,000 lbs., valued at $33,000,000 in its [illegible] state.

RUN DOWN AT LAST.

The Author of a Great Gold Robbery Captured in Australia.

(Australian News.)

The robbery of 5,000 sovereigns from the mail steamer Avoca will long be remembered as one the most sensational thefts perpetrated in this part of the world, because of the succession of strange incidents which followed the robbery when was committed on the 29th of August, 1877. It was not known how the sovereigns had been stolen, or whether the robbery had been committed on board of the Avoca between Sydney and Melbourne or on board the China between Melbourne and Ceylon. For some time the circumstances surrounding the robbery were enshrouded in mystery, which was eventually overcome by Detective Mackey, who obtained information which led him to believe that Martin Wilberg, who had been engaged in the Avoca as ship's carpenter, but had subsequently been discharged, was the culprit. Acting on that information Detective Mackey, with Inspector Secretan proceeded to the Tarwin River, where Wilberg had taken up a selection, and arrested him. In his hut they found a quantity of the stolen sovereigns and the prisoner was then brought to Melbourne. Soon after his arrest he made a statement in which he asserted that he and Elliston, the chief mate of the Avoca, had effected the robbery and shared the plunder. Believing that the story was true Detective Mackey proceeded to England to arrest Elliston. He succeeded in the object of his visit, but Elliston was discharged because of the want of evidence to warrant his being sent to Victoria, and Mackay had to return to Victoria without him. In the meantime Wilberg, professing to make a clean breast of the whole affair, professed his ability to point out where more of the stolen property had been secreted in the Tarwin River. Inspector Secretan believed his story and took the prisoner to the Tarwin River, he being accompanied by Detective Duncan and Mahoney. The story of Wilberg's escape while searching for hidden sovereigns is well known, and since that time no positive intelligence concerning him had been made public, although, as a matter of fact, the detectives knew something concerning his movements, and were aware that he had not succeeded in leaving the colony. It was not, however, until about six weeks ago that that opinion was formed, and it was the action of Wilberg's agent in Melbourne which first caused the surmise. The recapture was effected near the Eagle's Nest, Cape Patterson, on the 15th of May, by Detective Edelston and Mounted Constable Taylor. These officers were sent to that part of the country about a month ago, and after searching for a fortnight their vigilance was rewarded. On Thursday, the 15th May, they discovered footprints in the sand of the seashore, near Anderson's Inlet, and these footprints led them to from the opinion that the person who had left the marks behind had swum across the Inlet toward Cape Patterson. Suspecting that they were on Wilberg's track, they on the following day went to the other side of the inlet, and while searching for further tracks, they first heard and then observed a man walking through the scrub. Immediately they sought concealment, and on walked Wilberg—for it was he—not suspecting danger; but when within about fifty yards of the ambush he evidently caught sight of the stooping form of Taylor, and, somewhat to the dismay of the police, he turned and fled along the seashore. Edelston and Taylor, seeing that, at once gave chase, and Wilberg gave them a taste of his abilities as a pedestrian. He sprang down a cliff about fourteen feet and made for the water, and his pursuers, thinking he intended to seek safety by swimming out to sea, he being reputedly an expert swimmer, fired three shots at him. The discharge of the firearms, followed by the whistling of the bullets, had the desired effect, and Wilberg throwing up his hands, called out, "I give up." He was not in the least dismayed by his arrest, and laughed and jested. But during the whole time that he was in the custody of Edelston and Taylor he said not one word which would tend to convict him of the robbery from the Avoca, or an admission that he had falsely maligned his chief mate, Mr. Elliston. There was no chance of escape, because wherever he moved he knew that, besides being handcuffed, he was covered by the loaded revolvers of his captors. The Government had telegraphed to Mr. Elliston in England, and offered to pay his expenses to come to the colony and give evidence in the case.

A TORONTO MAN TO HANG.

While Drunk He Murders a Man and is Sentenced to Death.

Late English papers give accounts of the trial of a former resident of Toronto for murder. The following summary gives the facts of the case:

On the 31st of July, before Mr. Justice Lindley, at Derby, Gerald Mainwaring, twenty-three, described as a gentleman, was charged with the wilful murder of Joseph Moss, police constable, at Derby, on the 12th of July. The prisoner was for some years employed as a bar-keeper in a restaurant in Toronto, and also had a house at Carlton. The Solicitor-General, especially retained, and Mr. Harris defended the prisoner. John Camp, a police constable, deposed that on Saturday, July 12, about four o'clock, he saw the prisoner with Green in a trap driving furiously. He was swaying to and fro and appeared to be drunk. The witness shouted to him to stop and pursued him. He was joined by Constables Moss and Shirley. They brought the prisoner to the police station. On the way Green became very violent and the prisoner tried to quiet her. He said, "Be quiet; this will cost me a —— lot of money, but they won't know my —— name." Shirley took Green into the charge-room and Green became very violent, throwing herself about so that the policemen had to hold her. She struck one of the policemen. Moss laid his hand upon her and said, "We will have no more of this." Then the prisoner said, "Won't you, you ——!" The witness heard a shot, and Moss cried out, "Oh! I am shot; I am shot!" Moss tried to grapple with the prisoner, but reeled and fell. The prisoner then pointed his pistol at Price, who put his head down, rushed at the prisoner and closed with him, grasping him round the waist. When Price put his head down another shot was fired, and afterwards a third, when Price said, "I am shot in the arm." The other policeman then seized the prisoner, and another shot was fired. Then Shirley took the revolver. The prisoner was drunk, but was able to get out of the cab by himself. Colonel Delacombe, Chief Constable, visited Mainwaring in his cell at 11 p. m. and found him sober. On Sunday, after Moss' death, witness charged Mainwaring with the murder. He said nothing at first, but afterwards asked whether Moss was a married man, and on hearing that he was not said, "Thank God for that, at all events." "When I went to the prisoner on Saturday night he was so drunk that I thought it useless to speak to him. When I told him Moss was dead he appeared quite crushed." His Lordship summed up the evidence, saying that it disclosed a story of sin and wickedness such as was rarely divulged even in a court of justice. The jury retired and after an absence of rather more than three hours, found the prisoner guilty of murder, with a strong recommendation to mercy. His Lordship said he would forward the recommendation of the jury to the proper quarter, but warned the prisoner to make the best use of the time that would elapse between the passing of the sentence and the time at which it would be carried into execution. He then passed sentence of death in the usual form.

WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

(From Mayfair.)

Anyone who has had an opportunity of being acquainted with different classes of society, with intelligence enough to observe things interesting and curious, will not fail to have noticed the following type of character. We refer to that woman who, in the very heart of London and society, is fortunate enough to have preserved the instincts of a wild beast or of a savage. She herself has nursed her young. More remarkable still, she has a peculiar partiality for her offspring. She has been frequently seen in the society of one whom she calls husband, and at intervals neither of them looked unhappy. The arrangements of her breakfast and dinner-table were as unimpeachable and elaborate when there were no guests as when the house was crowded. At all times her frank hospitality made people wonder at the irrepressible charm of a house which contained no Whistlerian symphonies, no pictures of Nausicaa, meant for grace and representing only nakedness; no foolish posturings of Ariadne; no epicenity of Burne-Jones. Her sons were trained to consider that an ordinary quantity of biceps, with well-developed brain muscle, was a more fitting ornament for a gentleman than all biceps and no brain. The words *culture, æsthetic, subjective, objective*, etc., she understood—as far as they contain anything to be understood—and laughed at. She was dogmatic enough to teach her girls that fresh air and exercise were "good form," and that strong boots, with low heels, in bad weather did not interfere with poetry of motion, eternal salvation, or with the utmost success in performing a sonata of Beethoven. She understood intelligently the qualities and prices of different foods, with the exact quantity which was necessary to health and surfeiture. The morning hours were employed in vigorous household work; the afternoon in vigorous exercises and play, and the evenings amidst the graceful amenities of a carefully selected circle. There prevailed in this eccentric household a clearly formulated opinion that the knowledge of high society scandals, or of low-society brutalities, was not absolutely necessary to the education of a lady; that the notoriety of the Ladies' Mile or the tradesman's window was not fame, and that wisdom, learning, sentiments of truth, modesty and justice are to be acquired elsewhere than in the leading daily papers or most fascinating of magazines. The woman at the head of this strange household had one point in common with Rebecca Sharp, she was not an angel. When her daughters became of marriageable years, we are compelled to relate that she resorted to some elementary forms of feminine duplicity to procure for them such husbands as she deemed best and most suitable. The fact of a man being poor, having an eye-glass and an impediment in his speech—was not an invincible proof that he was a victim of astonishing genius, and if he did possess such genius, the lady to whom we refer was not in love with genius. When her sons in the army, the church, or at the bar, had an opportunity of being pushed on by her influence, well—she used her influence, and not sparingly. There was no desire to meet the world with unfair weapons, but, like a statesman, she accepted what seemed the facts in her life, and within certain immutable rules of dignity and honor, she conceived that the "greatest number" principle was best applied by careful and painstaking regard to her interests. When her married daughter died, leaving a widower and an infant, the grandmother brought her dignity and love and acceptable companionship to a desolate household. When news suddenly arrived that her favorite son, serving abroad with his regiment, had been killed in action, she reserved her passionate grief for her retirement, and merely exclaimed, "My poor brave boy!" This is a true type of a woman of the world. It is not an angelic figure; but it is a worthy reproduction of Cornelia, the noble matron of Rome; its name in our time is legion, and of such is the Kingdom of Britain.

SIXTY YEARS IN PRISON.

Mary Valentine's Strange Experiences Behind Stone Walls.

(New York Star.)

Mary Valentine, 80 years old, was dying last night in the female department of the Tombs Prison. She had spent sixty years of her life in prison, although not as a prisoner. For the past forty years she has been a voluntary prisoner, and for twenty-five years has not been outside of the Tombs Prison, except two days annually, that being New Year's and the Fourth of July. She was a very peculiar woman, never bright nor ambitious, but scrupulously clean and tidy in all her habits, and faithful to a fault as the voluntary assistant to Matron Foster in the Tombs prison. Long before the Tombs occupied its present site Mary Valentine had an acquaintance with the police courts in this city. When Wall and Pine streets were the most fashionable thoroughfares in the city, Mary Valentine was a child. She was born in the summer of 1799. Her father died when she was yet a child. As a young girl she always sought her own way, and as she grew up she was so wayward and disobedient to her mother that she was sent to the House of Refuge, and from there transferred to the old Bridewell, then in City Hall Park, on the Broadway side. After she had served her time in Bridewell, she was bound out to a Mr. Curtis, then a prominent resident of this city. She took to drink and was frequently seen in the police courts. When, however, she found that liquor was getting the mastery over her, she gave herself up to prison life.

When the Tombs Prison was built by John Haviland in 1838 she was one of its first inmates; and for forty years she has been out and in on short terms of ten days and a month. In 1854 she took such a fancy to the place that she never tried to leave it. Matron Foster then, as now, had charge of the female department, having come there in 1845. Mary Valentine rendered the Matron what assistance she could. She was then given charge of the "upper tier," and here she took great pride in keeping the cells in neat and tidy order. At the head of the stairway in a small recess was a decorated stool with the name "Mary" painted on the top. Here Mary sat keeping guard over her prisoners. Commissioner Bell took a great interest in Mary Valentine when she was taken sick, and told Warden Finn to have her tenderly cared for. Mary took to her bed two days ago from general debility. She sank rapidly, and yesterday morning she lost her speech, toward night she failed to recognize Miss Phillips, who ministered to her wants.

PICKLES AND MILK.

How This Extraordinary Mixture Killed a Young Woman.

Pickles and milk were the staple of her diet, with lemonade and ice-creams, on that hot afternoon, and yet the unhappy young woman, after much uneasiness declared she was poisoned. So possibly she was, but not in her way of looking at it. They blamed the pickles and the grocer, and tried hard to find copper dye in the one and collusion in the other. While they were about it they might as well have subpœnaed the ice man and the cow, the apothecary who sold the lemons, and the confectioner who got up the ice-creams. There was death in all their tubs, or rather in the mixture that this extraordinary young person in New York appears to have made for herself from them all. Anybody who undertakes to devour four and a half good-sized cucumber pickles after a day of indulgence among ice-creams, lemonade and iced milk, is simply inventing an infallible form of suicide. It is not on record that this girl was tired of life. She had probably gone to a good public school and had learned all about the primary colors and the rules of arithmetic. But she had not learned the chemistry of common things, nor what sort of foods will agree in the stomach and what not. A little of this sort of common sense people are expected to pick up for themselves. But it is more valuable and necessary than many other things, musical notes, for instance, that they are not left to pick up but are taught with great assiduity. The brute creation, except, perhaps, the civilized one in the Zoo, who may be overfed and tempted, but dumb animals at large seem to have it without picking up. How to get some lessons in the public schools that shall bring boys and girls up to the level of the dumb animals in this knowledge would be a more profitable subject for educational associations than some of the topics discussed last week.

The young woman in New York died of her folly, or appetite, or ignorance—or all three. The war of acids and ices was as bad or worse than copper poisoning, in her case; and yet, for a hot day's diet, any one of articles was good and refreshing in its way; and the cucumber eaters would insist on the pickles being included in the wholesome list. How to mix foods and how to choose diet are more important than the choice of colors, and yet every school girl nowadays can tell what colors agree and what not. The New York girl's ignorance only took herself out of life; but how many mothers are there who know no better, and who may help the hot weather this season to kill their children by reckless feeding. A sip of beer and a taste of a green apple, when a sick child cries for it, or any other unsuitable food, may stop its crying, it is true, but often in a sad way enough—that makes the mother cry.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A DRUNKEN TOWN.

(From the Little Rock Gazette.)

Last night the city reporters, the Chief of Police, the City Collector and Officer Adams went over to Argenta, Arkansas, to investigate the condition of affairs in town. After landing the party had not proceeded far up the main street when a dark object lying on the ground attracted attention. The lowering of a lantern developed the fact that we had found our first drunken man. After leaving No. 1 no other signs of live or dead drunkenness were met with until the party arrived at the depot. There lay Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, and, in fact, so many that, as this is not a mathematical article, it would be useless to enumerate them. From the depot we went to Barna's hotel. On the ground, on the platform, in the back yard, everywhere, lay men in drunken sleep. Men not yet drunk jocularly passed among them to the bar and drank of the poison.

—That was a pretty compliment paid in London by a member of the Chinese Embassy the other night to a young lady. Gazing down at her really pretty shoe, the Oriental remarked: "I love your English large foot."

A HIGH-TONED COOK.

Mrs. Vandewater has lately experienced a great deal of trouble in securing a good servant girl. The last one she had was told to boil an egg in the coffee, and she put it in whole. She also made apple pies in a similar manner. Her predecessors were equally negligent and ignorant. Mrs. Vandewater determined to have a colored girl at all hazards. It was with the intention of securing one that she came to the city yesterday. She went to an intelligence office and asked to be shown some of the best specimens in stock. A burly girl of thirty-two stepped forward, and the following dialogue took place:

"Can you cook in the French style?"

"Yes mum."

"Can you get up German dishes?"

"Yes mum."

"I suppose you are a church member?"

"I'se one of dem, suah."

"You have no objections to splitting wood?"

"Not any."

"What time do you wake up in the morning?"

"Five o'clock, and I can play on the guitar."

"You never kindle fires with kerosene?"

"Never, Missus, never, and I ain't strong-minded. I ain't in favor of de wimmin votin'."

"She suited first rate, but, before she consented to be engaged, she wanted to ask some questions.

"How many folks in de family?"

"Five."

"Husband drink any?"

"No."

"Do your daughters whistle 'Pinafore' airs?"

"Never."

"Have you any oil paintings in the house, and Axminster tapestries and vases of hyacinths on de shelf?"

"I have."

"Have I got to hunt off book agents?"

"I'm never troubled that way."

"Do you expect me to wash the dog?"

"I have none."

"Do your boys go out crabbing and come home covered with mud, and have four shirts apiece in the wash every week?"

"My children are girls."

"What part of the city do you live in?"

"I live at Plainsfield, N. J."

"Then you can't hire me. I don't go to no country if I knows myself. My beau don't get through work till 7 o'clock, and by the time he'd get shaved, and put on his swallow-tail coat, and get out to Plainsfield it would be breakfast time. I don't want no country in mine. I's a city gal, I is."

Then she took her place on a bench and waited for an eligible employer to come along.

HOW SHE MARRIED HIM.

The Summerside *Journal* tells the following story:—Miss Johanna Smith lived as a servant with Mr. McDonald, Bedeque Point, and was industrious and saving. A fine-looking young fellow named William James McDougall was also hired, and in course of time managed to gain Miss Smith's affections, and then deserted her, and at a tea party took up with another girl. Miss Smith applied to a lawyer for redress, and McDougall was arrested under a bailable writ, for damages and breach of promise, and lodged in Summerside jail, and a stop for the time put to his courting. But although Miss Smith had her heartless lover caged, she did not feel happy, and passed sleepless nights thinking about his hard fate, and to the jail she went to see him. Through the wicket they talked, and inside the prison doors he promises that if she sets him free he will marry her. Neither of them has the two dollars required for the license, but some generous friends go round with the hat and the money is gathered in, and a generous justice of the peace consents to perform the ceremony free gratis. But now comes a cruel disappointment and delay; the lawyer must have $12 dollars for his costs. The heart of the girl is like to break, but Love laughs at bolts and bars of iron, and she whispers through the wicket, "I've got a little cow, and I'll sell her to get you out." The cow was twelve miles away, and none will ever know the toils and hardships that dear girl endured in driving the cow through the woods and swamps before she got her sold, and the lawyer satisfied. Last week once more all was right, but not yet, the sheriff wanted $1.75. Fancy the anguish of the young girl. She had no other cow, had now nothing left in the world, and a silent prayer went up, and the heart of a stranger was touched, the sheriff paid and McDougall set free. A large gathering of the people of Summerside, with several of the leading barristers of the province, met in the court room. The bride, leading the bridegroom by the hand, and the Justice of the Peace, having on a lawyer's gown, ascended the desk, with the book of common prayer, and the Westminster Confession of Faith. The license was then read by one of the barristers, and the marriage ceremony duly performed by the justice, when the company separated, the brave girl and the husband that she caught and conquered receiving many congratulations.

WHY AND WHEN LAMPS EXPLODE.

All explosions of coal oil lamps are caused by the vapor of gas which collects above the oil. When full of oil, of course a lamp contains no gas, but immediately on lighting the lamp consumption of oil begins, soon leaving a space for gas, which commences to form as the lamp warms up, and, after burning a short time, sufficient gas will accumulate to make an explosion. The gas in a lamp will explode only when ignited. In this respect it is like gunpowder. Cheap or inferior oil is always the most dangerous. The following shows that many things may occur to cause the flame to pass down the wick and explode the lamp:—

1. A lamp may be standing on a table or mantel, and a slight puff of air from the open window, or sudden opening of a door, may cause an explosion. 2. It may be taken up quickly from a table or mantel and instantly explode. 3. If taken into an entry where there is a strong draught from the doors, an explosion is likely to ensue. 4. If taken up a flight of stairs, or raised quickly to place it on the mantel, it is likely to explode. In all these cases the mischief is done by the air movement—either by suddenly checking the draught, or forcing the air down the chimney against the flame. 5 Blowing down chimney to extinguish the light, is a frequent cause of explosion. 6. Lamp explosions have been caused by using a chimney broken at the top, or one that has a piece broken out, whereby the draught is variable and the flame unsteady. 7. Sometimes a thoughtless person puts a small-sized wick in a large burner, thus leaving a considerable space along the edges of the wick. 8. An old burner, with its air draughts clogged up, which by right should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use, and the final result is explosion.

A SMATTERING OF FRENCH.

(From Cameur in Paris Register.)

Very amusing are the affections of some of our Americans ladies, who come to Paris with a smattering of French, and address even English-speaking people in a sort of pigeon French, not very different from the tongue in which "John" tells you, "Me washee shirtee," "me like you muchee." It recalls to one the incident in the life of Mr. Potiphar so whimsically related to Mr. Curtis. When Mr. Potiphar came to Paris his wife attempted to teach him French. He got as far as "bong joor, Mongsheer," and was able to ask the servants the way to "numero kattery vang sank," but was ambitious to shine as a French scholar in public places. He used to go into the reading rooms at his bankers' and take up a paper. Then suddenly laying it down, he would observe to his next neighbor, "Bong joor, Mongsheer. But perhaps you do not speak French." He tried this once too often for one day, on saying it to a dignified gentleman, the other promptly replied, "It is very evident that you do not," and refused to talk any more. It certainly is absurd for an American to address other Americans in French, unless they speak it so well as not to be a laughing stock for Frenchmen who may be listening.

"WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON?"

(From the Lockport Journal.)

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* believes Billy Patterson was sunstruck.—*Argus.*

Billy Patterson was struck in the old Eagle Hotel in this city—so says tradition that never lies and the oldest inhabitant. The convivial gentlemen accustomed to assemble there every night and make themselves merry around an old round table, talk politics, get up "drives" on some unfortunate victims, and tell fish stories between the drinks, on an evening when more than usually merry invited this same Billy Patterson to take a drink of brandy with the company. From some quarter unknown except to the perpetrator of the outrage, Billy would receive a blow in the ribs or back, when about to partake of the favorite beverage.

Billy would indignantly protest against this gross violation of confidence and propriety. Each gentleman in the company alike indignant, would demand who it was that "struck Billy Patterson."

Billy would become entirely satisfied that no offence or insult was intended. But scarcely would the precious cognac reach his lips when the blow would be repeated. A humorous attache of a periodical—the *Knickerbocker*, if we have been rightly informed—furnished for the journal he represented a very readable and laughable account of the whole affair. Although this narrative narrows the subject of inquiry down to a limited number of gentlemen, eliminating, as it does, "the rest of mankind" outside of the actors alluded to, yet the question, who was the particular individual that struck Billy Patterson remains a profound mystery.

RAILROAD NOTES.

A man was found stealing a ride on the top of an English railway carriage, and was arrested. The Court discharged him on the ground that the Act of Parliament under which the arrest was made only provided for the offence of riding *in* a carriage, and the prisoner was on the outside. Tramps should feel encouraged at this decision.

A Saratoga dispatch says: At a meeting of the Lake Shore Board of Directors, an arrangement was made for the control of the Chicago and Canada Southern Road, which will involve an outlay of about $750,000. This was all the business done, notwithstanding the rumors that the meeting was called on account of the depreciation of the stock. A meeting of the directors of the New York Central Railroad also took place to perfect arrangements for the new terminus and depot at Buffalo. They contemplate changing and enlarging the present depot to more than twice its present size, and adding to the several acres of warehouses for the storage of freight which they now have at that point.

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern stock, which one year ago was quoted at 61, and a few weeks ago at about 70, sold on Tuesday last up to 98. The immediate cause of this remarkable rise seems to have been an unconfirmed rumor that the road is to be leased to the New York Central.

A correspondent asks the Chicago *Tribune* to call attention to the indistinct way in which brakemen on a certain road call out the names of stations that are being approached. A similar complaint once elicited from a brakeman the felicitous retort: "You cannot expect a fine, clear tenor voice for $40 a month."

A rule of the Illinois Central Railroad provides that dogs shall not ride in a passenger car; but a big and ferocious bulldog walked into a car at Chicago, appropriated a whole seat and rode 300 miles unmolested. "He had such a meaning smile," was the conductor's apology for not ejecting him.

The *Railroad Gazette* says that "John Houghtaling of Rochester is the oldest railroad conductor in the United States. He has served 43 years, and is now poor and disabled.

The Canada Southern men of the western division are to hold their annual picnic at Grosse Isle on the 23rd inst. A fine programme of sports has been arranged, and this feature of the affair is in charge of gentlemen of reputation at Grosse Isle. The racing, rowing and swimming contests, to which none but amateurs will be admitted, are for handsome prizes.

Says the Detroit *Free Press*: "A recent trip over the Great Western Railway warrants the statement that its road-bed is among the best and smoothest in America, that the trains make remarkably good time, and that the railway officials are diligent and attentive to their business and uniformly kind and obliging."

General Counsellor Meddaugh, of the Grand Trunk, says no contract has yet been let for constructing the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad, which is to connect with the Chicago & Lake Huron at Valparaiso. No proposals have been advertised for, but three well known contractors have submitted bids, and the work will be given to one of the three when General Manager Hickson returns.

FALLING ASLEEP TOGETHER.

(Syracuse Herald.)

About six years ago a certain prominent man died in a neighboring village, leaving as the only survivors of the highly respectable stock represented by his family, his mother aged about ninety and an invalid sister aged about forty years of age. The deceased left his mother, sister and wife comfortably well off in a nice home. This spring the wife turned the aged mother and invalid out of doors. "Mammy," as the old lady was familiarly known by the villagers, and "Libbie," the daughter, were both on the very verge of the grave, "Mammy" from old age and "Libbie" from the ravages of consumption. They were beloved by the villagers on account of their purity of heart and beautiful characters. The kind-hearted neighbours secured an upper room for them in a house near their old home and contributed articles of furniture, food, medicine and anything else which love could suggest to make as comfortable as possible the few remaining days which they might have on earth. Lying in separate beds in the same room the last days were passed by the mother and sister. The wish of each was that they might enter the dark valley together. Libbie could not be moved, but "Mammy" would insist on being taken over to Libbie's bed every little while to assure herself that her daughter was still alive. The conversations of the two were most affecting; they were of resignation, hope and mutual love. One night while "Mammy" was asleep Libbie breathed her last. When the old lady awoke her first question was concerning her daughter. When told she was dead she said, "I'm so glad she is out of pain. I wish now that I could go to sleep and not wake." And her wish was gratified, for, closing her eyes in a peaceful slumber, she soon passed into that sleep which knows no waking. A single funeral sermon was pronounced over mother and daughter.

THE MYSTERY OF THE LAKES.

There is a mystery about the American lakes. Lake Erie is only 60 to 70 feet deep, but Lake Ontario is 792 feet deep, 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although the surface is much higher, are all from their vast depths, on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior, by the Huron, to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not impossible, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring, are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the Falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

THE FIRST REPORTER INTO EKOWE, ZULULAND.—A solitary horseman is seen toward 5 p. m. galloping up the new road to the fort. He had an officer's coat on, and we could see a sword dangling from his side. Who is he? A special messenger from Lord Chelmsford with important dispatches? Our doubts were soon dissolved by the arrival of the horseman, who dismounting proved to be Mr. N——— N———, of the *Standard*. "First in Ekowe," he exclaimed, with a self-satisfied air; "proud to shake hands with an Ekowean," he continued, shaking hands with those around. We were all very much gratified at his condescension, and asked the "news." A second horseman appeared approaching the fort, his horse apparently much blown. "Who is he?" we asked. "That is the gentleman of the *Argus* newspaper." They had had a race who should be first in Ekowe, the *Standard* winning by five minutes. I fear they did not meet with that warm and hospitable welcome which they expected, for there seemed some difficulty about getting dinner for themselves and horses, and the next morning the gentleman of the *Argus* was in great trouble about his breakfast. A hospitable welcome we were not able to give them, as we had barely sufficient food to satisfy our own enormous appetites and those of our horses, and this they must have been prepared for. The gentleman who seemed in difficulty next morning about his breakfast, in a very flattering account he wrote of the fort and its inmates to his paper, described us as having passed weeks ago into a condition somewhat resembling that of the prisoner of Chillon.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

—Smith, (not John Smith, you know,) who has always been a "tough one," just died. The physician is met coming from the house by Brown, who asks: "Doctor, how is Smith? Is he out of danger?" Physician—"No; he is dead, poor fellow; but he is far from being out of danger, I fear."

—A fortune-teller, known as "Motta," died recently in Vienna, leaving $40,000 and the business to her daughter.